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OCCASIONAL SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

COMPRISING

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VOLUME II

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JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY
Archbishop of New York

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OCCASIONAL SERMONS

THE HELPMATE

Address at a Marriage

Dear friends, we read in the Sacred Writings that man was first created alone. Adam, so Holy Writ tells us, saw that each of the animals had its mate; he alone had no companion by his side. Then God sent a deep sleep upon Adam, and created Eve, as a mate for Adam. When Adam awoke and beheld the woman, he exclaimed joyfully: "This now is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh" (Gen. ii, 23). God united the first couple of the human race and blessed their union. They remained faithful together through their long life, and shared with one another the joys of Paradise, as well as later the sorrow of a cursed earth.

This, my dear friends, was the first marriage. Hence, marriage extends back to the very beginning of our race; it is an institution of God. Marriage has not its origin in an ancient custom, nor in precept or ordinance of a wise human ruler—no, it was established by God himself. The invisible Author of the visible world spoke these potent words: "It is not good for man to be alone, let us make him a help like unto himself" (Gen. ii, 18).

My dear friends, I recall this to your attention in order that you may perceive how honorable and dignified is the state which you are to-day embracing. You are about to join hands before the altar, to enter into a companionship instituted, ordained and sanctified by God himself. Never forget the exalted origin of this companionship which in this holy place you so solemnly consecrate.

But there is still another reason why the marriage bonds are exalted and sacred. According to the doctrine of our divine religion matrimony is a Sacrament. It is one of those sacred channels through which the grace of Jesus Christ flows into the hearts of the faithful; it is a symbol of that tender, intimate and saving relation in which the Founder of the Church stands to the Church, which He loves as His spouse, and which He has purchased and won with His most precious Blood. For this reason the great Apostle writes: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered himself up for it" (Eph. v, 25).

My friend, you as the husband, must impress these words deeply upon your heart and love your wife with a true, sincere and enduring love! It is an important, a most serious step which brings the young bride from her home and from loving, solicitous parents to the altar to contract a union which only the hand of death can dissolve. It is, I say, a serious and important step. How ungrateful and forgetful of his sworn duty it would be for the husband of her choice to deceive her! How pitiful, if he should, contrary to all his ardent promises, treat coldly and unkindly the loving woman who places her hand in his with so much confidence; if he should treat her affection with contempt and wound her heart by neglect, or even infidelity. As an honest and respectable man, cherish your wife, require of her nothing that is unworthy, treat her with the highest respect, and bear with tenderness any little human frailties and imperfections of which the best of us are not entirely free. Your own interests will prompt you to do so. For I am quite sure that your love and care will meet with the appreciation and gratitude of your wife and will be amply rewarded by God.

Your future wife will, on her part, not neglect anything that can conduce to the establishment and continuance of domestic happiness.

Her most ardent endeavor will be to make her beloved husband happy. Her heart, her thoughts will be his alone; she will stand by his side as a faithful helpmate; by sincere sympathy she will sweeten every joy, and when troubles, which are bound to come, bring the lines of care to the husband's brow, she, the loving, tender-hearted wife, by her gentle, consoling efforts will comfort and inspire courage and confidence. She will prepare for her busy husband a safe refuge in the home, wherein he can rest when the world of affairs is stormy. This I am sure you will do, dear bride, and I can safely suppose it is your firm determination to be an upright and loving wife. It is, I know, your firm purpose to live in love and unity with your husband and to do everything on your part to render the mutual life which you begin to-day beautiful and peaceful. I wish most sincerely that the bond which I am about to sanctify in the name of the holy Church may be a bond of enduring happiness! I ardently hope that you may not be disappointed in your expectations, that in your new state you may find pure and undisturbed contentment, that your days may pass tranquilly and peacefully as the silvery brook which winds its way through the flowery meadows!

O gracious God, who guidest the destiny of mortals with wise and kindly hand, look down upon this couple and join their hearts by an ardent and lasting love. Give them everything that is requisite for their earthly happiness; remove from them all hardships, and permit not that the darts of malice should wound their hearts. Yet if Thou in Thy inscrutable decree shouldst deem it salutary to prove this young couple by heavy visitation, then do in Thy great mercy grant them patience and resignation to Thy divine Will!

My dear friends, at this solemn moment I would remind you of one other thing which ought to take deep root in your heart, and that is, never to become lukewarm or indifferent toward your holy re-

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ligion. As long as religion abides with you and permeates you with its heavenly strength, you will have an infallible guide on your life's path, a true shield against all errors, a tried friend and consoler in troublous times. For this reason consider it the chief duty of your wedded life to cherish your holy religion, by mutual encouragement, by edifying lives, and by conscientious participation in the exercises of divine worship and the Sacraments. May Christ be the guest of honor at your nuptials as well as the constant friend and counselor of your future home. Cherish and love the Christian faith and religion as the best guardian of your home.

LOVE AND THE FEAR OF GOD

ADDRESS AT A MARRIAGE

My dear friends, you have come to this altar to receive the blessing of the Sacrament of Matrimony, and you are filled with the hope that you may find happiness and peace in your union. This is entirely proper, for the Creator implanted in every human heart the desire for happiness and peace, and we all may and should strive for these things. But how can men obtain that which is their heart's desire? Is there need of great wealth, of honors, of enjoyment such as the world offers? The bridal couple of Canaa, with whom our Saviour joined company as a wedding guest, were not blessed with wealth; they had not even the means to provide sufficient wine; yet they received the divine blessing, and our Lord entered into their home. Dear friends, happiness and blessing in your home and family will be given you if you invite Jesus to your new home and keep Him there, for He is the giver of all blessing, the fountain of peace and of true happiness. He will enter your home and remain there, if the love and fear of God prevail there, if your union is based upon virtue and cemented by righteousness.

The home in which our Lord will enter must be a home of love; its inhabitants must love one another. Jesus can only dwell in a home of love, for Holy Scripture says that God is love, and our Saviour will regard us as His disciples only if we love one another. He cannot give His blessing to those who have not love one for the other. He will not enter the home where there is no peace,

where instead of sweet harmony there is quarelling and discord, where one is embittering the other's life as well as his own. How can blessing come to homes where love, the chief essential of blessing, is lacking? My dear young people, remain, therefore, always attached to one another in true Christian love. This love heeds not error or weakness. A couple, who truly love each other, find in this love great encouragement to practise patience and forgiveness to edify and help each other. They lovingly bear each other's burdens, according to the commandment of the Lord. Small differences that will occur from the weakness of human nature will be quickly overcome and will only serve to unite these hearts more closely. There must be no rancor, no grudge, no bitterness. Let each forgive the other willingly, because we all need forgiveness. Thus a young couple will travel on happily, and the Lord will guard it with His blessing.

Besides love there must also prevail the fear of God, if Jesus is to dwell in your home; for, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it" (Psalm cxxvi, 1). Out of love for Him you must keep sin out of your heart and home, faithfully fulfil your duties, and with devout prayer begin and end your daily work. They who do not fear, honor and love the Lord, who do not pray to Him, may, perhaps, gain and enjoy great wealth, which, indeed, the world deems as good fortune; but what good is all this wealth if a good conscience, the peace of heart, God's favor, are lacking? It will remain true that happiness does not consist in money and luxury, but in a clear conscience, in peace with God, with our neighbor and with ourselves. "Godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come" (I. Timothy iv, 8). "Blessed are they," says the Apostle, "that fear the Lord: that walk in His ways. For thou shalt eat the labors of thy

hands; blessed art thou, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife as a fruitful vine on the sides of the house. Thy children as olive plants round about thy table" (Psalm cxxvii, 1-5).

And how could it be otherwise? The practise of these virtues discloses the fear of God which is so necessary for the happiness in the home. If you fear God you will keep sin from your home, you will fulfil your duties faithfully, and, by edifying each other, become a blessing for each other. If you fear God, you will bring up your children in the fear of God. If you fear God you will not omit your prayers in the morning and evening; you will not fail to attend divine services, to receive the Sacraments. If you fear God you will mutually strive, through diligence, economy and the worship of God, to establish happiness in your home.

If you desire, therefore, my dear friends, God's blessing on your new path in life, take care that Jesus is no stranger to your home. Remain attached to one another with ardent love, in the fear of God, and regulate your lives according to His divine Will, persevere in prayer, and you may be sure that Jesus will enter your home to abide with you in happiness and peace. And if in His wisdom the Lord should send you trials, He will make light for you any burden you may be called upon to bear. May the peace of God, such as the world cannot give, be yours and ours, and may it remain with us all forevermore. Amen.

THE CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP

Sermon Delivered at the Consecration of Right Rev. Bishop Nilan, of Hartford

BY THE RIGHT REV. MGR. M. J. LAVELLE, D.D.

"For a child is born to us, and a son is given to us. And the government is upon his shoulder. And his name it shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Father of the World to Come, the Prince of Peace. His Empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace. He shall sit upon the Throne of David, and upon his Kingdom; to establish and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and forever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this."—Isaias ix, 6-7.

If it be true, and it is true, that the simplest priest is another Christ, these words in which the Prince of the Prophets foretold the coming of our Lord may, with due reverence, be said to epitomize the solemn, momentous and happy function we are attending this blessed day. A pious, brave, successful pastor, whose thoughts during the whole period of his sacred ministry have been as far from the mitre as were those of David while tending his father's flock from the throne of Israel, is receiving one of the highest marks of honor and confidence that can be conferred upon a human being. He comes to you with the simplicity of a child. He comes to you reluctantly, for he cherishes the sheep he has faithfully tended so many years, and the charming, securely happy life he leaves behind. But he comes valiantly willing, because he is merely obeying the voice of God expressed in the mandate of the Sovereign Pontiff; he has implicit confidence in the promise of our Lord: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be"; and he knows well the glorious Catholicity of the people of Connecticut, than which there

is none more staunch, more loyal, more responsive or more true in the whole length and breadth of this favored land.

You have been longing and praying for his advent ever since the day of your heavy loss, when our Father in heaven called to eternal reward that ideal of the episcopate, the great, indefatigable, warm-hearted, saintly Bishop Tierney. Now that your prayer has been granted, you receive your new prelate with open arms. You welcome him as the Galatians greeted St. Paul, not merely as a minister of Christ, not even as an angel of God, but as Christ Himself. Again you have a divinely appointed chief, ruler, inspirer, model and guide. The government is upon his shoulder. His office is wonderful. He becomes the great counsellor not only to you, but to the Universal Church. He is the Father of the World to Come, the high-power engine that will make possible your great works of zeal, the dispenser of the blessings that lead to eternal life. He will enlarge and perfect your peace. You will co-operate with him to extend the kingdom of heaven here below. You place your hands and your hearts at his disposal. God has called him. The Pope has nominated him. The Holy Ghost has impregnated him with the seven-fold gifts. Your hearts thrill with a jubilee of joy, hope and thanksgiving. From this day forward, the Right Reverend John J. Nilan is Bishop of Hartford. And you are his loving, devoted priests and people, gladly ready to follow his leadership in the further upbuilding of the Church's work, and in the practise of those deeds of virtue and of heroism for which it is noble to live, and sweet to die.

What is the precise reason of your patient, prayerful longing? Of this jubilee of bounding joy, of rainbow hope, of fervent thanksgiving, which thrills your hearts to-day? Is it because a mere man, however worthy, holy, full of merit, has been raised to lofty dignity

and clothed with great power? No. It is not in human nature to merit for itself alone the sentiments with which your hearts are stirred. These spring from your knowledge both theoretical and practical of the necessity and blessing of the episcopal office. You realize that the Bishop is an integral, necessary and most forceful part of the organization of the Church as established by our blessed Lord and Saviour. Now that you have him, you grip him to your hearts with hooks of steel; because with him you possess all that is required for the perfection of your spiritual life, and all that you need to usher in a new era of even greater progress than ever before, in this lovely, fruitful diocese and State of Connecticut.

What, then, is a Bishop? Let us see. The Catholic Church is the Spouse of Christ, the Queen of the world, the fair, wise, holy Mother of the human race. She is immortal because Christ has promised it. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." She is as young now as on her birthday, the first Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost came down upon the apostles, and she was delivered to the world in all her grace and beauty. She has withstood every species of attack from without and from within. She has worn the crown in triumph and carried the Cross in patience. But in weal and in wo she has ever preserved her undying vigor. Christ is with her all days, even to the consummation of the world. The Holy Ghost abides with her forever. And when the day arrives on which this world shall pass and the glory thereof, she will be transplanted with her children to the never-ending life beyond the skies.

The Church is one. "My beloved, My beautiful is one." "Father, let them be one, as Thou in Me, and I in Thee." This unity follows strictly from her immortality. Could she change, could she lose her identity and become something else, she would be dead, and the

other entity would be a new existence. But the Church to which Christ walked over the waters, the Church of the Catacombs, the Church that sat on Caesar's throne, the Church that civilized and sanctified the barbarians, the Church that swayed the nations, the Church that withstood Oriental and Occidental schisms, is the same One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ, of St. Peter, of Leo, of Gregory, and of Pius X.

Some may say: "Change is necessary to progress." "Identity means stagnation." In some things, yes; in others, no. Truth cannot change. Mathematics cannot change. The basic principles of morality cannot change. The Church of Christ cannot change. She adapts herself with beautiful flexibility to every age and clime. But, like the mountains and the sea, she remains ever essentially the same. This idea has seldom been more beautifully expressed than in the words of Cardinal Manning: "The Appian Way, by which St. Peter entered Rome, has on either side the sepulchres of kings, of consuls and patricians, the memorials of a kingdom, a republic, and an empire. And as the Apostle, lone and weak, passed through these shades of departed greatness, to found in Rome the everlasting Church of God, he foreshadowed the path of that Church through the course of time. Empires, kingdoms, commonwealths, lie on either side of her road. And the shades of departed greatness and of glory that is here no longer, hover, as it were, about her pathway, whilst she goes on to the plenitude of her dominion, undying, imperishable, divine; fulfilling the promise of the Father: "Sit thou at My right hand, until I make thine enemies thy foot-stool"

This vigor of identical immortality means power, strength. And the Church has strength, strength that never wanes. "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. As the Father hath sent

Me, so do I send you." This power, this strength, manifests itself primarily in her ability to repel every attack at her own life without and from within; and, secondly, in her competency to do everything necessary for the salvation of the souls of her children; for the gradual subjugation, not by blood, but by love and by wisdom, of all human hearts to the dominion of Christ. In a word, Christ is King of the earth, and the Church is its Queen. "The Lord hath placed me King over Sion, His Holy Mount." "Ask of Me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." "And it is written upon his garment and upon his thigh, King of kings, and Lord of lords." The Church is the queen of the earth. "Yea, I have espoused Me to thee in justice, and in mercy, and in truth." It is this vigor, this strength, this queenly power, that has enabled her at all times to rule the world, for good; and in spite of the greatest earthly obstacles, to be the civilizer as well as the saviour of mankind.

What could be more weak from a human point of view, than the beginnings of the Church? Twelve poor fishermen, without education, position or influence, went forth to conquer all the wickedness of the world, all the prejudices of their own nations, all the power and pride of the Roman empire, which ruled with practically undisputed sway the whole civilized world, fifteen hundred miles to the north, east and south of the Mediterranean Sea. Yet in the second century Tertullian was able to write: "We are but of yesterday, and already we fill all that belongs to you; your cities, your islands, your forts, your towns and your councils; your camps, your Senate, your palaces, and your Forum. We leave you nothing but the temple." Thus she lived and ruled from that day to this.

Two or three weeks ago one of our New York periodicals published a rambling letter upon "The signal weakness of the Church,

and the remedy therefor." This letter was written, of course, from a non-Catholic point of view. The proposed remedies were about as practical as the beating of the air. Had the writer been wise, he would have known that the Church of God is stronger to-day than, perhaps, at any time in the whole period of her existence; that the decay in his own denomination is caused by separation from the parent stem; that the one adequate remedy is reunion with that stem, when God in His Providence shall see fit to bring about the realization of His own prayer, that there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

Our most distinguished poet tells us, "it is great to have the strength of a lion, but it is tyrranous to use it like a lion." Another sings: "The bravest are the tenderest; the loving are the daring." The Scripture declares love is the strongest emotion in the world. "Love is stronger than death." Certain it is that all the strength of the Church is expended in loving the souls and the true interest of men. This was the intention of our blessed Lord when He espoused her to Himself and made her the queen of the world. On the memorable day when He most explicitly named Peter to be the head of His Church for all time, He asked thrice: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?" And to the trine response, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." His reply was: "Feed My lambs: Feed My sheep." "All the power that was given Me by My Father, I have given to you. Use that power with the greatest solicitude, tenderness and care, not for your own aggrandizement, not for your own pleasure and profit, but for the benefit of the lambs and sheep for whom I died, and whom I now commit to your care." Obedience to this injunction has been the history of the Church from that day to this. The Good Shepherd has been constantly living and dying for the flock of Christ. The

miracles of St. Peter, the burning words of St. John, "Little children love one another"; the heroism of St. Paul, willing to lose not only his bodily life, but also his immortal soul for the benefit of his brethren; the other apostles of all ages evangelizing distant climes, suffering the cruelest deaths; the civilizations of the nations, the numerous religious orders of charity, the asylums, hospitals, guilds, schools, universities; what are all these but evidences that the Church has been true to her mission, that love is the object and aim of her existence, that at all times her heart is open and inflamed with affection, that she is the most consistently devoted, tender Mother this world has ever seen.

Now we can return to our question: What is a bishop? An office with duties so multifarious is difficult to define accurately and adequately. But we will not be far from the complete truth in saying the Bishop is the embodiment, the concretion, the incarnation of the Immortality, Unity, Strength and Love of the Church of Christ. He embodies Her immortality, because it is through the Episcopacy alone that the Church perseveres through all ages, and will last until the end of time. Every priest has the wonderful power of offering the holy Sacrifice, which makes God's name great from the rising to the setting of the sun. Every priest has radically the right of preaching the word of God, of forgiving sins in the Sacrament of Penance, of administering all the other Sacraments, with the exception of Confirmation, and one other more important still: He cannot administer holy orders; he cannot transmit his heaven-born functions unto others. If, to suppose an impossibility, the episcopate were destroyed from the earth, in a single generation all the divinely established means of grace would vanish with it. If, on the other hand, the entire priesthood were to vanish and but a single bishop remained, he could ordain other

bishops and priests, so that at once a new era would begin. Our altars would again blaze with the holocaust of Calvary, and banished hope would return to the hearts of children of men. This is the great essential characteristic of a bishop. It is through his instrumentality that the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church, that the Holy Ghost dwells with Her forever, and that Christ is with Her all days, even to the consummation of the world.

The bishop is the efficient cause in the Providence of God, of the wonderful Unity of the Church through his union with the See of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ on earth; and the union of the priests and people with their own particular chief and spiritual guide. From the Sovereign Pontiff the bishop receives his commission. He is a general in the great Army of which the Pope is the Commander-in-Chief. His duty is to guard the treasure of the Faith, to drive the wolves from the fold, to report successes and failures, should there be any, to sound the alarm in time of danger, to be an unbreakable and undetachable link in the golden chain which both surrounds and permeates all Catholic hearts, making them one in doctrine and in government, realizing our Lord's prayer at the Last Supper: "Father, let them be One, as Thou in Me, and I in Thee."

The episcopate constitutes also the strength of the Church. The bishop is the lawmaker and the enforcer of the law. He has the right of seat and voice in all councils, ecumenical, national, and provincial, in which the ordinances for the general welfare are framed. He directs his own diocesan synod. It is his duty, at the same time, to enforce all these laws, to reward the just, to punish the wicked, to preserve order and decorum in the region assigned to him, to see that priests and people are faithful to their duty, to appoint pastors and assistants—in a word, to make his diocese

flourish, flowery, faithful and beautiful, a lovely garden of the great demesne of the Lord. But, above all, the bishop is the incarnation of the love of the Church, of Christ's own love for human souls. He is the good shepherd who knows his sheep, and who loves them, whose thoughts by day and whose dreams by night are devoted to their interests, who is ready to leave the ninety-nine in the meadow, and go through rough and thorny ways after the one who is lost; who is prepared, should occasion require it, to lay down his life for his sheep. To accomplish this great mission of love, he begins by denying himself, by framing and fashioning himself into a fitting instrument for a labor so sublime. Hear the words of St. Bernard upon the character of a bishop: "You should be the image of justice, the mirror of sanctity, the model of piety, the protector of the truth, the defender of the Faith, the shepherd of the people, the refuge of the oppressed, the treasure of the poor, the hope of the wretched, the eye of the blind, the tongue of the mute, the staff of the aged, the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the Priest of the Most High, the Christ of God." And after thus fashioning himself, he must devote all his abilities, and all his efforts, to the welfare of the people. There are few words of St. Paul that go more deeply into the heart than those in which he describes himself in the capacity of a bishop as having "the solicitude of all the churches." This means that the bishop must be the father and the mother as well of all his people; the father in providing them with means of grace; the mother protecting them, watching over them, encouraging the strong and strengthening the weak, shielding the erring from the grievous consequences of evil ways. He must judge with honest justice and affectionate mercy. The poor, the orphans, the sick, the oppressed, the children, are the objects of his unremitting zeal. He becomes like the Apostle of the Gentiles, all things to all

men, that he may gain all to Christ. For this he makes his visitations. For this he is constantly devising new ways and means toward the more complete education and more thorough sanctification of the clergy. For this he urges the building and complete equipment of the schools. For this he racks his brain and pours forth his soul in prayer that he may be able to choose the pastors best adapted to the various localities. For this he is often under temptation to tear his heart with scruples, lest he be not doing all that is in his power for the souls committed to his care. What father or mother on earth has such a weight of heavy responsibility to bear? And what father or mother ever expended such constant solicitude upon her children, as the bishops of the Catholic Church, the Augustines, the Ambroses, the Patricks, the Carrolls, the Kenricks, the Hugheses, the Williamses, and the Tierneys?

This is a feeble presentment of the office of a bishop. He who comes to you in that great capacity is in every way qualified by his talents of mind and heart to hold that high office, and to administer it in such a way as to increase the immortal vigor of the Church, to preserve you in unity of love and endeavor, to bear the heavy weight of the government, to be your Father of the World to Come, and to perfect your peace.

I may be permitted as one of the countless friends of his early days, and also of his maturer years, to sketch in a word his life and character. On the 8th of September, 1874, one of the brightest days that ever shone, forty students from various parts of New York and New England entered for the first time the sanctuary of the Lord in the famous Old Seminary of St. Joseph at Troy. They were young, earnest, enthusiastic. They soon formed a close attachment for one another, an affection which has ripened with the years, and has grown stronger as their ranks were decimated and

their numbers reduced to little more than a dozen. One of these students was John J. Nilan. He was distinguished for his piety, his studious habits, his fidelity to the rule, and especially for a mind that worked reasonably and easily. He was always in good humor, entirely void of levity, and equally free from ponderosity; an optimist, ever full of blissful hope, and incapable of regarding things or people, and especially himself, from too serious a point of view. Everybody was his friend. In due course of time he was ordained to the holy priesthood. He served in various churches in his native diocese of Boston, loved by his people, a comfort to his pastors, and a delight to the heart of his bishop. In 1893 he was made pastor and irremovable rector of Amesbury. There he has labored ever since, preaching, baptizing, confessing, offering the holy Sacrifice, caring for the sick and the poor, administering finances, drying tears, renewing the vigor of blighted lives, and healing broken hearts. One of his old associates in the ministry declared the other day in a public speech that he has the reputation of being the most priestly priest in the whole diocese of Boston. His people part from him with streaming eyes and broken hearts.

He will be the same devoted father to you, although the family is so much larger, as he was to them. You, with your characteristic responsiveness, will love him as tenderly and co-operate with him as affectionately as they. Thus the joy and the blessing of this day will sing melodiously in your hearts long after the thrill of this first meeting shall have passed. One and all, we hope and pray and confidently believe, that it will last as long as the Lord, who has so richly endowed him, allows him to remain upon earth. With fullest appreciation of the labors and the merits of his predecessors, we ask our Father in heaven to grant that this new administration may be, as in the proper course of events it should be, richer and more pro-

ductive than all that have gone before. "Many daughters have gathered treasures; thou hast surpassed them all." "Saul slew his thousands; may David slay his tens of thousands." Cultured was Tyler, tender was O'Reilly, strong was McFarland, gentle was Galberry, practical was McMahon, saintly was Tierney. May all their virtues be united in and adorn the administration of Bishop Nilan.

YOUTH

A Sermon to Young People

BY THE REV. CHARLES BRUEHL, D.D.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. xii, 1.

Dear Friends:—You wish to be happy. And this desire is born with you; it springs from the very depths of your heart. It is a holy desire. For God himself implanted it in your breasts, as He stored the precious pearl in the dark caves of the ocean and the glimmering gold in the hidden recesses of the mountain. He meant it to be a golden link, by which to attach His dearest creature to His loving heart; it should lead men to seek and find Him, the inexhaustible source of true happiness. But, alas! misunderstood, this heaven-born desire, frequently becomes a will-o'-the-wisp that lures us away from the crystal fountains of pure joy to the muddy cisterns of unhallowed delight; it becomes, by our own perversion, a spur that goads us to ruin and hell.

This desire is strongest in the days of our youth; then also is it most likely to be misinterpreted and to run into false channels. How much disappointment, how much misery, how much shame and disgrace because we sought happiness where it was not!

I come not to you as a prophet of evil; I do not wish to cast a gloom over the morn of your life; nay, I wish to see your days bright with sunshine and your hearts glad with joy and the path of your life luminous with happiness. And I come to warn you of the treacherous road that seems to lead to happiness, but ends in shame and wo.

You cannot be happy if you forget your God; you will not find

peace if you forsake your Creator and attach yourself to the world and its false pleasures. Now, this is true of every time and phase of our life, but more emphatically so of the days of our youth; because youth is more precious, its issues are more important, its dangers are greater and its duties more solemn. Therefore, I say: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

I. Youth is a precious time. There is a bewitching charm in this budding, expanding manhood and womanhood. It still retains the innocence of childhood; but adds to it the beauty of knowledge. It is rich with promises of the future. It has the glory of the blossoms and is the pledge of the fruit. Youth is yet unstained; the dust has not gathered on it, as on the petals of a flower by the roadside. The heat of the struggle of life has not dimmed its luster. It is fresh as a rose sparkling with the dew of dawn. It is all beauty, all splendor, all delight. Everybody loves youth. And God loves youth. He claimed the firstling of the flock and the first fruits and the lamb of one year. And He claims our youth: Son, give Me your heart; give Me your heart unstained by sin, unabused by the world. Give Me the flower of your age. Give Me what is best and most precious. Will you refuse it? He is the Lord. Would you bring to the altar a withered flower? Will you refuse to God your youth? Will you only reserve to Him decrepit, disenchanted old age?

There is a generosity and enthusiasm in youth, sometimes akin to folly, but more to the magnanimous liberality of nature and of God; it glows for what is good and noble; its sympathies are vast; its aspirations high and soaring. It hates injustice and wrong; it cherishes what is beautiful and good; it admires greatness and loves virtue. Its instincts make for the pure. This is a time for God; God loves the generous giver. Christ incites the youth in the Gospel to generosity and casts a tender glance on him for his goodness. Old

age becomes parsimonious, calculating, utilitarian, sometimes mercenary. It acts, not prompted by love, but induced by utility. No; our youth belongs to God; the time of generosity and love; for He is worthy of love. Let us give to God sweet perfume of our life, not its dregs; let us embrace Him with the native generosity of our youth; for He is the sovereign good; the worthiest object of our love and affection.

I do not like to introduce motives of self-interest into our consideration. Yet I cannot pass them over in silence. You may say: "O, I will have youth to myself; I will devote to God my later days." This is ungrateful; it is base in the face of God, who is love. But more, my dear friends, it is a dangerous course to pursue. Have you a guarantee of a long life? May these days not be your only ones. Sometimes night falls fast and the grave may lie in the flower-strewn path of your youth. Death may surprise you, that night, in which no man worketh, may overtake you; and then you will stand before an inexorable Judge with empty hands. You have deceived yourself; you have deceived your God; you have cheated Him out of His due. And cursed be he that deceives the Lord. Beware, you build your eternal happiness on unsolid foundations, on shifting sand, if you build it on an uncertain future.

But granted, that a long life be vouchsafed to you. This life will be as your youth is now. Your youth is decisive for your life. Youth is like wax; it is easily molded. It readily receives impressions, but is tenacious. As age advances the heart hardens and retains indelibly the impressions of earlier days. The old man will not be wiser than the young; he will not give up the follies of his younger years; he will not forsake the path he has walked in his youth. And if he have the intention, O, what a harvest of weeds must he uproot! It is not an easy task to eradicate the vices of your

youth, to undo the evil habits begotten at an early age. They are entwined with the fiber of your heart. But practise virtue in your youth and it will become a second nature; it will be pleasant and easy. The good seeds sown in youth will ripen to an abundant and golden harvest of holiness and merit.

Do not abuse your youth; do not deprive God of the best and most pleasing sacrifice. Give you God the gold of your youth. Do not sow any wild oats; they will grow with fatal exuberance and you will reap remorse and self-torture. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth ere the time of distress comes and the years approach, of which you must say: "They please me not."

II. The bud is threatened by frosts; the blossom menaced by the worm and storms; youth is beset by many grave dangers and exposed to baleful influences. The principal of these enemies waylaying unwary youth I will enumerate, to arm you against them by inspiring you with a salutary fear and the necessity of vigilance.

Youth is the time of physical development. The blood moves quickly in its chambers; all the activities are accentuated; we feel the thrilling sensation of expansion. We feel ourselves full of new powers, unlimited capacities. Infinite horizons are displayed to our vision; vague desires and tendencies crowd our hearts. We ill brook restraint; it seems a curb on our natural evolution. We fret at anything bearing the name of method, law and precept. The exuberance of physical growth, and the tinkling sensation of waxing strength lead to an overpowering desire of liberty. We overrate our faculties; we have an immense trust in ourselves. Now, liberty is good; but it is not good at all times and it is downright detrimental if it degenerates into licentiousness, if it makes us despise the advice and counsel of our elders, if it makes us throw away the staff of obedience. Many a young man thought it unworthy to heed the

warning of his father and followed the whims of his fancy; and, though promising in the beginning, he turned out a sad failure, a moral and physical wreck. And many a young woman launched on life, unmindful of her mother's tender call, and the frail vessel of her destiny was shattered and she returned deploring the ill-use of her liberty with disgrace on her fading brow.

Understand liberty rightly, my friends; we do not wish to infringe upon your legitimate rights; but freedom from all restraint is not liberty, it is the surest and fastest road to ruin, to failure, to dishonor and an early grave.

Then there is the love of pleasure, which is especially strong in young folks. They are bewildered by the dazzling splendor of the world; its promises appeal forcibly to the young heart. Eagerly does it quaff the cup of pleasure proffered by life's hand. It has not yet experienced the vanity of pleasure; not found out the fallacy of the world's promises. It makes a wild rush for pleasure; is absorbed in it. Its appetites are sharp, keen and unduly whetted by an over-indulgent education. The days of your youth are not to be sad days; but still the only program of your youth cannot be pleasure. Youth is too precious to be wasted in a round of amusements. Besides, you know it yourselves, these pleasures pall on you, they cause surfeit and nausea. Moreover, has not the votary of pleasure, the pleasure-seeker something base and mean about him? Yes, pleasures, when overdone, have a degrading effect. They dull our finer sensibilities; hurt the nobler aspirations of our nature. See those lads and lasses that have cast their lot with the throng of pleasure-seekers; they were once your comrades, innocent, beautiful, kind, generous. Behold them now! They seem weary, ever excited and never satisfied, bustling and restless, looking forward to new pleasures, but never happy. They wear the stamp of baseness on their brow. They started with

injudicious indulgence in, perhaps indifferent, pleasures; they continued in debauch and revelries; they terminate with shame, disgrace, want; and the devil rings the knell of their innocence and happiness. The ballroom is the vestibule to the haunts of vice; the barroom the ante-chamber to the dens of iniquity; the stage is but too often the pulpit of the devil; the club-house often a high-school of immorality; and late company-keeping is a short cut to the grave of innocence. Do not think that pleasure is the only end of your youth.

Youth is thoughtless. Serious thoughts are not popular with young people. Their vision is bound up in the living, breathing present; their reflections belong to the fleeing moment. The echoes of the other world reverberate but faintly in their throbbing breasts; the vision of eternal glory is dimly described; the solemn truths of religion fade from their sight. The present engrosses them, monopolizes their mind, enchants their senses. Yet, even in our youth God should be the prime object of our thoughts. Our thoughts are more elevated if God possesses our mind. Our mental life assumes brighter hues, greater solemnity if eternity is at its base. Our mind, when filled with eternal thoughts, is like a limpid lake mirroring in its lucid depths the glories of heaven, the radiant splendor of the dawn and the starry beauty of the night. The thought of heaven gilds the horizon of our mind with the crimson of a never-fading sunrise. How gloomy and dismal our mind without God; how void and dreary our heart without the thought of heaven. Yes, God should occupy the mind of youth; it is the loftiest thought, the noblest idea; it adorns our mental world as the orb of day beautifies the material universe. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Do not fill your mind with trifles; with thoughts of time and earth. Rise to the heights of heaven; gaze on the everlasting stars of eternal truth. And do not forget those more tremen-

dous, awe-inspiring thoughts of judgment, eternal retribution, hell. Rest in the embrace of the divine and celestial. You are more than the dumb cattle that only thinks of its pasture, of its rest and of the present day.

III. I have signalled the evil; you have seen the glaring red-light of danger. You wish to avoid the pitfall; you wish to safeguard your happiness and innocence. I will point out the remedy and give you an infallible antidote. Your foes are false liberty, an excessive love of pleasure, forgetfulness of God and eternity. They wish to ensnare you and undo your temporal and eternal welfare. Your helpmates are obedience, purity and prayer.

My dear friends, you cannot be your own guides. You know and feel it. You are inexperienced; you are not familiar with the ways of this world, with the treacherous designs of men. Whom will you follow. Those companions, perchance, that you have met at doubtful resorts of pleasure? Let me ask you one question in sincerity and answer it in your heart: Do you think they are desirable guides? Do you think they love you; have they your interest at heart? You will not dare to answer "yes," for you feel it instinctively they are only seeking their own pleasure and benefit. Who are the proper guides of your youth? They are your parents and your priests. Do you doubt that they love you, that they sincerely wish your welfare? No, you can't; you would lie to yourselves. Well, they have knowledge; they have experience. Do follow their advice, even if you do not always see the reason and purpose of their behests or prohibitions. By obeying them you may lose a paltry pleasure, but you may be sure of your true happiness and your innocence is safe. Do not forget it; he is not your friend that introduces you to guilty pleasures; he is not your friend that bids you not to mind your father or mother. Have you never had misgivings as to his sincerity?

Well, he is not sincere. He is looking for a good time himself, and later he will leave you to yourself. No, he is not your friend that causes you to sin, that makes you an enemy of God, that robs you of your innocence. He is entrapping your innocence and preparing your fall. Listen to your parents; listen to your priests; they are your true friends. What they forbid you is dangerous, is foul, is poisonous. They wish to save you from your own inexperience; they wish to spare you the bitterness of disappointment and the pangs of remorse. Obedience is the proper virtue of youth; nor is it unbecoming. God, the Son of God, was obedient. Obedience is your virtue because you are inexperienced; it alone can save you from shame and ruin; it alone safeguards your innocence and secures you against your natural inclination to unbridled liberty.

There is a virtue more precious than gems; fairer than any ornament; beautiful as a lily; glorious as a solitary star on the somber brow of night. It is the virtue of youth; holy purity. It is to protect you against excessive love of pleasure. Purity imparts a peculiar strength to those that practise it; it is an heroic virtue. The Knights of the Holy Grail were obliged to cultivate it; they were valiant heroes, invincible warriors, as long as their hearts were pure. They succumbed to their enemies when they had lost their innocence. All those that indulge in impurity are slaves of their lowest appetites; they have no moral strength; they have lost all power of resistance.

Impurity robs youth of its charm; it takes away delicacy of feeling and aspect, accompanying innocence. It clouds the chaste luster of the eye; effaces the untarnished radiance of the brow; deprives your bearing of the maidenly grace of integrity. There is an angelic beauty in the maiden unstained; there is a manly vigor in the youth unblemished.

Do not pollute your youth by impurity; do not sully that splendid garment of innocence. Do not barter your heavenly birthright for a moment of vilest pleasure. Watch! there are many waiting to rob you of your treasure. Danger is lurking in the resorts of amusement; your enemies are your so-called friends.

There are pure pleasures; sweet joys of innocence. Taste them; they are superior to the defiled pleasures of licentiousness. Remember and let this solemn truth be engraved on your memory and written on the fleshy tablets of your heart: You cannot be happy in or by sin. Sin overthrows families; it wrecks homes; it leaves a sting in the heart. Sin makes one wretched; it poisons your life. It entered into this world with the pretensions of bringing knowledge and happiness; the falsehood of its claim has been proven by history and individual experience. Ask the debauched if he is happy. He will answer with a painful smile: "No, I was happy in the days of my innocence, but now I know not what happiness is; but sensual pleasure intoxicates me; it makes me forget my shame, my baseness; it deafens my ear to the terrible voice of self-reproach and silences the worm of conscience." Dear child, preserve your innocence, do not expose it to the danger of pleasure and you will be happy. And the comfort, the sweet consolation of an innocent youth in old age and on the deathbed; innocence gives confidence at the last hour; it cheers and brightens the eve of our life. You do not realize it now; but believe me the day will come when you will curse the hour that witnessed your indiscretion and you will curse the perfidious friend that enticed you onto the slippery path of pleasure. A pure youth will be the keystone of your success, the glory of your age and the crown of your eternal happiness.

If you ask me the remedy and panacea against all evils and dangers, I answer it is prayer. Prayer elevates the mind, chastens our

thoughts, detaches us from worldly affections; it inspires us with a love for heavenly things. In prayer we breathe a pure and healthy air, as on lofty mountain tops. Prayer fans the sacred flame of divine love in our hearts, it kindles the sparks of virtue in our breast. It sanctifies our daily actions, stamps with high value the lowliest deed. Prayer weaves golden threads into the web of our daily life. Prayer is the source of strength, the impregnable shield against temptation. It surrounds us with an atmosphere of heaven and links our thoughts and affections to God. My dear friends, if you wish to sanctify your youth and to procure God's abundant graces, learn to pray. Do not begin your daily work without prayer, be it ever so short. When in the morn creation awakes to announce the glory of its maker, when the king of day, in his purple garb of majesty, proclaims God's beauty and splendor, when the lark warbles its song of praise and Nature unites in a solemn anthem of profound adoration; will your lips remain closed, will you be the only one not to join in the universal harmony of praise and thanksgiving? When you retire to your couch, to seek the sweet embrace of quiet sleep, let a word of prayer flow from your lips and the incense of adoration rise from your heart. The few moments that you spend in prayer are well invested. It is a duty to pray, but it is a sweet duty, as it is a pleasant duty to salute in the morn the parents we love and the dear ones we meet. Forget not your daily prayers, and God's mighty arm will protect you. Without the blessing of God you will not succeed in anything. God can baffle all your designs. Have Him for a friend and helper; live in His glorious presence, secure His blessings by fervent and daily prayer. Prayer is comfort in trials; it dries tears, soothes our woes, sweetens the bitterness of misfortune.

My dear friends, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Comply with this solemn injunction of Holy Scriptures and you will be happy.

My friends, I have spoken to you encouraging, rather than terrifying, words. For I know you are of good will. The fact that you join this sodality proves it. Remain faithful to your present good intentions. Your blessed Mother will never desert you; under her auspices you will be virtuous, pious and truly happy. You have done well to consecrate your youth to the service of God and of the Blessed Lady. I congratulate you upon this praiseworthy resolution. The medal you have received is a pledge and promise of special protection and patronage of the Blessed Mother. Wear it with great confidence and do not dishonor it. Show yourselves worthy children of Mary. And when death comes, may it rest on your breast. In life it will be the shield of innocence, a sign of predestination, a remembrance of your duties and promises; in death it will be the pledge of your eternal happiness. Amen.

A PRIEST'S BURIAL

Sermon Preached by the Rev. Henry C. Schuyler at the Funeral of Rev. John M. Breen, Manayunk

"Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased God; therefore He hastened to take him out of the midst of iniquities."—Wisdom iv, 13-14.

God alone knows how to estimate the value of a life. With His perfect knowledge, both, of our last end and of the motives that prompt our words, thoughts and actions, He is the only one who can pass judgment on our souls and tell whether and when they may be fitted to enter into life eternal. He to whom a thousand years are as a day, who existed before the world was, and whose life stretches beyond the uttermost limits of time, does not need to measure the soul's merit by length of years alone. Into a lifetime of the shortest duration could be crowded merit that would entitle the possessor to the enjoyment of one of the noblest mansions in our Father's home. For after all it is the intensity, the purity of the love moving us to act that counts in the sight of God. And one act of perfect love could gain heaven for us if it were God's will to give us only time to perform that single act.

And yet, despite this great truth, we are apt to say when we read of a young man's death: "What a pity for him to be taken away just at the threshold of his career; just when he was beginning to do his best work; just when he was able to give to others the rich fruit of riper years."

Thus many would speak of Father Breen, thinking only of what the past, crowded with noble work, gave promise of for the future.

Those who reason thus forget for the moment the designs of God and His unlimited power, independent as it is of our feeble efforts.

When we think of the death of this young priest, we should rather consider the work that he has done and the motives that inspired him. We should consider not the brief period of activity God allowed him, for time is but an accidental measure of merit, but should rather bear in mind the pure, self-sacrificing zeal which placed upon his life a stamp, a character that cannot be measured by standards of time and space, because it is supernatural, of heaven rather than of earth.

In reviewing the life of Father Breen we can see from the beginning the plainest evidence of that unconquerable energy, that zealous earnestness which was his predominant characteristic. He left school at an early age and spent seven of the best years of his life at work. Then it was that the seed of divine vocation took deeper root in his heart as he toiled day by day with those who learned to love and respect him because of his warm-hearted, unselfish thoughtfulness for others.

His close associations with his fellow-workmen helped to enkindle a love for the eternal interests of mankind, a love that, as the years went by, kept on burning ever brighter and more strongly, until by its light, divinely purified, he finally saw what God wished him to do, and by its impelling, sustaining power he was enabled to give up the prospects of a successful worldly career, leave his work and start life over again at school, almost from the beginning. It was a hard struggle. Humility and courage of almost heroic nature were needed to overcome the obstacles in his way. Yet he never flinched.

One object he had in view—to serve God by saving souls. That he ever kept in mind. And through all his trials, all his labor,

through sickness and affliction of other kinds, there was one thought that always cheered him and brought happiness to his heart. It was the anticipated joy of holding one day in his hands the Host and chalice, of speaking the words of consecration, changing the bread and wine into Christ's own Body and Blood. How he longed for that happy day when he would offer up his first Mass, only he himself knew. He was not given to talking much about so holy an act while as yet he was passing through his period of preparation for it.

At last the day came. The thirteen years of direct preparation, preceded by the years of trial and struggle in the world, were over. Pain and sorrow, sacrifice and suffering, disappointment and dejection were all forgotten, swallowed up in the immeasurable joy of standing before the altar of God, a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech. With him that blessed day were father, mother and sister to share his happiness. There were others also—those who had not lived to see with the eyes of the body their brother's joy, but they were with the angels who hovered about the consecrated hand as it gave the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ to those who were dearest to him on earth.

Of the six years that have passed since that hallowed day, nearly five were spent in this parish, so close to the scene of his boyhood days. You amongst whom he labored, you who have felt the blessing of his priesthood, know full well how the promise of his college and seminary years has been fulfilled in his active mission life.

In his service of God, showing itself so admirably in the service he gave to God's creatures, he knew no rest. The fire of apostolic zeal, fed by the years of self-denying preparation, burst into fullest flame when the grace of Holy Orders flowed into his soul. It burned within him so hotly and so unceasingly that he could not remain for

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a moment inactive. Even in his hours of well-earned recreation he would talk about his work and think out plans for the betterment of the people to whom he ministered.

There was concentrated in the few years of his priestly life enough earnest, unselfish activity to suffice for many more years of successful work. The energy of will, activity of mind and love of heart that he put into his labors for the people could have been spread over five times as long a period, and still produced wonderful results. Indeed, it was this unselfish energy that contributed much to bring about his early death. He literally spent himself for the people he loved. The will that looked to God alone and sought to please Him only drove the body to labors that it was naturally unfit to sustain. The heart of flesh was not strong enough to hold the love it symbolized, to bear the burden placed upon it by the unswerving attachment to his duty as Father Breen saw it. Silently and unseen it weakened and wasted beneath the effort. At last there came the inevitable moment when it could no longer respond to the call of the will, strong and imperious as was this call.

In the very act of performing a duty most pleasing to Him who bade His Apostles "suffer the little ones to come unto Him," while forming innocent souls according to the Model he knew and loved so well, Father Breen's physical strength, sapped at the very source, gave way.

In his last hours God granted him full use of all his faculties, so that he could prepare well for death. Those who surrounded his bedside heard from his lips frequent expressions of gratitude towards those who had been kind to him (and who that knew him could help being kind to him?). Oft-repeated prayers and earnest requests for remembrance in prayers and Masses came from his lips until unconsciousness stole upon him and the soul finally left

the mortal frame that had been so faithful a servant and went to its reward.

For you, to whom he was so devoted, for you, to whom he loved, every one of you, with a true supernatural love, there remains the memory of the years of his service amongst you, so filled with acts and words worthy of the love that prompted them. Father Breen was ever engaged in his Father's business. In the three places where you saw him oftenest and came into most frequent contact with him—the pulpit, the confessional and the sick-room—he always showed himself a faithful imitator of his Master. In preaching and instructing, especially in teaching the children, he was tireless. He loved the work of the confessional, so tedious in its character, yet so important in its power. Long hours he spent there, doing his work just as patiently and as carefully in the end as at the beginning of his ministry. In the sick-room his presence was like a gleam of sunshine to the poor invalid. Was there any one sick among you, Father Breen was there at once, often even before his presence had been requested. He anticipated your every spiritual need and ministered to it in each case with the tireless energy that characterized his whole life work.

He has entered into your lives, become part of them. So intimate a part, indeed, that time will not remove his memory from amongst you. But something more than a memory will remain. The life of a priest goes on in the souls of those to whom he has ministered. Father Breen is gone, but the effect of his ministry will last for time and eternity. The hands that so often gave to you the Body and Blood of Christ and applied the holy oil to your dear departed are motionless now. The lips that announced the Gospel and spoke to many sinners the words that freed them from their guilt are silent now in death. Yet, who but God can measure

the immensity of that spiritual life which exists now in the souls of others because he renewed it there? This life cannot pass with the death of your beloved priest, but while his body crumbles into dust the effects of his work continue until the judgment day and beyond. Many a soul in heaven or purgatory owes its salvation to Father Breen. And these souls are even now, we dare hope, kneeling before the throne of God joining their perfect prayers with the prayers that you in gratitude must always offer, begging our Father in heaven to bring speedily the soul of your departed priest to its eternal reward.

DECORATION DAY

Address to the Knights of Columbus at West Philadelphia by Louis A. K. Mellon

To be a part of a gathering such as we have here to-day is an inspiring thing to each of us. To have the honor and dignity of addressing such a gathering is an inspiring thing to me, for the responsibility of giving proper expression to the significance of it all is a grave and great one.

Were this a memorial-day exercise alone, or a flag-raising alone, either occasion would give a speaker ground over which to lead you longer than you wish perhaps to be led. But the jointure of the two occasions doubles the responsibility and makes one fear lest both topics might suffer from the combination.

To-day our country shows that all her sentimental, tender love for her heroes is not dead, but living and adds another milestone to her perpetual tribute of respect for the men who died because they loved her.

Half a century ago this great mother of ours saw the children she had reared divided and arrayed against each other, because her children of the North and her children of the South had different conceptions of her motherhood. They both loved her with all the filial affection that sons can cherish, but the man from the North said there should be no human bondage in his mother's house, while the man from the South said that the possessions he had when he entered under the roof of union were his of right, sacred and inviolable, and he would withdraw from that house rather than let his liberties be trampled upon. And both were sincere and honest

from their conception, but the conceptions differed much, and Dixie stood by her beliefs and kept her promise and the house was divided against itself.

And for four long years guns leveled in American hands drew blood from American hearts and crimsoned their mother's troubled bosom, and both in blue and in gray they died breathing their country's name, for they were both dying for what they both believed to be the meaning of that word, America.

It is not for us to discuss the merits of that first shot that signalized strife at Fort Sumter. None but a prejudiced partisan would wish to open the book of that unfortunate war to read therefrom anything but regret that it happened at all. Whether or not it was justified is a question which should not be asked, and the only thing that counts is that no sooner had it closed than the hand of the South reached out and grasped the hand of the North in a firm fraternal grip that will last, God grant, forever.

The terrible din of battle gave way to the lamentations of bereavement, and in the sob-broken stillness, tired and battle-scarred, Columbia bowed her head in irresistible grief for the sons she was bereft of, and prayed the God of her destiny to recompense her for the terrible toll of death exacted of her by giving her a sonship stronger and more united than ever.

And to show that her dead had not died in vain, and in order that their glorious example should live till the last hour of her national history, she consecrated a day to the reverence of their noble sacrifice and bade her children and her children's children pause once a year from garnering the plentiful fruits of that sacrifice and unite throughout the land in a tribute of respect to their memory. To-day is the consecrated day. To-day is the day our country reminds us of the loyal martyrdom of her soldier sons who died that America

might live, and bids us kneel in reverence at the shrine of their unselfishness—lest we forget.

And all day through solemn graveyards has moved that thinned-out body of maimed and faltering survivors of that historical contest, and little children, the nation's infants, have sung songs of praise and veneration, and flowers, the tender testimony of love, have been strewn by patriotic hands on the earthbeds of the Grand Old Army.

While we yet have him let us be kind to that bent-backed, tottering, unsteady old fellow with a bronze button in his coat. Soon he will pass away from us and join his brothers in the dark and narrow grave, he will be but a memory, but his spirit, like theirs, will live always and hold a sanctuary in our hearts that will honor and thank him forever.

How a few years hence when he is gone shall we think of him? Shall we clothe him in blue alone? No, if we are true Americans, if we rightly understand things in the light of impartial history, let us honor him in gray as well as in blue, for it took that fight to demonstrate finally the meaning of American liberty and it took champions on both sides to bring a grave question to the point of issue, and though the Southerner died in a losing cause, he at least died in the final demonstration of American equality and dying still believed he died for an American cause.

And so, whether he came from Puritan Massachusetts or from sunny Mississippi, let us appreciate him as an actor in that gigantic drama whose final curtain rang down upon the definite proof of what our country stands for.

To-day, Knights of Columbus, a union of men identical in religious conviction, unite in an act of fealty.

Sixty years ago if such a celebration had been held in Philadelphia, would be considered a gathering of conspirators to overturn

American institutions, because the Catholic was supposed to be the servile son of a religious despot. But those larger issues of human bondage and State rights distracted such narrow prejudice, and it took a war to weld a better and bigger Americanism and to create true American brotherhood. America's strength suffered much in that contest, but after the consequent weakness had passed she was the stronger for it, for then real American brotherhood seemed to be born and men met each other as citizens and not as religionists, and it was not questioned at what altar a man prayed. It only mattered did he love and serve his country. And the evolution of human fairness went on until to-day I am able to arise, if you please, under strict sectarian auspices and my words sound the same in the ears of the Baptist and the Methodist as in the ears of the Catholic.

Those who differ in religious persuasion from the Knights of Columbus, no longer in the light in fairness question the Catholic's patriotism. They know that pens held in Catholic hands signed the Declaration of Independence, sailed the ships of war and built the Ship of State. They supported this government in peace and defended it in war; that they went in full regiments as Americans to drive back Catholic Mexicans, their fellow religionists; that they marched from North and South to fight for their American principles, and had with them their priests, not to accept their commands or dictations, but to accept their blessings and their absolutions while their Catholic American hearts' blood fertilized the fields of the Rebellion. And more, they know that men who acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Bishop of Rome sank into the seas and fell on Cuban and Philippine battlefields to avenge their country's honor, though they knew that their bullets sped death into the breasts of Catholic Spaniards.

The patriotism of the Catholic has been proved in too many ways

to render elaborate proof of it necessary now. Their individual glories may be read in books of impartial history, and their names and statues grace high places in a peoples' grateful hall of fame.

Do I in this thought sound narrow? Do I, because their beliefs are mine, seem to show them any greater veneration than I show their Protestant compatriots? Do not misunderstand me. I honor them only in that they did their duty as Americans. It was their country, not their Church, that at these times needed and got their services, but in honesty I am proud to say that they gave their strength and their lives the more willingly because their mother Church taught and teaches them that, in giving their best to their country, they are giving it to the God who smiled upon that country's birth, and will protect and direct its righteous destiny. Yes, to-day is almost the day of religious fairness—men are realizing more and more daily that a man's religion is a spiritual thing that should rightly animate love and charity toward all men, that both the man who kneels in the confessional and the man who sings in the prayer-meeting on Sunday will be honest on Monday if they knelt or sang in sincerity.

The day is near when a fair-thinking people will place in the presidential chair a Roman Catholic without fear that his executive approval, his veto or his messages must await the approbation of his spiritual father, the Roman Pontiff.

The Protestant has presided many times with honor and fidelity at the helm of our Ship of State. The Catholic will in our day preside with equal glory, and I speak with sincerity, and as an American, when I say that when a son of Israel shall follow the two, the full meaning of American religious liberty shall have been exemplified.

The Eastern peoples of all nations and of all religions have seen that free flag in the western skies, and have followed its vision till

their oppressed and yoke-bent bodies have fallen in fatigue but in hope on the liberty-dedicated ground in which it is planted.

We, who were born under its benevolent flutter, know its every character and color, seldom think as we pass it on the street of its great personal significance to us, are seldom inspired by the magnificance of its symbolism. But go far from home. Go into lands where banners of other figures and other colors float in the breeze above you. Turn a corner and see that plain and stern but beautiful banner that flies as it seems with Yankee challenge over the American consulate and the beating of your heart will tell you just how big a part of you is your love for Old Glory.

This is the flag we raise and venerate to-day. It is to be raised above the home and temple of a union of men pledged to the path of moral uprightness and patriotism. How important, how indispensable are motives of this kind to our right conduct as citizens of this great Republic. How necessary to our country's perpetuation are the high ideals of its citizenship. A Declaration of Independence and a Constitution were written by men who knew and felt the moral obligations of human creatures and because their ideals were high their handiwork prospered, a nation built by freemen for freemen was born. The promised land of our forefathers' devotion has been realized. To-day our country stands queen among the nations of the earth, still committed as at its earliest hour to government of the people, by the people and for the people, stands as has been said, the highest exemplar of human liberty and human dignity.

This sacred inheritance is ours, and how great the responsibility of its perpetuation. The government reflects the character of its people, and its course will be honorable only so long as the minds of its people continue in the honorable ideals in which it was born.

And so there is an element of national good in this celebration

wherein men who first meet in the harmony of religious morality dedicate their meeting-place to their country and raise that beautiful emblem above them as an enduring testimony of their loyalty and patriotism.

I voice the sentiment, the desire of every one of its donors when I pray that its ennobling influence may be always in their hearts, and in the hearts of all as strong as it is to-day; that it will stimulate us to a healthy devotion to the ideals that brought it into being; that it will be to all a perpetual reminder of the statesmen and warriors who made and preserved it; that it will make us to better know, to better serve and to better love the land it symbolizes—America.

THE CATHOLIC IS THE MOST TOLERANT OF AMERICAN CITIZENS

LECTURE DELIVERED BY REV. WILLIAM T. RUSSELL, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., BEFORE THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The Catholic is the most tolerant of American citizens.

This is a bold statement, and one that will not go unchallenged. It is, nevertheless, true. Such a declaration will occasion surprise in a land where toleration and liberality are supposedly the attributes of all except Catholics. To the Protestant, accustomed to regard his Catholic fellow-man with an air of patronage, or of well-concealed suspicion, such an assertion will be regarded as insufferably impudent and unqualifiedly false, whilst it will be greeted with the unfeigned amazement of the Catholic, habituated to an attitude of apology or defense on account of the constant attacks made upon him and his religion.

At the very beginning it is important to define the terms of the proposition, for words become shibboleths and often are used by the thoughtless with very little idea of their actual meaning and real significance.

No little of the toleration that we find extolled in these days is not toleration at all. It is merely indifference. It is a mental unconcern and a moral supineness marching under another banner, masquerading under a name to which it can lay no legitimate claim. What, then, is toleration, what is intolerance, and what do we mean by indifference?

Toleration may be described as an indulgence, a forbearance shown toward persons, principles and opinions which are in opposition to the persons, principles and opinions which one holds very sacred and intensely dear.

Intolerance, on the other hand, is an uncompromising attitude, unyielding, inflexible, severe toward all persons, principles or opinions differing from those which one cherishes or subscribes to one's self. In one sense it is a refusal of all charity and leniency to others who may happen not to be in accord with our views and our judgments, though we shall see later it has also another and quite different significance.

Indifference may be defined as the absence of special interest, of definite choice; it is a state of neutrality, of impassiveness and apathy.

Justifiable Intolerance.—Toleration has been for so long a word to conjure with, for so long the object of popular worship and regard that doubtless to many unthinking ones the idea of intolerance is altogether associated with a narrowness of soul, a harshness and violence of spirit joined to a meanness and smallness of character. Yet nothing could be further from the truth, and there are forms of intolerance not only justifiable, but necessary as well. No one, for instance, who esteems virtue could show leniency toward vice; no one who values faithfulness in a friend could do anything else than find disloyalty unendurable. A husband who would be tolerant of a wife's infidelity would be contemptible. A father tolerant toward his children's disobedience would be unworthy of the trust God had confided to him. Intolerance, therefore, of evil, of wrongdoing, is consistent with all that is manly, even exalted and noble. We must here make another most important distinction.

Intolerance of persons themselves who are opposed to our principles or opinions is quite a different thing from intolerance of the principles or opinions they profess, and of the actions they may be responsible for. It is one thing to abhor vice and quite another to hate the vicious. The nobler the character of the husband the more will he loathe the infidelity of his wife, while the more tender will be his compassion and the more enduring his pity for the sinner. The father punishes the child not because his affection for it is less, but because out of his very love for the child he wishes to eradicate from its character those faults calculated to blacken and destroy and render it less deserving of his love. Intolerance, therefore, of principles, actions or opinions is entirely consistent with the most perfect tolerance of persons. Herein lies the unspeakable beauty of God's mercy. Evil is antagonism toward God, our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer, yet God loves the sinner with an ineffable love. May we not go further and say that the more one hates the evil and yet loves the evildoer, the more he approaches to the all-merciful God?

Indifference Demands No Self-Restraint.—Indifference is a lack of choice. When convictions are deeply rooted it is impossible to be indifferent to what is directly opposed to them, and when certain interests possess for their holder a very great value, any antagonism to them he will hardly regard with entire unconcern. The employer is not indifferent to the attitude of inimical labor unions, any more than the consumer is apathetic concerning the system of controlling trusts. The statesman who labors ceaselessly in perfecting a policy, in the wisdom of which he confidently believes, will not endure with equanimity the efforts of the opposition to defeat his plans; neither will the scientist, who has won from Mother Nature the secrets that lie hidden in her bosom, calmly submit to the doubts

and jeers of the skeptical. How, then, can it be reasonable to expect that one who has religious convictions that are deep and sincere, and for which he has, perhaps, made the supremest sacrifice in his power, can look unconcernedly upon that which he believes to be false?

Only those who hold fast to some definite form of faith are deserving of credit when they exhibit a spirit of forbearance and kindness toward those who differ from them. They are not thereby false to their conscience, nor can hypocrisy be laid to their charge. Whilst holding steadfastly to the truths of their own religion, they believe no less firmly that the edifice of faith is not to be upraised upon the ruins of charity. They acknowledge the truth that "there is so much good in the worst of us, so much bad in the best of us that it ill-behooves any of us to think or speak ill of the rest of us." He exhibits the traits of the highest manhood who holds unflinchingly to his beliefs, but is charitable in according to others the same degree of sincerity that he demands for himself.

He, however, who is not possessed of positive religious convictions cannot be awarded the least credit for an exercise of toleration. His indifference demands no self-restraint, calls for no sacrifice, does not necessitate the practice of forbearance or charity. As well might we say that one who has lost the sense of taste or smell is deserving of commendation for having no preference in his viands, or for showing no disgust in the midst of nauseous odors. Credit is due to him who practises virtue, but indifference demands no act of virtue. It is passive, inert. Indifference excludes the possibility of toleration. For if a man has no choice among many things proposed to him, he cannot arrogate to himself the honor of being tolerant while he remains in an attitude of supineness.

Absolute Religious Liberty Cannot Be Admitted.—The principle

of absolute religious liberty cannot be admitted by any civil government; such a principle would be subversive of its own authority No State can permit what would undermine the foundations of social order. That there have been religions which would have had this effect cannot be denied. Suppose a religion prescribing the sacrifice of human victims, or practising the degrading cult of Astarte, what nation to-day would tolerate it? No civilized government could afford liberty to such as John Brockhold, alias John of Leyden, one of the first Anabaptists of Germany, who declared himself King of Zion, married eleven wives at the same time as a testimony to his belief in polygamy, and whose disciples, after the manner of the second century Aramites, ran naked through the streets of Amsterdam howling, "Wo, wo, the wrath of God!"

Nor can we imagine any civilized government permitting the excesses indulged in by some of the Quakers in colonial days. Some shameless occurrences are narrated by the old Quaker authors, who seem to be wholly oblivious of the heinousness of the indecencies related, regarding them as divinely inspired actions, and calling down the vengeance of heaven upon the authorities that refused to tolerate peculiar manifestations of grace. Joseph Besse, a leading Quaker, who wrote of the treatment of his brethren in the colonies, naively chronicles the following incident:

"Remarkable was the case of Lydia Wardell. . . . She found herself concerned to go to their assembly in a very unusual manner, and such as was exceedingly hard and self-denying to her natural disposition, she being a woman of exemplary modesty in all her behavior. The duty and concern she lay under was that of going into their church at Newbury naked as a token of that miserable condition which she esteemed them in, and as testimony against their wretched inhumanity of stripping and whipping innocent women

as they had done." The woman was arrested and punished for this. Besse continues: "This cruel sentence was publicly executed on a woman of exemplary virtue and unspotted chastity for her obedience to what she believed the spirit of the Lord had enjoined her to do."

Another example given by this same author is that of Deborah Wilson, "a young woman of very modest and retired life and sober conversation, who, having passed naked through the streets as a sign against the cruelty and oppressions of their rulers, was sentenced to be whipped."

Suppose Proudhon's dogma, "property is theft," were based and promulgated on religious grounds, what country in the world would tolerate it?

Notwithstanding the broad assertion of religious freedom in the Constitution, absolute religious liberty does not and could not exist in the United States. Mormonism is not tolerated, nor would the people of this country countenance marriage according to the Mosaic dispensation. But if the State accepts the principle of unlimited toleration, by what right can it exclude any of these? Religious liberty, without restriction, being the law of the land, it is unjust for the State to punish a man who, on the ground that self-interest is the only true morality, will practise polygamy, defraud or kill another. He will plead that he acted according to his conscience, and if you grant that his conscience is unlimited in its scope, wherein is the justice of his punishment?

Where Is the Line to Be Drawn?—On the other hand, to exclude all religion would be suicidal in the civil government. "If you take from the people the sweet yoke of religion, you leave government no other course than the vigilance of police and the force of bayonets." Take away religion and the State becomes a tyranny, exercising unwarranted authority over subjects without moral respon-

sibility, or it inevitably drifts upon the shoals of anarchy. "For," says Burke, "we know and, what is better, we feel inwardly that religion is the basis of civil society." Where, then, is the line to be drawn?

The practical principle of our time is that the civil government should regard the natural truths and foundations of religion as the foundations of its own authority, and prohibit any form of religion that is not in accord with this. No liberty is granted to religions hostile to morality and personal freedom, and which inculcate the denial of civil duties and responsibilities. Such is the attitude of the United States in regard to religious liberty. By the law and custom of this country the Church and the individual are entirely independent of the State as to religious belief, practice and discipline, and the Church may not interfere in civil affairs, except in so far as by offering its beliefs to all it exercises an influence upon public morality. No one can be compelled by the government to contribute to the support of any religious denomination. The clergy are subject to all civil laws and courts of law as well as the laity. The State cannot discriminate among the denominations in the granting of concessions or in the bestowing of favors, the rights of all being the same, nor can it prefer one man before another on account of religious convictions.

All citizens, no matter to what religious denomination they belong, are entitled to all civic rights, to the franchise, to testify in court, to hold property and to benefit by inheritance. The Church in the eyes of the law is a corporate body, with full rights to the benefit of the law, but is regarded as a corporation having no special privileges by reason of the ecclesiastical character. It may expect no favor in legislative decisions, yet withal the State will not tolerate any religious body whose doctrines and practises would conflict

with public morality or set at nought the obligations of the civil laws. Thus, even under our liberal form of government, the State cannot afford to allow unbridled religious liberty.

Religious Liberty Must Be Limited.—The utmost that is consistent with the very existence of the civil government is a limited religious liberty. Nor can we agree with those who seem to hold that a multiplicity of warring religious beliefs is the ideal of social perfection. The conditions that necessitate even a limited toleration of all beliefs will ever prove more or less dangerous to the welfare of the people according as religious convictions are more or less strong, or according as they are maintained by men more or less ignorant and narrow. When it is needlessly proclaimed it is an invitation to sectarianism, with its inevitable disunions and discussions; it is perilous to the peace of a community. The closer the union between the civil and religious authority, as long as each aids the other and neither encroaches upon the domain of the other, the better will it be for both and the more secure will be the peace of the people. But when religious liberty has been inevitably produced by the force of circumstance and has been established by treaties or legislation, the law and the treaties should be respected.

A Catholic ruler is justified in granting a limited religious liberty, as above explained, in two cases for the welfare of the people. The first occurs when to refuse religious liberty would be more injurious than to grant it, and the second when the grant would be accompanied by greater good than the refusal. The same reasons that warrant a Catholic ruler in tolerating other religions and giving his sanction to liberty of worship warrant him also in granting perfect equality in all civic relations. Of this equality the dissidents ought never again to be deprived; the rights secured to them by charter and oath must be respected in every

case, and the accusation that the Catholic doctrine teaches that no faith is to be kept with heretics is totally unfounded.

The American Catholic.—Toleration calls for the exercise of manly indulgence and charitable judgment. It is this characteristic of genuine manhood that has ever distinguished the American Catholic. It is not my purpose to explain or to apologize for conditions in other countries in ages past. Intolerance was shown by all. Whatever the traditions which seemed to warrant it, whatever the customs long established which appeared to justify it, the fact remains that non-Catholics were never less intolerant than Catholics. I am speaking of this country alone. Here we are on familiar ground. With the institutions, the ideas, the conditions and customs of our own land we are well acquainted, and are, therefore, in a position to form an accurate judgment.

Having in view the history of our country, we can say without fear of contradiction that the Catholic is the most tolerant of American citizens. He has faith, strong, deep faith, which is most dear to him. Never once from the colonization of this fair land to the present day have Catholics given an example of intolerance toward others not of their faith. It was a Catholic, George Calvert, the first Lord of Baltimore, who first conceived the idea of establishing a colony where every one might worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. He became the pioneer of religious toleration by illustrating in practise the broad Catholic doctrine "that however convinced any one may be of the truth of his own religion, he may let others live in peace without belonging to it" (Balmez), and fulfill toward them with zeal and joy all the duties of fraternal love which are by the Church enjoined.

"It was," says Manning, "by conviction of the reason and persuasion of the will that the worldwide unity of faith and com-

munion were slowly built up among the nations. When once shattered, nothing but conviction and persuasion can restore it." George Calvert admirably illustrated in his life a combination of qualities rarely found in great men. Having to deal with great political affairs, he was a statesman of the highest order, but at the same time he proved himself to be a man of the most scrupulous integrity. He rose from the ranks to the highest position of trust in the kingdom, without having recourse to any sinister, fraudulent means, but by sheer force of merit; and then, having reached ambition's summit, he voluntarily resigned all for conscience's sake and became an exile from his native land. He did not live to see his benevolent design carried into execution.

Religious Liberty's First Foothold.—His son and successor, Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore, following in the footsteps of his father, established upon the shores of Maryland the first government in modern times where all men might worship God unmolested by intolerance.

Here the persecuted for conscience's sake of every creed might find an end of persecution and a peaceful home. The Prelatist excluded from the haven of Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrims of the Mayflower; the Puritans, self-righteous, but self-denying, driven from England and Virginia; the Quaker, peaceful yet fanatical, hounded from every spot where he would build a cabin he might call his home, as well as the Jew, rejected by all, found in Maryland a welcome and an abode of peace. The landing of St. Clement's Island on March 25, 1634, of the little band of Pilgrims, who later founded the settlement of St. Mary's, marks a distinct era in the religious history of the world, for then and there religious liberty gained its first foothold among the nations of the earth. While the Anglicans of Virginia were expelling the Puritans, and

the Puritans of Massachusetts were persecuting the Anglicans, the Catholics of Maryland were extending hospitality to all.

But the all-pervading spirit of charity which was the birthright of the Catholic colony was to rise to still greater heights in days to come. Both Prelatist and Puritan, ungrateful and unashamed, were to seize upon the first chance that offered to persecute the Catholics on the very shores which had offered to Protestants shelter from Protestant intolerance and, wonder of toleration, the outraged Catholics in regaining the ascendency were to take no other revenge than to extend to all the benefits of civil and religious liberty, which by all had been denied to them.

A Principle Never Violated by American Catholics.—This was the condition of affairs until the time of the American Revolution. The principle of religious toleration embodied in the Constitution is the self-same principle which had guided the Maryland Catholics a century and a half earlier. That principle has never since been violated by the Catholics of this land. Never once have they been guilty of exciting bitter religious animosities toward their fellow-citizens holding different creeds. Never has a Catholic bishop made use of the pulpit to inflame the dying embers of religious bigotry. Toward Knownothingism and A. P. Aism they have presented a manly attitude of determined courage, and when these essentially un-American and un-Christian attempts to stir up strife have died away no effort has been ever made by Catholics for retaliation or revenge.

"The Catholics of our generation," says Cardinal Gibbons, "have nobly emulated the patriotism and the spirit of toleration exhibited by their ancestors. They can neither be accused of disloyalty nor of intolerance to their dissenting brethren. In more than one instance of our nation's history our churches have been desecrated

and burned to the ground; our convents have been invaded and destroyed; our clergy have been exposed to insult and violence. These injuries have been inflicted on us by incendiary mobs animated by hatred of Catholicism, yet, in spite of these provocations, our Catholic citizens, though wielding an immense numerical influence in the localities where they suffered, have never retaliated. It is in a spirit of just pride that we can affirm that hitherto in the United States no Protestant house of worship or educational institution has been destroyed nor violence offered to a Protestant minister by those who profess the Catholic faith. God grant that such may always be our record."

If the question is asked what will be the attitude in the future of the rapidly increasing Catholic people of this country on any subject pertaining to the welfare of our country, and especially to religious liberty, we can proudly point to the past. As in the past, so in the future the Catholics of America may be relied on to maintain the principles first proclaimed in the land by Cecilius Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, and afterward embodied in the Constitution of the United States. And if (*quod Deus avertat*) persecution should again arise against us, may we be able to repeat the words of the noble Carroll, expressive of the generous patience and charity of our forefathers:

"Though we remember, we forgive."

THE CONSECRATION OF SIX BISHOPS

Sermon of the Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D.D., Bishop of Sioux Falls.

The consecration of six bishops in one ceremony is an event without equal in the history of the United States, an event rarely surpassed or paralleled anywhere in the history of the world for two thousand years. As Your Excellency has said when accepting the invitation to come here to-day: "This is such an unusual event that it will certainly make a new epoch in the ecclesiastical history of the United States, and, consequently, it deserves our greatest consideration." Your presence is confirmation of your words. The province of St. Paul thanks you for those words, and glories in the presence of him who represents in this land the Supreme Pontiff, at whose bidding this ceremony takes place, from whose command this ceremony draws its efficacy. The Majesty of Rome presides here this morning.

Of these six candidates for Episcopal honors, two, Bishops O'Reilly and Wherle, have labored in this province since their ordination; one, Bishop Heffron, has lived in Minnesota since early boyhood, has been ours as seminarian and priest; three, Bishops Lawler, Corbett, Busch, were born in this State. Young as is the province of St. Paul, she is furnishing much of her clergy from the halls of this seminary and the sons of her soil. Now, behold, she is beginning to supply from her own borders and the children born therein her episcopate, the spiritual rulers of the future. This feature, the native supply, as much as the number of the candidates to be consecrated, is a special and unique characteristic of the day's

ceremony. I doubt if it can be duplicated in any other province in this country.

Of these six bishops, one becomes auxiliary to the Archbishop of St. Paul; two assume jurisdiction of new dioceses, Crookston and Bismarck; three succeed to former dioceses made vacant by the death and resignation of their predecessors. They are consecrated by the Metropolitan, who is assisted by two of the older suffragans, the Bishops of Duluth and St. Cloud, while the preacher is also a suffragan. The whole province, ten bishops in all, are actively or passively engaged this morning in a ceremony that is a wonder to the land; a pride and joy to the Catholics of three States; a glad spectacle and an increase of accidental glory to our spiritual ancestors, Cretin, Grace, Ravoux; to our departed brothers, Seidenbusch, Marty, Cotter, Shanley, who from above look on; nay, whose blissful spirits hover beneath this roof, invisible participants in the glory and the triumph of the hour.

History is made here this morning, or, rather, the past is evidenced and illustrated in the fact of this consecration. The mustard seed and the tree; that was the parable and the prophecy of the Church's growth and extension through space and time. The parable is realized and the prophecy verified in the world at large; the mustard seed, the twelve apostles and the five hundred believers left by Christ to their care; the tree, the three hundred millions of Catholics in every part of the universe. The parable is realized and the prophecy verified on this American continent; the mustard seed Columbus and his caravels; the tree, the ninety millions of Catholics in South and North America. The parable is realized and the prophecy verified in these United States; the seed and the sowers, Spanish and French missionaries, Maryland Pilgrims, immigrants from Catholic Europe; the tree, the eighteen millions of

faithful that make up the vigorous church of this land. The parable is realized and the prophecy verified in this province of St. Paul.

There are those present this morning, you, dear archbishop, the venerable Mgr. Oster, myself, others, too, of the laity in this city, who were here at the cradle of the province a few months after the diocese of St. Paul received its first bishop, whose jurisdiction extended over most all the territory now included in the province, that portion lying west of the Missouri River having come within the province in 1879, when the Vicariate Apostolic of Dakota was erected. At the time of the arrival of Bishop Cretin, in 1851, St. Paul was a village of twelve hundred inhabitants, the cathedral was a log chapel, the white population in his diocese was about five thousand, not one-third of which was Catholic, the clergy was two; one, Father Ravoux in St. Paul, the other, Father Lacombe in Pembina, in the present State of North Dakota, and the diocese of Fargo, lonely sentinels of Rome on our wild Western plains. The bishop had brought with him from France, whither he had gone from Dubuque for consecration, five clergymen. Such the seed and the sowers fifty-nine years ago, and now behold the tree. Within the province ten bishops, eight hundred and fifty priests, six hundred thousand Catholics, churches, religious, educational institutions in fair proportion to the number of the faithful; two magnificent minsters, worthy of the palmiest ages of faith, arising in the Twin Cities; a seminary to crown and perpetuate it all and a college that any diocese in the world might be proud of. Such is the tale told by this consecration. I challenge the two thousand years of Christian history to surpass, nay, to equal in the same space of time the growth of the Church in Minnesota and the two Dakotas.

However, it behooves us not to be too boastful and base our

challenge on an imagined similarity between the expansion of the Church here and in this century and its expansion in the Old World and the past. The wonderful growth of the Church in this land has been caused, not by conversions from unbelief or paganism, but by immigration from Catholic countries. The apostolate of early Christianity and the early Middle Ages; the labors and travels of Peter, Paul and the other Apostles, of Patrick, Boniface, Augustine and other national missionaries; the wholesale conversion of tribes and kingdoms; the persecution of the sword, the prison and the mines, the shedding of blood in martyrdom, to any great extent, are not our story. Our story is of another kind; it is the story of our readiness to provide for the religious needs of great hosts of Catholic immigrants; a story not without its chapters of trial, self-sacrifice and disinterested devotedness. This consecration which is at the same time the creation of two new and thinly peopled dioceses, Crookston and Bismarck, to which I may as well add the diocese of Lead, suggests a point in the story of the American Church. Let me put it this way: Our Western railways go into the wilderness ahead of population and attract settlers to follow in their wake and create the business of transportation. Shall faith be less heroic, less reliant on Providence than capital? And, since it is through her bishops that the Church always and everywhere has taken possession of the world, why should not the Western bishop precede his flock and make his diocese? So did the apostles proceed in their work. Leaving the only existing body of believers in Jerusalem to the care of a local bishop, they went abroad into the world, creating Christian communities, establishing over them bishops who should continue and extend the work that was only begun. Surely, Titus, and Timothy, and Mark, and others may have had extensive territories under their jurisdiction, but,

I fancy, small flocks. So has the Church moved forward in the past in North America, so must she continue to move in our Western States if we are to conquer them to Christ. The bishop must be there to welcome the incoming tide of Catholic settlers lest, shepherdless, they be lost from the flock.

In 1790 the diocese of our first bishop, John Carroll, contained all the territory east of the Mississippi, with the exception of Florida and New Orleans; it counted thirty-five priests, thirty churches, and thirty thousand souls. In 1810 four new dioceses were formed, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown. The diocese of Boston had three churches, three priests and about two thousand souls. The diocese of New York had four priests and about fifteen thousand souls. The diocese of Philadelphia had eleven churches and thirteen priests. The diocese of Bardstown had ten log churches, six priests, and six thousand Catholics. When Bishop Fenwick was consecrated for Cincinnati, in 1822, he found there a small chapel and rented a house of two rooms, one for himself and one for the two priests with him. When Bishop England came into his diocese, 1820, comprising the two Carolinas and Georgia, he found three priests and a few log chapels. In 1833 Detroit was erected, comprising Michigan and the Northwest Territory to the Mississippi; it contained fourteen priests and about as many thousand souls. When Dubuque was erected, 1837, comprising Iowa, Minnesota and the two Dakotas east of the Missouri River, Bishop Loras found in his diocese one priest and a half-finished church. When Milwaukee was erected, 1843, its bishop found in the diocese fourteen churches, four priests, and ten thousand souls. You have been already told what Bishop Cretin found here in the diocese of St. Paul fifty-nine years ago. People wonder at our rashness in creating dioceses sparsely populated with

Catholics. We have precedents for our actions. Bismarck, Crookston and Lead, at this moment of their creation, are in far better condition than were many of the dioceses I have named at the time of their creation.

Oh, it is well to remember these humble beginnings, now that our early dioceses have become great sees with numbers, wealth and glory that dazzle the eye and fire the imagination. Let us keep in mind our Fathers in the American episcopate. Their disinterestedness, their self-sacrifice, their heroism, their apostolic spirit are our richest inheritance. Noble pioneers of Christianity to whom God gave the opportunity to be like unto the apostles; may the remembrance of them, may the spirit of them, remain with us, lest in the days of harvest we forget the toil of the sower, lest in the hour of brilliant prosperity we forget the trials and adversities and poverty of our beginnings; lest, reading the present into the past, we forget whence we sprung and fall into unapostolic notion that numbers and wealth are the necessary prerequisites for the coming of a bishop, whereas the prerequisites, as Christ states them, are truth and grace and men who need both.

How else is the Church to be made Catholic in reality as she is in name and intent? When Christ commissioned His apostles and their successors to teach all nations, His design was that they should make His Church universal. He did not Himself, though He could have done so, bring the human race at once and in His lifetime under the sway of the truths He taught and the rule He established. He left this result to be worked out by the apostles and their successors, satisfied in His all-wisdom with depositing in the Church the potentiality of universal expansion, the germ of the ultimate evolution. The Church, in the design of Christ, was a seed put in the ground, that is to say, the human race. But the growth of

the tree is conditioned by soil, and heat, and rain, and all the various elements on which depends plant life, and one element is time. The Church was a divine work located in a finite and human environment; as such she was to grow gradually; suffering loss, delay or acceleration, as the surrounding conditions might demand and impose, but, on the whole, expanding steadily towards universality. Progress is not always a straight line; like a river, it has its bends. The world is young; time is the Lord's. Fear not to behold at times slowness or seeming retrogression; the Church will go on spreading, gathering in the children of men until there shall be but one flock and one Shepherd.

Now it is through the episcopate that the Church takes possession of the earth; it is through the episcopate that her expansion is manifested and secured. Often the pioneers and advance guard were adventurous and zealous priests; but the land was not deemed to be securely held, nor the people to be completely brought within the pale, nor Christian life to be made self-sufficing, until the bishop, with supreme authority to rule, with power to generate a priesthood, appeared on the scene and assumed full control. With him came progress, prosperity and security; because with him came the plenitude of Christian life. History proves that the converted land, long deprived of the bishop, remained sterile, or withered and decayed, or was soon distanced in Catholic progress by more fortunate countries possessing an episcopate. Well, bishops of the new sees, God gives you this morning the glorious privilege to be pioneer bishops, organizers of the Christian people, real apostles of the American Church. The dignity that has come on you is intrinsically great, and no great see can enhance it, no splendid throne can magnify it, no rich revenues can raise it in the eye of God and of faith; but the work before you, faithfully and perseveringly done,

the building up of the Church of God in the thinly settled West, will add to the greatness of the episcopal dignity. Be not faint of heart; to you will come, as came to our first American bishops, the host of landseekers out of which you shall form a great Catholic people, thus renewing the marvel of the missionary bishops who made Catholic Europe.

The ceremony we are witnessing is the most solemn and significant in the whole Liturgy of the Church. The coronation of a king, as performed in the days when Catholic nations demanded it, is but a copy, much reduced in tone and color, of the consecration of a bishop. The one confers power in the natural order, the other power in the supernatural order, which is essentially the higher. The imposing of the pallium, the conferring of the cardinalitial insignia, even the thronization of a pope are not accompanied with the liturgical solemnity and symbolical ceremonies enacted before you this morning. The episcopate is the climax of spiritual power, there is nothing beyond. The inner meaning and effect of all this external pomp is that the bishop receives the fulness of Christ's priesthood, which is given to priests in their ordination within limitations. The limit set to the powers of the priest is, that, though he may bring souls into the life of Christ, into the Church and the kingdom of heaven, yet he cannot beget his like, he cannot impart to others the priesthood he has received, and thus achieve the chief purpose of life, which is not only to live, but to communicate and continue life. To be able to do this is to possess the fulness of Christ's priesthood, and this is the privilege of the apostles and their successors, the bishops.

The candidate swears fealty to the universal church and to the particular church over which he is appointed. He binds himself by sacred promise to the cultivation of Divine science, to the up-

holding of apostolic tradition, to the preservation and enforcing of ecclesiastical law. And now that he is pledged before God and man to the work of Christ, let the fulness of Christ's grace be poured on him; let his shoulders bear the burden of the gospels; let the Holy Ghost overshadow him from the outstretched hands of the Consecrator; let the holy oil flow on his head to signify he has become a high priest, on his hands that they may bestow all blessing. Put into those anointed hands the staff of government, guidance and rule; for a ruler he is, laws he can make, judgment he can pronounce, punishment he can inflict. Bring the jeweled ring, for a bridegroom he is, wedded forever in the love of Christ to the Church committed to his charge. A bridegroom? Much more. Such must be his love for his spouse that he shall stand in battle for her, for truth, for souls, for God's honor and glory. Then let him be a warrior; put on his head the helmet of strength, the crowning mitre. And now rise, oh high priest of Christ, prince and ruler in the Church, vested with all the orders—the white surplice of the cleric, the tunic of the sub-deacon, the dalmatic of the deacon, the chasuble of the priest, crowned with mitre, sceptred with crosier, arise, and while the triumphant strains of the Te Deum sway the hearts of the onlookers, go forth to the people to bless and to rule in the name of Christ. A great deed has been done; life has been transmitted, Christ is continued, Mother Church rejoices that she shall not die, cannot die, until the consummation of all things; for her consecrated sons, her chief ministers, the bishops, are gone forth to conquer for her space and time, to possess for her the world until the end of all ages.

We, the four elders in the province, have reached or are nearing the scriptural term of three-score and ten. The hour is not distant when we must lay down the burden and join those who are gone

before us. We shall go with the glad consolation that we leave in the hands of bishops we know, we love, we have chosen, the interests of the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul. May your work be fruitful, may the years of your work be many, and may heaven be the happy end and the rich reward of the years and the work.

COLUMBUS DAY SERMON

Preached by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell

"The long-deferred honor has come at last. A whole people takes a holiday to commemorate the priceless services of the peerless discoverer who first tore away the veil that hid the New World from the Old. Church and State unite to do him honor, for the dominion of each upon these shores traces its beginning to his exploit. The land which he discovered bears not his name, but a grateful people hails him as the New World's first and greatest benefactor, and proclaims the glory of his genius, while the Church lauds his name and virtues as those of a docile and devoted son who found his inspiration and strengthr to suffer, to persevere and to do in the religion which she teaches.

"Mankind loves and honors its heroes. And it has reason to do so. The progress of the race is marked by their achievements, and the onward march of humanity is forwarded quite as much, if not more, by the heroes of peace as by those of war. And when the dauntless pioneer of a new era in the world's history has, over and above a natural intrepidity of soul, a deep religious faith which was the inspiration of and the sustaining power behind his great achievement, there is an added interest in his personality; then his life and its lessons overleap the boundaries of the merely natural and enter the domain of the spiritual, and Church and State harmoniously unite in paying him a tribute of homage.

"Men pore over his life to find out the elements out of which was built his great character which enabled him to see farther and reach

out beyond the vision of other men in the prosecution of his marvelous work. The day which marks his wonderful exploits recalls his life work, and sets minds active to discover the forces which prompted him first to conceive and then to carry out to successful issue his giant achievement.

"After the event one who reads the life of Columbus discovers in it the unmistakable signs of a special Providence. He was born about the middle of the fifteenth century near Genoa, one of the maritime powers of Europe at that time. It was an age of movement and progress. Intellectual forces had been set loose which brought on a great revival of learning with all its attendant advantages and evils. The spirit of discovery in many branches of human research was in the very air. It affected the bold navigators of the sea who, under the leadership of Prince Henry of Portugal, were pushing their exploration into unknown waters.

"Their efforts were stimulated by the keen desire to reach the shores of Far Cathay, the golden Orient, the descriptions of whose boundless wealth, as proclaimed by Marco Polo in his famous book of travels, had set Europe ablaze.

"How to reach it was the problem that stared men in the face. Entrance by the east overland was shut off by the fierce Mussulmen who, despise the heroic victories and sacrifices of the Crusaders, still held the gateway to the East.

"The hardy explorers of the sea began to sail along the shores of Africa in the hope of finding a way to cross over to the fabulously wealthy shores of the Orient, but without success. They traversed the unknown seas southward farther than men had ever gone before, but the haunting perils were too great for their human endurance.

"No one seemed to think of the feasibility of sailing westward from the shores of Europe, a route involving the truth of the theory

that the earth was round, until the genius of Columbus conceived the idea, and his courage and confidence in the help of God enabled him to carry it out and to discover the Western continent which has become the new home of a Christian civilization.

"But he had to be prepared for his task in the hard school of experience. With bare elementary education obtained in the schools, Columbus began to follow the sea when he was fourteen years old. He navigated up and down the Mediterranean and out into the open ocean, making one voyage as far as Iceland. The years spent in this way gave him the practical knowledge of navigation which served as the groundwork for his future labors.

"But while he went through the common round of duties which fell to the mariners of his day, his mind did not rest in them. His vision had a wider sweep, and although we cannot place the exact date when was born in his soul the great idea which gave birth to the discovery of America, we may be certain that his fertile and resourceful mind was occupied during these years of his preliminary preparation with the greater problems which the spirit of discovery was bringing to light. The trend of his thoughts and the direction of his ideals may be gathered from the fact that he went to Portugal in 1471 and immediately sought to interest the King in the westward passage to the East.

"Portugal was in those days the primate nation for navigators. Under the reign of Prince Henry and his successor a wonderful impetus was given to the spirit of exploration, and hardy navigators from other countries sought Lisbon where their bold projects might receive favorable consideration.

"But advanced as was the spirit of discovery in that country the idea of Columbus was too bold and novel to win favor, and he utterly failed to convince the King of Portugal and his counsellors

of the feasibility of his plan, and the penniless genius with the secret of a new world's conquest burning in his brain was forced to withdraw to his ordinary labors.

"Marrying some time afterwards the daughter of a fellow Italian navigator who had for some years made his home in Portugal, Columbus spent the first months of his married life on one of the small islands that lie some three hundred miles on the southwestern coast of Portugal, while the great thought of the westward voyage germinated in his soul.

"Day by day he looked westward across the vast expanse of waters, and day by day he became more and more convinced that to the west lay the secret for which men were searching. He fully believed that the earth was round, and that by sailing long enough westward, land could be reached on the other side.

"His whole soul became possessed of the idea, and with the indomitable perseverance of genius he clung to it as to a part of himself. On his return to the mainland he again attempted to interest the King and nobles of Portugal in his plan, but without avail. And now comes the struggle of almost twenty long years. Genius going about from place to place striving to convince men of the truth and to enlist their help to furnish the necessary means for the enterprise.

"From Portugal to Spain and back to Portugal again, to Italy, to France, and to England, and, finally, to Spain, either he himself or his messengers were continually going, pleading for encouragement to widen the limits of men's knowledge, and to open up other lands for the blessings of Christian civilization.

"It was during these years of hardship and trial that the great qualities of his character shone forth. Such indomitable courage has been rarely seen. Alone against the world he held his ground

with the serene confidence of genius in the truth and justice of his claim. Flouted by the learned circles of the day, rebuffed by royal patrons, scorned by the children of the street, who, we are told, pointed out in mockery this solitary man, deep in thought, as he passed along, what sustained him during these trying years?

"A sublime courage noted in the consciousness that he was an instrument of divine Providence, and an unshakable confidence in God for whose glory he wished to open up unknown lands. For Columbus was a deeply religious man, and his sincere faith, arising from the commonly accepted geographical theories, listened to him and saw the man as he was.

"His two great friends in the council which surrounded King Ferdinand of Spain were ecclesiastics, and the man who finally espoused his cause and won recognition for his claim and help for his project was a Dominican prior.

"He was true to his name—Christopher, the Christ-bearer. He always professed, as one of the prime objects of his quest for the distant Orient by the way of the Western Ocean, the desire to bring the blessings of Christianity to these unknown peoples, and the wealth of Far Cathay was sought not for itself but to redeem the Holy Sepulchre of Christ.

"It was these two traits of courage and confidence in God, both intimately intertwined, and the one deriving sustenance and strength from the other, that sustained him during the long years of disappointment, vexation, reproach and privation. Reduced to beggary for devotion to his ideal, he still traveled from place to place, pleading his cause with simple eloquence, and trusting always with a childlike confidence in God that his cause would at last triumph.

"That triumph came unexpectedly. Reduced to the last extremity by his fruitless wandering in search of help for his project from the

rich and powerful of the world, he knocked one night early in the year 1492 at the gates of the Dominican convent La Rabida, begging for food and lodging. The prior, Father Juan de Perez, happened to overhear his conversation with the porter, and struck by the noble mien of the stranger, and sympathizing with his distress, invited him in and listened to his story.

"He became convinced of the truth of Columbus' demonstration, and immediately became his warm advocate. Father Juan de Perez was confessor to Queen Isabella of Spain, and brought the project to the attention of the Queen, strongly espousing the cause of Columbus. And what men refused to grant, the noble heart of a woman, touched by sympathy, and open to generous impulses, decided to accord without delay. The intuitions of a noble woman saw the greatness of the project, and her heart followed whither her mind had sped.

"She has become for all time the type of the truly magnanimous and great women who must be placed upon the records of the world's history as the great benefactors of humanity. Her act has become an inspiration for women of all future ages to espouse noble causes, and to forward the interests of the kingdom of God upon earth, and to advance humanity's progress.

"The power of woman has not diminished since the days of Isabella, and the same nobility of heart and generous instincts on the part of the woman of to-day can powerfully advance the cause of truth and justice and charity. Opportunities without number are open to them, and the high and holy influence of good women is the leaven which the world needs most to-day to purify and regenerate it, and direct it along the ways of uprightness and truth. And when the spirit of frivolousness has obscured from woman her true mission in life, and sapped from out her heart the sympathy for

heroic and generous action, the world has been made poorer to a degree that is beyond human computation.

"Yes, it was a woman who placed at the disposal of Columbus the means which enabled him to carry out his vast project, the effectuation of which has changed the whole course of human history.

"The story of the accomplishment is well known to all. No need to dwell on the details of that memorable journey across the trackless western seas, the result of which was the discovery of a new continent. The name Columbus has become immortal as the discoverer of America. No small critic can detract from the glory of his achievement.

"Nor does it matter that Columbus himself did not realize for the moment the magnitude of his discovery. Granted that he still thought that he had reached the eastern shores of Asia, the fact remains that he was the first to conceive the daring design of sailing westward, and went forth with sublime confidence in God into the unknown perils of the deep, and opened up to the astonished gaze of men another hemisphere.

"Italian by birth and Spanish by adoption he rendered to the world a service which it can never repay, and to the Church an opportunity for enlarging her dominion over human souls. Italy and Spain participate in the glory of his achievement. It is well to recall this fact to-day when other counsels prevail for the time in either country. It is well to mark the illustrious annals of the past when both countries, in complete submission to the voice of the Holy See, and wedded to the ideals of Catholicity, produced a race of men whose contributions to civilization have never been surpassed, and whose greatest friends and advocates and helpers in the prosecution of their great designs were the ecclesiastics of the day.

"Short-sighted statesmen of the present time ignore the history

of the past, and seek to create a prejudice in those countries against ecclesiastics and all that they represent. They forget the past and they fail to remember, too, that history repeats itself. And if in the providence of God, Italy and Spain had their golden age and gave birth to achievements which by their magnitude and magnificence dazzled the world, precisely at that time when ecclesiastics stood in place and power, and when Catholicity held primacy over minds and hearts, how fatuous it is in these days to try to deceive the peoples by representing the Church as the enemy of civilization and progress. May it not be rather said that when religion once more in these countries shall obtain its glorious sway over human souls, and lead a united people onward after its glorious ideals, both Italy and Spain shall have another brilliant era, and the Latin mind and genius shall again bewilder the world with the wealth of its conceptions and accomplishments.

"Meanwhile, the discovery of Columbus has become the opening of a new epoch. The continent which he discovered has waxed strong and mighty, and has assumed among the nations of the earth a character of its own. It belongs to no one race.

"It is the home of many diverse peoples, who here, under different conditions from what prevailed in other lands, are working out their destiny. The strain of many bloods enters into the makeup of its teeming population. What power in the world is there that shall unite into one united people the diverse elements of the great American Commonwealth? To one who reads the history of the past, the one institution that is fitted by the doctrines and ideals which she holds forth, and by the conserving principle which she imposes, to do this grand work is the Catholic Church.

"Nor is this any new task for her. She has accomplished it before. The barbarians of Europe became civilized nations under

her inspiration and guidance. She welded together into one Christian commonwealth the diverse peoples whom she civilized and Christianized. She first taught them the lesson of discipline and order, and paved their way for their progress in orderly and stable government. She is the one power in America to-day that is equipped by past experience to cope with the fundamental problems that confront us in the organization into one harmonious union the diverse peoples who have come here to make their home.

"Her benign sway will soften down the differences of temperament, her authority will curb extravagances, her immovable hold upon true principles will correct dangerous tendencies to false standards, her oneness of worship will pave the way towards union in other directions. The ideals which she gave to Columbus, and which gave him courage and confidence to prosecute his great endeavor, the salvation of souls, and the glory of Christ, are still potent and can overcome all obstacles.

"With these same principles enshrined in your hearts and expressed in your outward conduct, Knights of Columbus and Catholic laymen, you will powerfully contribute to the well being of your country, and carry out the ideals of its first discoverer. You will find as he found that your most faithful friends and steadfast advocates and strongest helpers in your onward road to progress, in the attainment of your noblest ends, will be the ecclesiastics of that Church which inspired and supported Columbus in his discouragement to conceive and to dare the dazzling exploit which has given to us a country and a home."

THE PROFESSION OF A RELIGIOUS

By the Rev. D. J. Riordan

"This is our God, and there shall no other be accounted of in comparison of Him."—Baruch iii, 36.

The ceremony of the profession of a religious is deeply impressive and significant. Apart from the ceremony itself, which after all is but the frame-work of the picture, the consecration of oneself to God after the manner prescribed for religious, the clear, firm and unwavering tone, renouncing not only what is sinful, as all are bound to do, but also much that is lawful; this coming before God and saying to Him, I wish to be Thine, take me for all time and for eternity, that surely conveys a solemn lesson, as it is calculated to make a profound impression, provoking on the one hand ridicule, scorn, pity, but on the other, eliciting love, thanksgiving and admiration for an act that denotes a very high form of heroism. If there be in any ceremony anything more suggestive or that better illustrates one of the deepest and most fundamental of all thoughts, to which I shall presently refer, where can it be found, where shall we look for it?

Here first of all is a confession and a profession of the supremacy of God. "For the whole world before Thee is as the least grain of the balance, and as a drop of the morning dew that falleth down upon the earth" (Wisd. xi, 22-23). The supremacy of God! God is above everything. He stands alone. The thought is bewildering. The myriad choirs of angels, the mighty hosts of men are as nothing in comparison with God. He is supreme. "Who shall say to

Thee: What hast Thou done? or who shall withstand Thy judgment? or who shall accuse Thee, if the nations perish, which Thou hast made? (Wisd. xii, 13). Alone, by Himself, the eternal, self-existent, incomprehensible God, Supreme, He is answerable to no one. He is supreme in all His perfections; in wisdom, knowledge, power, goodness. He is supreme, too, in His judgments and dealings with men. The perfections of men are as nothing in His sight: the judgments of the world are despicable. "There is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord" (Prov. xxi, 30-31). No wonder St. Paul should have exclaimed, "O! the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways?" (Rom. xi, 33). Oh, God, that we should as know that Thou art and that the least reflection of Thy glory should be vouchsafed to us is more than the highest of Thy creatures is entitled to!

All that appeals to common sense. He is above the heavens. "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor?" (Rom. xi, 33). But that which on reflection appeals to our common sense, does not affect us when sentiment or passion, rather than reason or judgment, directs our conduct. Then we lose sight of the supremacy of God and think only of our convenience, our comforts, our enjoyments, holding these supreme, and wondering perhaps that even God, the great God, does not yield to us, and abrogate His laws to suit our whims and caprices. Sentiment, and for the most part a maudlin sentiment, is often substituted for reason, and it and passion become our standard of conduct. We, who live in the world, see it every day, the sad spectacle,—and sad it surely is—of people born, so to speak, in the faith, nurtured in its teachings, trained to piety from their infancy, apparently

filled with the spirit of reverence for all that is sacred, devout even, all at once setting at nought their most cherished convictions, sacrificing the most sacred teachings of their religion, rather than give up their own will or renounce a project at variance with the requirements of faith, and all this as if answerable to no one. What could she do? the world says, as she ignores the laws of God and the rules of the Church and follows her wishes and her passions. She was willing that the Church should officiate. How condescending to invite the Church to become a partner in her iniquity? But, brethren, is there no higher law than our wishes and passions? In a conflict must God yield that we may have our way? Is He no longer supreme, and may He no longer do as seems best to Him? and may we follow our way and escape the consequences of a disregard of His judgments? How foolish to set ourselves up against God! "If He shall overturn all things, or shall press them together, who shall contradict Him" (Job xi, 11).

But while this saddening spectacle is often witnessed in the world, other visions, thank God, greet our eyes, and side by side, with this haughty demeanor and self-will, is the humble submission to the divine law, practised by many amid the allurements of the world in which their lot is cast, but nowhere practised and emphasized as on an occasion like this, when the young woman in the vigor and strength of mind, without compulsion of any kind, and at times in face of an almost compelling opposition, comes before God and says to Him: "Thou has commanded me, O Lord, here I am; do with me as Thou wilt." "Francis," said St. Ignatius, "I am going to send you to the Indies." "I am ready," said St. Francis, and forthwith, with only the scant clothes he wore, his crucifix and breviary, he set out on his long journey, scaling the mountains and traversing seas, to carry out the wishes of his superior, finding

reward for his obedience in the million souls which he brought to the feet of Jesus Christ. It is the spirit of the religious who consecrates herself to the service of God.

God is supreme, and our only claim to distinction is that we are His creatures and subject to Him, a claim that is strengthened and enobled only by our fidelity to His law. There can be no rightful claims against God. God may be, in fact He is, incomprehensible and His judgments inscrutable, but our duty is clear. Shall we complain? "He is higher than heaven, and what wilt thou do?" Our attitude under all circumstances is one of meek and humble submission; our duty the faithful service of Him at all times. It follows our relations to God that we owe Him a true and constant service.

God demands this service of everyone; no one may escape it. But the service of God while a duty is also a privilege, and the manner of that service must be determined and regulated by Him. There is, then, a general service which all must render, a service which shall in all instances consist in the avoidance of sin and in certain positive acts of worship. Such service is binding on everyone, but not everyone is called to the closer and more intimate service. For reasons of His own, He has, as it were, established a hierarchy of worship. As in heaven nine choirs of angels surround His throne, each filling a distinct rôle, and each engaged in a distinct order of worship, and as an army of virgins follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, so also on earth we find a counterpart to this established order in heaven, and individuals and groups of men and women are chosen for a special form of worship, in which is asserted and vindicated the supremacy of God in each particular constituent of life, and in every phase of conduct growing out of the diversity of gifts.

To be called to the higher and closer service is a privilege granted only to the few. A privilege we call it which is only another name for a vocation. To all who rightfully enter upon this service the Lord says, "you have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Were I addressing a congregation outside of a religious enclosure, I would be tempted to dwell at length on the false notions, so prevalent in the world, on the subject of the motives that influence people who seek admission to the religious life, and to them I would say at some length what now I may say briefly, that it is not disappointment, as is so often thought; it is not an hallucination growing out of a false view of life, or a distorted vision occasioned by an incomplete knowledge and inadequate appreciation of the quiet and peaceful joys of convent life; it is not a disgust even of the coarseness of sin or of the mockery and insincerity of the world. though this may be in the Providence of God a contributing cause; it is not ease or comfort or escape from worry or such like; no, people do not enter religious life from such motives. The few who have done so have not found what they have sought, and have received retribution in a torture of mind and an anguish of soul with scarcely a counterpart in the world.

How few stop to think of the deliberation usually preceding such a choice of life. Why, it is the result of the freest and most deliberate act of which man or woman is capable. As a rule, the step is taken in health of body and vigor of mind. The pros and contras are placed before them by their imagination and reflection, and also by their friends. Then, too, recognizing the part that God has, especially in such a choice of life, they seek enlightenment from Him in earnest and fervent prayer. And not satisfied with all this, mistrusting their own judgment, they ask counsel of others, of those who are unbiased and who from long experience are better

qualified to pass upon the signs of a religious vocation. In what other matter are so many precautions taken to be right? Where will you find such earnestness, such deliberation as is found in the choice of a religious life?

If it be not disappointment or hallucination or disgust of sin or love of a quiet life, what is it that influences those who seek admission to the convent? What can it be but the realization of a vocation, of a call from God, a realization effected by a study of the signs, that, in the estimation of all, are indicative of the holy will of God. In answer to this thousands every year renounce the world, and with it the companionship of friends, the joys of home, the possession of riches, the indulgence of lawful pleasures, yea, more, their very selves, their own wills, and bind themselves to poverty, chastity and obedience, sacrificing the things that nature prizes most, that by the removal of such hindrances they may give to God a more perfect service.

It is our privilege this morning to assist at just such a scene. A few years ago in some mysterious way a thought came to the mind of this sister, who is the central figure in this impressive ceremony. What agency the Lord employed to put it there I know not, and most likely she herself could not say. Perhaps it was a word that fell from the lips of a priest, or a page in a book; it might have been a ceremony of the Church, the holy Mass perhaps, the solemn services of Ash Wednesday or Good Friday, who can say? But it came to her, and, whatever the medium, God put it there. Years have since passed; events have followed in rapid succession. In a pleasant home and amid many friends the years multiplied. Her joys were many, her sorrows few, none in fact of any moment except such as death brings to the faithful daughter, sister or friend. The scene was constantly shifting, but the thought of which

I speak, like the seed in the ground even after the storm, remained, grew with the years, and at last assumed a distinctiveness that was overpowering. The thought of giving oneself to God! I often think of that scene described with such pathos and tenderness of feeling, and such brilliancy of diction, that showed a young woman standing in the library of her father's home and saying to him, "Father, I love books, I love my friends, I love home and I love you, but I love God more than all." And then bidding farewell she passed from a most refined and happy home to enter the religious life. It is just such a thought that some three years ago took complete possession of the mind of this sister, and leaving all things she came to this monastery, and to-day, radiant with joy, and in great humility, puts the seal of consecration upon the deliberate choice which she made of God. The motto assigned to the great archangel Michael, she, too, as all other religious, may adopt: *Quis ut Deus?* Who is comparable to God?

I congratulate you, dear Sister ———— upon the blessings to be showered upon you to-day, I congratulate you that the sisters, with whom you have wished to associate yourself for life, have accepted you and have found in you the marks of a true vocation. Here your lot is now cast. By your adoption into this community you became heir of two great saints, the holy founders of the Order of the Visitation. In them were exemplified the virtues of the religious life, and of all these two in particular, that in the convent or out of the convent never fail under God to work wonders in the cause of religion, namely, gentleness and strength. Who so mild and gentle as St. Francis de Sales? And a scene in the life of St. Jane de Chantal, which is forgotten by no one who reads her life, portrays the strong woman, who believed in the supernatural, believed in God as she believed in herself—in the realty of the one

and of the other—believed in heaven as she believed in earth, and in the things of eternity as in the things of time, and by that act, so severely condemned by the world, illustrated what I have wished to be the dominant note of this sermon, namely, the superior and inalienable claims of God, His ineffable supremacy.

You will have need of these virtues and of many others. Your work has only begun, you are to bind yourself to seek perfection, but you have not attained it. Lift up your heart to God, seek your model where only the perfect model can be found, namely, in Him. "Be ye, therefore, perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. v, 48). Neglect not to use the means recommended by the masters of the spiritual life. What has brought you to this point of the journey will, if persevered in, carry you to the end. Your companions will be an incentive to you in the work. Emulate their example, not, indeed, that you may equal or surpass them, for that would be an unworthy motive, one which St. Francis severely condemned; but emulate their example, that you may advance in the love and service of God. Cultivate interior rather than exterior piety. The highest perfection is in the union of the soul with God.

As a further human stimulant—and as long as we are in the flesh we shall have need of such, recall—and well I know how justified you will be in doing so, recall the memories of your home. The memory of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob filled the Israelites with pride and spurred them on to noble deeds. To you I would say in the words of the book of Proverbs: "Keep the commandments of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them in thy heart continually." You can give no higher proof of your love and loyalty to them than by aiming at the highest perfection, your efforts to be seasoned at all times by humility and the con-

sciousness of your unworthiness. We shall all pray that your life may abound in good deeds, and that you may be an instrument of many blessings to others, and a source of edification to all. And you on your part will pray for us: first of all for those, whom you have always loved, but never in a higher degree than now, when you love them in God who is the source of all true and unfailing love. Pray for them and for others, who in other surroundings and amid many dangers have a great work to do which only God can bless and prosper.

FUNERAL OF THE REV. O. P. McMANUS

By the Very Rev. James F. Trainor, V.G., Philadelphia

"The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torments of death shall not touch them."—Wis. iii, 1.

How consoling are these words of Wisdom. We are all Christians. We all look upon death with the eyes of faith. We see in it but the ending of a temporal life and the entering into an eternal one. Therefore, these words of Wisdom bring us hope, when otherwise we would have nothing but despair. They tell us that at death all does not end; that then we begin a new life; a life that never ends, and for the just—the true servants of God—a life of joy, of happiness, of never-ending bliss in the possession of God in heaven. "The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and the torments of death shall not touch them." Behold the Christian's hope! Behold his unfailing consolation!

We all feel most keenly the sudden taking off of the faithful, hard-working priest, Father McManus. We are bowed in grief around his bier, because in his death the priests of this diocese know that they have lost a friend, a faithful co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. You, my dear brethren, have lost a devoted pastor, a tender, loving father, who never spared himself in laboring for you, his people. Even to the very day of his death he was looking after your spiritual wants. To-day you mourn his loss, and good reason have you to mourn as you look for the last time on his kindly face. He has been with you since the beginning of this parish. For sixteen years he has been ministering to your spiritual wants. What graces and blessings has he not brought to you

during all these years! He was ever kind in advising the erring, in consoling the afflicted, in looking after the little ones of the flock. His heart was with his people, and you were faithful and devoted to him.

I can imagine, then, your feelings, when on last Sunday morning it was annouced to you that your beloved pastor was dead, dead in the midst of his labors; labors undertaken for you and your children. Was there one who did not instinctively fall upon his knees and devoutly pray for the repose of his soul? You knew his worth. You knew his labors. You knew for whom he gave the best part of his life. His death, therefore, was to you, his dear children, a loss that you felt could never be repaired.

It is not my intention to go over the scenes of his labors during the thirty-two years of his priestly life. Suffice it is to say that everywhere he labored he was distinguished for his zeal and energy in the work of God's Church. Especially may I say this of St. Ann's parish, where for twelve years his labors endeared him to the people, and where the people afterwards so magnificently showed their appreciation. But here in St. Monica's parish is the crowning work of his life. You know what he has done for this parish. He began his labors here when there were but few families in the neighborhood. You know how he traveled from door to door, from one end of the city to the other, to obtain the necessary funds to begin and complete this church. You know that under difficulties which would render almost helpless any other man, he persevered and labored, in season and out of season, until he completed these magnificent buildings, a lasting monument to his zeal and to his faith.

He is dead, but his memory shall live. These magnificent buildings, this church, surrounded by school and parochial residence,

and that convent which was his last loving labor and which will quickly be erected by you to complete his work—this is the monument which will perpetuate his memory and will constantly appeal for him in heaven.

He had but one thought; he had but one consuming desire—to erect here in honor of God, under the patronage of St. Monica, a church and school where you could properly worship God, and where your children could obtain the advantages of a Christian education. To accomplish this he labored even to the very last day of his life. We may say he finished his work. The desire of his heart was accomplished. He gave up his soul to his Maker. May God reward him for his labors.

Need I ask you, the people of St. Monica's parish, whom he served so faithfully; you who were so dear to his heart, to pray for him? No; it is not necessary. As often as you enter this church your prayers will ascend to heaven for the repose of his soul. As often as your little ones, for whom he had always a kindly word and a kindly smile, will enter the schoolroom their pure hearts will pour forth prayers for their father and friend. As often as the good Sisters for whom he was erecting a suitable dwelling-place shall enter church, school or convent walls, prayers shall ascend from their virgin hearts to heaven for the repose of the soul of the hard-working, tender-hearted, kindly Father McManus. They will pray, as we should all pray to-day: Have mercy upon him, O God! Have mercy upon him, according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies! Forgive him any faults he may have been guilty of. Remember his works; works done in Thy honor and for Thy glory, and as a reward give him a crown of eternal glory in heaven. "Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him." May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE RIGHT REV. HENRY GABRIELS, D.D., BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG

By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, of Utica

"Without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God, (he) continueth a priest forever."—Heb. vii, 3.

Most Rev. Archbishops, Right Rev. Bishops, Right Rev., Very Rev., and Rev. Fathers: Dearly beloved brethren:

God has a purpose in all His works. He is an all-wise Being, and in everything that He calls into existence He must needs have some end in view worthy of Himself.

The mighty orb of day, that images His Majesty, the myriads of shining lamps, that He has hung in the sanctuary of the heavens, the beauties of nature that surround us on every side, all must have some purpose in the mind of the great Architect of the Universe.

Surely then, God must have had some sublime end in view, in the creation of man, the masterpiece of His omnipotence, His noblest work. Yes, man was made that he might give back to God the glory of which He was robbed by the fallen angels. Man was to be an instrument in His hands for the promotion of His glory here and hereafter. Each member of the human race was to be a note in that grand diapason, that magnificent orchestra which is ever chanting the Divine praises on earth and, to be fitted meanwhile, to become an integral part of that mighty human organ that will sing the glories of the Creator throughout eternity in the heavenly Jerusalem.

Look at that grand basilica, see those massive columns, those vaulted ceilings, those groined arches, those storied windows—see that perfect blending of light and shade, of tint and color, that symmetry and harmony in every part. It is but a creation of fancy, but soon a thousand busy hands will be set to work and fairy-like, that temple will rise, no longer a possible entity, but a thing of grace and beauty and life. And as the work progresses, men in their short-sightedness will find fault with its growing details, and only when the finishing touch has been given, will they confess their ignorance, as standing in wondering awe they see the purpose of the master mind at last revealed.

So too, the divine Architect: "Purblind man sees but a part of the chain, the nearest links, his eyes not carrying to that equal beam that poises all above."

Again, the world is a stage, life is a drama. God reserves the right to compose the play, and to assign to each actor his part.

Yes, the mysteries of vocation are past finding out. God calls to the highest posts whom He wills. "Jesus going up in the mountain," says the inspired Evangelist, "called unto Him whom He Himself would." And he said to Moses of old, "I will have mercy on those on whom I will have mercy, and I will show mercy to those to whom I will show mercy." "Hath not the potter," says the Apostle, "power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?"

In heaven the hosts of bright spirits that stand before the throne of God rise one upon another in gradual succession from the lowest orders of angels that are simply swift messengers of the Almighty, until we reach the burning Cherubim and Seraphim that look so closely into the face of the Triune God; and it is this beautiful variety in the angelic hosts that will be one of our greatest

joys in our everlasting home beyond the skies. The saints too, as St. Paul tells us, shine with different degrees of brightness. "One is the glory of the sun, another is the glory of the moon, another is the glory of the stars, for star differeth from star in glory."

So too the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom, has ordained that the same beautiful variety should be exhibited on earth in the service which He exacts from His creatures. Each child of Adam is indeed the object of God's special predilection, each was chosen from eternity for the boon of existence out of possible millions, for each one the precious Blood of the Saviour was shed, and in such a way as if no one else were to be redeemed. Each one of us may exclaim with the Apostle: *"Dilexit me et tradidit semetipsum pro me*—He loved me and delivered Himself up for me."

But even as in nature no two things are alike, so no two men are precisely the same,—different inclinations, different capacities, physical and mental,—so different are the designs of God upon each individual soul. Hence the different states of life that we see around us, in the service of God. Hence, too, the variety of graces in the spiritual world. "I used to wonder," said a pious nun, who died recently in the odor of sanctity, and who will probably soon be raised upon our altars, "I used to wonder why God did not give equal graces to every soul, why great sinners like Paul, Augustine and Magdelen were so favored and assisted by all but irresistible grace, why our Lord cares so tenderly for certain privileged souls, removing every obstacle from their way, and never allowing mortal sin to soil their baptismal purity, and why, on the other hand, countless poor savages never in all their lives hear God's name. But I understand the mystery now. All the flowers that God creates are beautiful, the sweet-scented violet, the lovely yet simple daisy, lose nothing by the whiteness of the lily, or

the splendor of the rose. If every flower wanted to be a rose, nature would be robbed of the beauty of spring, the meadows would no longer be strewn with dainty hues. So it is in the spiritual world. God has planted there great saints like roses and lilies, but He has planted others also, that must be satisfied to be violets or daisies flowering at His feet. And the happier they are in being what He wills them to be, the greater their perfection. Like the sun, He shines equally on the cedar or the flower; every soul, great or little, is illuminated by Him who makes all things work together for good, and the humblest daisy puts forth its bud in its appointed day."

And here again is another mystery, deep and impenetrable— correspondence with God's purpose in our lives.

The creatures of the material world, animate and inanimate, obey the law of their being and sing unceasingly the praises of their Creator. They have no power to rob Him of that glory which they were designed to give Him. But man must render Him a higher service—higher, because rational, and because free. For it is in his power to frustrate the divine purpose by the abuse of his God-like faculty of free will.

We do not, it is true, always know God's plans for the morrow. But there is an unfailing monitor within us, that is ever telling us what to do to-day. In deep humility and submission to the divine Will, howsoever made known to us, we can exclaim:—

> "Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
> The distant scene, one step enough for me."

But alas! we too often neglect to listen to the still small voice of God, speaking within our souls and telling us of His plans, as far as we are permitted to know them. Too often, we form plans and projects and purposes of our own, as if our lives belonged

to ourselves and not to God. Yes, we have ideals formed in the heyday of youth, upon which we fain would model our lives, and childhood's dreams we hope to be one day realities.

But even as the elements so often put to naught the wisest calculations of man, so, too, the dispensations of Providence shiver into pieces the fragile structures that fancy is wont to build along the river of time. Upon happenings outside of our control depends the accomplishment of our purposes in life, and these happenings are written in a book, which mortals may not read.

Ah! Happy the man who studies himself in the days of youth and tries to find out what is God's purpose in his life, who studies the trend of his taste, the mould of his character, the build of his body, the depth of his mind, the bent of his inclinations; who kneels at the feet of his spiritual guide, and listens to him, as he interprets for him the whisperings of the Holy Spirit within his soul. Happy, if like Samuel, when he hears the voice of God calling he quickly answers, "Here I am." Happy, if like St. Paul, when stricken down by the merciful hand of a kind Providence who would save him, he exclaims in eagerness, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Such is the deep mystery of vocation—the great Architect of the Universe planning, in the ages of eternity, mighty works for His own glory, and choosing His instruments, great and small, to help Him bring His plans to fruition. When we think of who God is, and what we are, we should certainly be willing to take any part that He may give us, no matter how lowly or obscure, in His grand scheme for the promotion of His glory on earth.

But oh! how our hearts should overflow with gratitude, if, in His inscrutable mercy, He vouchsafes to call us to come close to Him, and lifts us above our fellow-men, and chooses for us a

dignity, the very highest that He can give us. Ah! yes, the true soldier is equally brave in the last line, as in the front rank, but oh! how he rejoices when he is singled out from the others, how he loves to be called to come close to his leader, to be one of his bodyguard, to battle under his very eyes.

Methinks that is the thought of our Jubilarian to-day, on this bright and happy anniversary. He knows that all states of life are sacred in God's eyes, and that the very height of perfection is to perfect one's self in that state to which he has been called. He knows that even the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, may not be higher in the sight of God than the humblest member of his flock, who serves his Creator with perfection in the lowliest position on earth, but in that post where God has placed him. And so our Jubilarian in his humility would have been willing to accept from the hands of God the humblest part in the drama of life, and he would have striven as best he could in that lowly sphere, to work out God's purpose in his life, but oh! how he rejoices to-day that he was chosen from eternity out of millions for a dignity which transcends in its tremendous powers that of the angels and even of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, a dignity than which there is nothing higher that God, almighty as He is, was able to confer upon him.

Oh! think what it means, for a poor, weak, mortal man, to be called to the holy priesthood, selected by God, from no merits of his own, from all the members of the human family, out of pure love and special predilection. "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." God forbid that anyone should dare aspire to such a dignity.

"Neither doth any man take the honor to himself but he that is called as Aaron was."

The angel spoke and waited for the answer. Creation stood in suspense. Mary spoke again and at her FIAT the God-man was incarnate in her womb.

The priest takes the little white host. He utters a few mystic words, and lo, he holds between his fingers his own Creator, he cradles in his hand the very Babe of Bethlehem.

The dead soul lies prostrate at his feet. He lifts his consecrated hands, lo, the pulse begins to beat, the warm blood to flow, and what St. Augustine calls a greater miracle than the creation of another world, the corpse becomes a thing of life once more, a child of God, an heir of heaven, a brother of Jesus Christ.

Oh! my beloved brethren, would not this have been a wonderful privilege of our Jubilarian simply to have been called and made a priest, another Christ? Even if he had never exercised the holy ministry, if he had never celebrated a single Mass, if he had never given a single absolution? Even if he had died, as some priests died, fresh from the anointing hand of the Bishop, if he had retired to the desert immediately after his ordination like the hermits of old—even if our Jubilarian had nothing else to introduce him into the court of heaven but that shining mark that will distinguish him among the elect, the angels would almost envy him, entering the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, and greet him with the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord hath sworn and He will not repent, thou art a priest forever." And he himself would feel obliged to thank God through the endless ages of eternity for this token of His special predilection, his vocation to the holy priesthood.

But, thank God, our Right Rev. Jubilarian did not die in the early days of his priesthood! Thank God, he has lived through half a century of priestly labors, and we are able to crown him to-day, in the presence of his own Metropolitan, the Most Rev.

Archbishop of New York, surrounded by his Suffragan Bishops, so many of his brother Bishops, the clergy of the whole diocese of Ogdensburg, and the large representation here present from all parts of the country. Thank God, we are able to offer him the homage and affection of this brilliant array of the clergy, and the undying affection of his own beloved people, the laity of his episcopal city and of the whole diocese of Ogdensburg, whose hearts are overflowing with joy as they crown him with glory and honor on this bright day of the golden Jubilee of his priesthood!

Yes, fifty years of labor in the holy priesthood, fifty years of accumulated merit in a state where one is amassing treasures at every moment! Methinks this one of the greatest joys that fills the heart of our Jubilarian to-day, the thought of the immense treasures of merit which the exercise of his priestly office have made possible and which will be the measure of his crown of glory one day in heaven.

It is true, that the least act of Christian virtue, the mere pronouncing of the name of Jesus, the making of the sign of the Cross, a step, a look, all these acts, small indeed in themselves, if performed in a state of grace and done from the love of God, with a pure intention, are more pleasing to God and procure for Him more glory than all the purely natural actions of creatures, past, present or to come.

This simply means that by every one of our conscious deliberate actions which St. Bernard calls "seeds of eternity," we may earn a new degree of merit, which will be transformed at death into a degree of glory or, in other words, we may earn in the easiest possible way a new heaven at every moment of our lives.

We often hear people say that they are sorry that they did not die when they were young. It is true that some of the saints, like

Aloysius, were cut off in their youth, and as the Scripture says, "In a short space they filled a long time." But, ordinarily, a high degree of glory in heaven is earned only by slow and painful efforts, and so forgetful are we to touch our daily actions with the lodestone of pure intention that longevity, in most cases, is the only hope of reaping a rich harvest for the heavenly granary.

Now it is another truth of faith that the merit of our actions depends in great measure upon their intrinsic character. Those actions which regard God immediately, are more valued in His sight than such as serve Him only indirectly. Think then, what must be that merit stored up in heaven for our Jubilarian, by the daily offering of holy Mass for the long period of fifty years. In the whole category of pious works there is nothing more meritorious in the sight of God than holy Mass. Now the priest alone is empowered to offer up this sacrifice of infinite value, and there is a portion of the fruit of each Mass which belongs so exclusively to the priest himself, that he cannot, even if he would, give it to another. No matter then what may be his shortcomings, no matter how great the temporal punishment which may yet be due for his sins, he must needs increase, every time he celebrates the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the brightness of that crown which will one day deck his brow in heaven.

Fifty years of Masses, fifty years of merit heaped upon merit, drawn from the sublimest act which takes place on the face of this earth!

Yes, to have been called to the holy priesthood, to have been made a priest forever, to have spent more than half a century in exercising functions which may claim the very highest recompense in eternity, oh! this were enough to fill the cup of joy that our Jubilarian is privileged to drink to-day. But to be not only a priest,

but a maker of priests, a self-generating priest, not only an apostle, but a successor to the chosen twelve; not only a priest, but endued with the plenitude and perfection of the priesthood, receiving for the third time the Sacrament of Holy Orders, the hand of God thrice stamping his soul with that mysterious impress, that supernatural mark of triple oneness which was to make him more and more like Christ Himself, to have not only the care of souls, but to be placed by the Holy Ghost Himself, to rule the Church of God, and for nearly twenty years to guide the destinies and be the spiritual father of all the faithful in this beautiful portion of the Empire State, oh! how the episcopal dignity, with its wonderful opportunities for promoting the glory of God and the salvation of souls and earning treasures of merit incalculable, enhances the glory of our Jubilarian's sacerdotal jubilee and fills to overflowing his chalice of benediction.

Did time permit I could analyze the golden sheaves that our Jubilarian holds in his hands, ready to present to the divine Husbandman.

It was my good fortune to have been a witness of his priestly and episcopal labors during almost this whole period of fifty years that is closing with such glory to-day. I did not have the happiness of being present when he was ordained fifty years ago in Ghent by the illustrious and saintly Bishop Delebecque. But together with my life-long friend, Monsignor Mooney, the senior Vicar-General of New York, and accompanied by the Jubilarian himself, I had the great pleasure of visiting his native village, Wannegem-Lede, and participating with him in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood, forty years ago. We breathed the atmosphere of piety in that typical Flemish village of Catholic Belgium; we saw the environment under which

were nursed the budding germs of that priestly vocation which has reached its crowning point to-day. But our Jubilarian's work was not to be in his native land. A few years after his ordination, full of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, he turned his eyes to this promising field for God's Church, in this land of Columbus. He bade farewell to home and kindred, and crossed the seas to devote his whole life to that cause so dear to Mother Church, the training of the young Levites for the sacred ministry. One of the first students that walked up the hill at the very opening of the seminary, and placed himself under the charge of our Jubilarian, is now a distinguished prelate of the Church, and is here to-day participating in these ceremonies.

He came in an eventful year for the American Church—when that giant of former days, the lion-hearted Bishop Hughes, whose name and deeds will always live in the annals of Catholic America, had just been called to his reward, and that gentle Prince of the Church, our first American Cardinal, had begun his glorious career in the great See of New York.

I must be pardoned for marking the coincidence, that it was the very year when I entered college to complete my preparation for the study of theology. A few years later, while the Eternal City and the whole Catholic world were celebrating the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, I entered St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, as a student, forty-four years ago, and first made the acquaintance of our honored Jubilarian, who was one of my professors. During all my seminary course he was more than a teacher, he was a sincere and devoted friend. Shortly after my ordination I was honored in being called back to my Alma Mater, and became associated once more with my one time professor—now as a member of the faculty of the seminary. It was

during those seven years of close and intimate relations with our Jubilarian, shared with me by Monsignor Mooney and Monsignor Edwards of New York, who were also members of the faculty, that my friendship of student days ripened and was cemented, and made solid and lasting.

For nearly thirty years, most of the time as president of Troy Seminary, our Jubilarian was engaged in the sublime work of forming and training to priestly piety and zeal that army of over 1,200 priests that went forth from the hallowed walls of St. Joseph's on the hill, and the large share which he must needs have in the prodigious fruits of their zealous labors, is one of the brightest jewels in his golden crown on this day of jubilee.

What our Jubilarian has accomplished during the last twenty years as a Bishop is best known by the clergy and laity of this diocese and by the Most Rev. Metropolitan and the Bishops of this great Province of New York, and need not be rehearsed on this occasion. In a sparsely settled portion of the State where the Catholics are few and scattered, with a great dearth of material resources, he has done wonders in the cause of religion and education.

His lamented predecessor, the lovable Bishop Wadhams, used to say that what he lacked most in this diocese was people—and we all know how necessary people are to the growth of a diocese.

But the labors of our Jubilarian were not confined to the narrow limits of this diocese. His profound learning, his reputation as a skilled theologian and canonist were well known to his brother Bishops, and often they sought his wise counsel in struggling with the complex problems that are pressing for solution in the American Church.

Our Jubilarian had the great happiness of kneeling at the feet

of three of the greatest Popes in the history of the Church—the immortal Pius IX., the Pope of the Immaculate Conception; the brilliant Leo XIII., whose encyclicals thrilled and whose diplomacy astonished the world, and our present Holy Father, now gloriously reigning, whom we love to call the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament.

Ah, yes, privileged in so many ways, fruitful beyond measure in his holy ministry, sustained in his declining years by the undying affection of so many thousands of his spiritual children, we have every reason to congratulate our illustrious Jubilarian on this day of his golden jubilee.

I am very grateful for the privilege which has fallen to me, to pay this tribute of the heart to my friend of nearly half a century. I know that his modesty shrinks from this public appreciation of his character, but he cannot but be gratified to feel at this milestone in his long career that not only his own beloved people of the diocese of Ogdensburg, who know him best, but the people of all denominations, the citizens of this beautiful and enterprising city, and every one of his hosts of friends in all parts of the country with one mind and heart wish to extend to him, our beloved Bishop Gabriels, their best wishes and heartiest congratulations on this glorious anniversary, and to bespeak for him many, many happy returns.

But what is human praise? What is passing glory? Life's little day will soon be done and we shall awake in eternity. "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come."

Methinks this is the thought of our Jubilarian in the midst of the splendors of this festive morning. He looks upward, and the grandeur of the beautiful spectacle now passing before his eyes seems to fade away and a vision of the heavenly Jerusalem gladdens the eyes of his soul. He sees the very place near the great white

throne where he shall one day minister at the altar of the Lamb. High above the chorus of joy and praise that greets his ears on this festal day is the music of the sweet voice of the great High Priest, as He salutes His chosen minister, in these words of the Psalmist: "Thou art a priest forever." Not only a priest but thou art a priest in all the fulness and perfection of the priestly dignity, thou art a successor of My chosen apostles.

Yes, in that blessed abode where a thousand years are but as yesterday, echoed and re-echoed will be the loving greeting of the Eternal Father Himself to another Christ. Yes, thou art a priest not for fifty years only, nor for fifty millions of years but through the endless ages of eternity thou shalt stand by My side, offering up with My only begotten Son the everlasting sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving—for likened unto the Son of God, thou continuest a priest forever."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE WORKINGMAN

ADDRESS BY THE RT. REV. M. J. SPLAINE, D.D., BOSTON

Catholic workingmen of Boston: The last century went down to its grave leaving unsolved one of the greatest problems that has perplexed the minds of men, the problem of labor. In other respects the century was, perhaps, one of the most brilliant in history. It was the century of the greatest industrial development the world has ever seen. It was a century wherein the blessings of a common education were showered freely upon all classes.

It was a century of invention, of progress and enlightenment, yet the condition of the working classes did not keep pace with the betterment that stamped itself upon nearly every other phase of human life. The Catholic Church, the ever watchful defender of the laboring classes, saw from afar the impending gulf beginning to widen between capital and labor. It was she who had moulded our modern Christian civilization, and her experience of twenty centuries put her in a position to save the civilization which had sprung into being with her own life.

Before the dawn of a Christian era labor was the natural condition of servitude, and laboring men were considered nothing better than slaves. Before the Christian era wealth was taken to be a mark of God's esteem for men and the condition of labor was looked upon as God's punishment of man and the stamp of His disfavor.

Before the Christian era the chasm between wealth and labor had been so broadened that the condition of the laboring class was one of misery and despair.

From the dawn of the Christian era and the early days of the Catholic Church, the position of labor has been elevated to such a degree in the minds and hearts of all men that what was in the old dispensation looked upon as a natural state of servitude has now been elevated to the dignity and to the importance and respect that is accorded to labor and to the laboring men to-day.

Throughout the twenty centuries of her existence the history of the Catholic Church has been the history of standing between the oppressor and the oppressed. She saved society, not only once, but many times during her career. Centuries ago, before the oldest of our now existing dynasties had sprung into existence, the Church founded by Jesus Christ had battled against false teachings that would uproot the idea of Christian civilization. She withstood equally the attack of barbarian invasion and pagan domination, and she can save society to-day if we but hearken to her teachings.

And so true was she to her mission that when she saw the gulf again begin to widen between capital and labor in the last century, she raised her voice in solemn warning through one who by his splendid achievements for the Church and for the laboring classes deserves the undying gratitude of nations and of the workingmen alike, in pointing out so clearly the teachings of the Church in regard to social science, that illustrious Pope of the workingmen, Leo XIII.

His encyclical on the condition of labor, and his other valuable documents on the constitution of the state and his Christian democracy, ably present the teachings of the Church of Christ and contain within themselves the true remedy for the solution of all the vexed problems that agitate the labor world to-day. No less a distinguished statistician on the subject of labor in our own country than the late Carroll D. Wright has paid high tribute to the value

and the teachings of Leo XIII. and has called the pontifical letter his own "vade mecum" for his own guidance and his own study in the solution of labor problems.

And so, true to her mission, the Catholic Church to-day takes her place in the vanguard of those who would remedy the evils of society, and the words of the illustrious Leo apply as strongly to-day as they did in the last century, when he said: "If society is to be cured now, in no other way can it be cured but by a return to the Christian life and Christian institutions. When a society is perishing, the true advice to give to those who would restore it is to recall it to the principles from which it sprung; for the purpose and perfection of society is to aim at and to attain that for which it was formed, and its operation should be put in motion and inspired by the end and object which originally gave it its being. So that to fall away from its final constitution is disease; to go back to it is recovery. And this may be asserted with the utmost truth, both of the state in general and of that body of its citizens—by far the greater number —who sustain life by labor."

As Catholic workingmen you are familiar with the great principles that govern human life and from which human society has sprung. You know that man is not merely the object of bone and sinew that appears to the eye; that there is a dignity infused into man by the creation of his soul which lifts him above mere material life, and the true betterment of men is that which looks not only to their temporal, but to their spiritual interests as well.

It is true that the primary object of the Church of Christ was to establish the kingdom of God among men, and that the first care of the Church is the care of soul, but coessential with the spiritual idea and spiritual mission of the Church is also its temporal mission following the example of Christ, who went about doing

good and following His divine teachings to heal the sick, to raise the dead, to cure the leper, to preach the gospel to the poor. Mere material conditions may be bettered to high degree, but unless at the same time the spiritual life of man is strengthened and bettered all his material comfort will bring him naught but an empty and fleeting joy.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God," said our blessed Lord, "and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Therefore, the first principle of a Christian life for the individual man is to prepare his immortal soul, in seeking above all things the kingdom of God.

But in seeking that kingdom of God man's life is wrapped up with the lives of thousands of his fellow-beings with whom he comes in daily contact. And so sacred are the relations that should bind him to his fellow-men that God has elevated those relations to a dignity like unto the relations that exist between man and his Creator. "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God," says He to the individual soul, as the principle that should guide all human life in its journey to God, and then He places as his second great commandment that other great principle that should guide men in their relations to their fellow-beings: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

These are the great Christian ideas, the basic principles of all Christian life, and if the Christian state is to be saved and Christian civilization scatter its blessings on the rich and the poor alike these principles must be followed in the lives of all, high and low, rich and poor.

It is true there is much misery in the world to-day among the laboring classes. The encyclical of Leo XIII. called attention plainly to these conditions in the last century, and the prime object

of his endeavor was that a remedy, and a sure remedy, should be speedily applied. And that remedy the illustrious pontiff showed was to be obtained, not in revolution, but in wise reform; not in disorder or violence, but by the enactment of wise laws for the betterment of labor.

He encouraged the formation of laboring men's societies filled with Christian ideas and based on the Christian principles of love of God and love of our neighbor, the sacredness of men's life and honor and the inviolability of the fruits of their labor.

Wherever the teachings of Leo XIII. were put into practice, the condition of labor has been bettered and the problem of labor has advanced with great strides toward a happy solution. Workingmen's clubs have been formed, which have influenced the making of good laws for better hours of labor, for increased wages of the laboring men, for better sanitary conditions and for a better condition under which women and children may toil.

The majority of these betterments were obtained, not by violence, but by the cool and calm deliberation and sound common sense that the laboring men in their unions brought to their own deliberations. Right-minded men to-day pay their tribute of respect to the labor organizations for the splendid results they have achieved for workingmen when guided by wise leaders and actuated by sound Christian principles. But at the same time I desire to warn you Catholic workingmen against those who would invade your ranks and, by the dissemination of anti-Christian principles, wreck not only your organization but all hope for lasting benefits and advancement.

You stand upon a platform that is sacred and secure when you regulate your life and conduct according to the ten commandments, and any teachings that is brought to your doors, no matter under

what guise or promise, that does not agree with the teachings of God in His ten commandments to all men, should be speedily rejected.

Cling to your Christian standards of life, and conduct that have led countless Christians along the path of life to the enjoyment of its reward, eternal life with God. Cling to your Church that made and moulded Christian civilization, and that has elevated labor and laboring men to the dignity of the sons of God and to the position they hold in the world to-day. Cling to your spiritual leaders, whose hearts go out to you as their spiritual children of Christ, and whose minds are constantly alert and thinking only of your betterment, thinking only of safeguarding you from false teachers and false friends. Stand together as an impregnable army of Christian workingmen, defending the weak, helping the poor, respecting the rights of others and revealing in your own life and conduct and organization the true Christian spirit.

The Church and your spiritual leaders are wide-awake to the unhappy conditions of the laboring classes and they are endeavoring by counsel, by example and by every other means in their power to bring about a betterment of conditions that will permeate every sphere of human life. While we admit that the conditions are far from satisfactory, and while we honestly hope and work for just reforms along the legitimate lines, we must, nevertheless, admit that there are hopeful signs for the morrow.

Almost daily one can read in the papers of voluntary advance in wages, of the enactment of laws providing shorter hours and better conditions safeguarding the life and health of those who toil. Our savings banks in this commonwealth, which reflect in a manner the condition of the people, show a marked increase of many millions in the deposits of last year.

There is a disposition on the part of those in whose hands it is to better conditions to be fair-minded and to give a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. Respect for the observance of Sunday is being shown whereby laboring men may cease from the busy toil of the week and renew their spirit and refresh their soul at the fountain of Living Truth. Observe well your Sunday, and go in God's name, as it was my happy consolation to see you this morning, to the altar of God to partake of the Bread of Life.

You, Catholic workingmen, know that your refuge in affliction, your strength in sorrow, your consolation in trial, is at the altar of God, where all men are equal as the sons of God, who has established only one standard of living for rich and poor, for the mighty and the lowly; one standard of life and love and conduct by which we will all be judged. Show forth in your lives as Catholic workingmen the constructive, and at the same time the conservative power of the Church of God.

The Catholic altar, the Catholic pulpit and the Catholic confessional, are the greatest conservative powers in the world to-day. Thousands, yea, millions of laboring men gather weekly about that altar, that pulpit and that confessional, and the teachings of the Catholic pulpit is the same as that of Jesus of Nazareth, whose voice was heard above the tempests that rocked the Sea of Gennesareth and which brought peace and calm to the troubled waters.

From the Catholic pulpit goes forth that sweet invitation to those who labor and are heavy laden, "Come to me, and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke and learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart. For my yoke is sweet and my burden light." From the Catholic confessional goes forth the blessed assurance of regained love and friendship with God. "Go in peace and sin no more."

From the Catholic pulpit goes forth the word of God, preaching Christ and Him crucified and calling upon all men to take up their cross and follow Him. The Catholic pulpit looks at the world and human nature as they really are. She knows that the nature we inherit is not as it came from the hand of God, but a weakened human nature, wounded in its first struggle by the fall of our first parents.

Labor and toil and earning one's bread by the sweat of his brow is the sentence pronounced on human nature, and through joy and sorrow, through trial and toil, through sufferings and death, we come to share with Christ the glories of His resurrection. Beware of the man who promises to fill your cup with joy to overflowing in this life. It is the old snare that worked the ruin of our first parents in a new disguise, "Eat of the fruit of this tree and be as gods."

Seditious agents of this same error in all ages, even in our own day, would cheat mankind before their very eyes, holding out a similar promise at the same price of eating the forbidden fruit. They would endeavor to lure men from God by the false hope of lasting joy in following their maxims. Has the world ever kept its promise? Your own experience answers for each of you that no created joys, wealth or honor can adequately satisfy the desires of men, for the human soul was made for God, and it can never rest until it rests in Him. The Catholic pulpit, then, stands for truth, for safeguardingship of society and of the individual, is painting life in no delusive colors, but in the true light of Christ, her founder, who is at once the same Creator and Lord of all.

The signs of the time I say are hopeful. Better labor conditions are beginning, better financial conditions are growing, and Catholic workingmen and all right living men throughout the whole world

are looking to the Catholic Church to save society to-day, as she has saved it time and again throughout her long and illustrious life. And she will not fail in her lofty mission.

How strikingly appropriate do the words offered by St. Paul at the dawn of the Christian era strike upon our ears to-day, and with these I shall close: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, be reformed in the newness of your mind: he that giveth, with simplicity: he that ruleth, with carefulness: he that showeth mercy, with truthfulness. Let love be without dissimulation—hiding that which is evil; cling to that which is good; loving one another with the charity of brotherhood: with honor preventing one another: in carefulness, not slothful; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; instant in prayer; communicating to the necessities of the saints; pursuing hospitality. Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep; being of one mind to one another; to no man rendering evil for evil; providing good things not only in the sight of God, but also in the sight of men."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE PRESERVING POWER OF CHASTITY

SERMON DELIVERED ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY BY THE REV. JOHN O'HARA, S.J.

"O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory. For the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known both with God and men. When it is present they imitate it, and they long for it when it has withdrawn itself; and it triumpheth crowned forever, winning the reward of undefiled conflicts."—Wisdom, iv.

A little more than seventy-five years ago the members of the race of whom most of us are sprung were living under a persecution, an oppression by a despotic foreign government such as few races have experienced and survived. Its duration and its severity make one of the saddest tales recorded on the pages of history. It had lasted for over three hundred years. It had extended to every part of the country, to every grade of society. It had deprived the people of almost every form of social government and advancement, material and intellectual. Its blighting effect had reached to prince and peasant alike. It had impoverished the rich and ground the poor into the dust. It excluded them from almost every form of commerce and industry, and hindered even the rudest agricultural development. It had harassed them in the exercise of their religion, and had made a crime the least acquisition of learning. So that the year 1830 found, in so far as it could be brought about, the whole of Ireland, with few exceptions, in direst poverty and illiteracy. But the great moral virtues that the race possessed had through all these ages withstood the rigors of this despotic, heart-

less persecution. Under the leadership of a hero who realized in himself, in all their excellence, the virtues of his race, they burst the shackles that had bound them for ages. Without other human aid than their own brave hearts and gifted minds, without the least appeal to arms, but by the sole force of truth and right and the power to present it, they accomplished the victory.

What followed upon the victory? Their enemies, who had supposed them to be sunk in barbarism, to be no further advanced than the rest of Europe when the persecution began, three hundred years before, found them ready to take their place in the first ranks of those who ruled the world of men. Scarcely thirty years had passed away when men of Irish birth or Irish descent were found giving honor and luster to the highest walks in life, as they had given the grace of courage and saintly living to the lowliest. Not in small numbers here and there, but in multitudes and in many lands; not now and then, but continuously from that day until the present.

In God's providence they took up the destinies of the Catholic Church, and under His grace had a large share in placing it where it is to-day, loved by its children, hated by its enemies, the admiration of all. Before thirty years had passed, in 1860, the children of the race are found governing a hundred dioceses throughout the world, honoring the Church by their holiness, defending it by their courage, illuminating its teachings by their intelligence. In 1860 the children of the race were to be found honored and respected members of bench and bar and legislative halls, leaders of the vast armies that were then assembled, prominent in journalism and able educators. No path of life in the trades, the arts, the sciences, in commerce and literature has not had children of the race helping on the progress of mankind in a way unsurpassed

by any other people. Such the brilliant dawn and succeeding day after what seemed a night of semi-barbarism.

You may ask what has all this to do with St. Patrick, and most likely with a different audience, who did not possess the truth in its fulness, I might find it hard to show that it had anything at all to do with him. With you it is different, for if I show to you that this second birth of the Irish people is due to their faith and the practice of their faith, you will readily admit that it adds its weight of honor and glory to the holy apostle who had planted the faith so deeply, so solidly, so imperishably in the hearts of the Irish.

Let me show you that the Irish race owed the renewal of its youth to its holy religion and the practice thereof. If there is anything clear from the world's history, both pagan and Christian alike, it is this: There is no virtue whose practice preserves and advances human vigor and energy, both bodily and mental, more than the virtue of chastity. "O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory. For the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known both with God and men. When it is present they imitate it, and they long for it when it has withdrawn itself; and it triumpheth crowned forever, winning the reward of undefiled conflicts." Such are the praises in the Book of Wisdom of this virtue that makes angels of men. The decadence of the great nations of antiquity began with the loss of this virtue. The wise men in these pagan nations were aware of their countries' danger, and there was not wanting in Greece and Rome a warning voice to show the deplorable consequences that would follow upon the growth and spread of the opposite vice. There have undoubtedly been men of great and vigorous mind, great statesmen, great warriors and lawyers, men illustrious in every path of intellectual

activity, whose private lives deserved reprehension, while their vices did not seem to impair their mental powers. But these are exceptions. There is no father that does not seek to preserve his children chaste, knowing the awful consequences of the loss of virtue. Failure in business, failure in health, failure in every material good, and still more in every field of intellectual advancement is the prospect experience holds out to those who put aside the protection of the virtue of chastity. What alarm has spread through our country with the growth of divorce, which is only a kind of legalized violation of the precepts of nature. What man would not fear for the future of our country if this and kindred violations of nature's laws, not to speak of the law of Christ, were to grow more frequent? Why this fear if not because of the realization that growth of vice sinks men into barbarism, while the growth of the virtue of purity lifts men even out of a state of barbarism?

Did the Irish race possess this virtue in all its excellence? You and I know it did. We know it from the traditions that have come down to us from the sacred lips of fathers and mothers, whose saintly lives demand our reverence and our acceptance of their testimony. We know it on evidence that the skeptical world might not accept, but which we cannot reject. We know it because we know how strictly this virtue is inculcated by our holy religion, extending its holy influence not only in public life, but also in private, into the very recesses of our innermost conscience, with it warning voice revealing the eyes of God upon us and forbidding the slightest taint our souls might receive from thought or word or deed. We know how faithful to their religion in all their sorrows the Irish strove to be. Consequently, we know that they came forth to the enjoyment of liberty and all its advantages a pure as well

as a pious race. For this reason they had lost none of the intellectual vigor that a thousand years before had made them a nation of scholars—the educators of barbaric Europe. For this reason they had lost none of their bodily vigor, to the amazement of those who had hoped by starvation to dwarf them into the mere semblance of men. This they owed, as Daniel and his youthful companions in Babylon, to the observance of the laws of their holy religion.

Still, the Irish race owed the retention and preservation of high mental qualities not only to the practice of their religion, but to the study and the knowledge thereof. I am not speaking now of the Christian religion as a preservative against the degeneracy that follows upon a merely sensual and material existence, but of its power to elevate, strengthen and ennoble every faculty of the human soul, and particularly the human mind. The subject is too large to permit me to dwell upon it at length, but in passing I may say that throughout the Christian era the arts and literature and other expressions of intellectual energy have been strong and vigorous in proportion as men were subject to the influence of religion and made it their study. This assertion, I am sure, will be found to be true to the eyes that read history without prejudice. For myself, I am convinced that the facts bear me out in saying that the greatest minds in Christian times have been those who have excelled most in theological science, and, further, that those countries reached the highest plane in arts and literature where theological studies were prosecuted with the greatest thoroughness and exactness. It has been my good fortune to meet men who have pursued successfully studies in every branch of knowledge, who have been unanimous in admitting that there is no form of training that can equal the study of the Christian religion in developing the human mind.

That the Irish people as a nation were profoundly versed in the knowledge of their religion can be proved by any one who knew the men and women who came from Ireland after the year 1830. They poured forth like a flood over other lands, as Catholic as they were Irish, so that in our country the two names came to designate the same people. What to the heretics is superstition is known to us as the truth of Christ. And that loyal adherence of the Irish to the faith of Rome, which the bigot attributes to ignorance, we know to be due to a solid as well as a deep conviction that arises from the possession of the truth, and from a clear-sighted vision of the motives of faith. This knowledge was not restricted to those who could read and write, but even the illiterate possessed it abundantly. And we marvel to-day, when we look back at the memory of men and women ignorant of much worldly knowledge, but who possessed a knowledge of their religion that would put their descendants to the blush. They were ignorant when judged by the standard of heresy and easy living, but judged by a higher and more excellent standard, they were intellectually the peers of any people, no matter how extended their culture. Consequently, when freedom came it did not find them dwarfed in mind, struggling to attain some degree of culture and refinement after years of slow and patient development. They leaped forward to grasp at once and make their own every form of intellectual perfection in the arts, literature and sciences, as if their ancestors had never lost the opportunities of intellectual growth. How did this happen? Because the minds of their ancestors had been filled with the knowledge of God as made known in Christ, and with it they possessed in the germ, ready to blossom as their birthright, every form of human knowledge.

All this glory redounds to the honor of him who builded the

Irish Church with such strength so deeply, so broadly, so loftily that it could endure through a persecution of ages and burst forth radiant in untarnished splendor after the darkness of the long night. But it is not enough for us to give glory to the holy saint of God, nor to take pride in the glorious deeds of an ancestry that fought, died and conquered under the standard of heaven, glorious in its triumph, crowned forever with undefiled conflicts. To boast of our ancestry and not possess its virtues is generally considered a piece of stupid folly. Therefore, we, too, must be like them, pure in our lives and rich in the knowledge of Christian truth. We love dearly the country to which God in His providence has linked our destiny. Neither the men who have found America a source of wealth, nor those who find it a country where lives can be passed in quiet enjoyment, love it near so well as the men who have found it a home where God may be served as Christ taught the service. We are of these, and, loving our country, we shall best withstand the dangers that threaten it by the purity of our lives and our knowledge of the Christian faith. Then shall we go to join the noble band of those who lived and died for the faith, to triumph crowned with undefiled conflicts. For we, too, shall have been the bulwark of the Christian faith here in America, as men of our blood and race have often been in every European country, from Norway to Italy. Let other glories perish, this shall last forever. Dying in peace with God, we shall share in reality with the Apostle of Ireland the life that is lived on the eternal hills of Paradise, the life our faith made us share in spirit here on earth.

Sermons for a Triduum

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM

I. THE INVITATION

"The Master is come and calleth thee."—John xi, 28.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Life a double banquet; both from God. "One is, "The meat that perisheth," precious only to sense and reason; the other, "That which endureth unto life everlasting," precious only to "the spirit," and "the eye of faith." To-day invited to this banquet of the soul. We must accept this Bread of life or perish.

I. World, too, as well as Christ, offers us a eucharist. We must choose between them. The earth offers us its flesh and blood, visible and palpable, a food ever relished by the carnal-minded, the Capharnaites of the day. The glorification of the world's eucharist implies the lowering of that of the spirit. It is in the long run but as husks to swine. Banquet to which we are invited to-day uplifts, sates and glorifies.

II. How dependent we are on sense! Creatures of "flesh and blood" all around. God bends to our lowly nature, reveals Himself here in a vesture of matter, first, in Creation; next, in the Incarnation, and, lastly, in the Eucharist. His own very flesh and blood. Faith needed to discern Him in all three.

III. The wonders of faith. How the Divine Presence realized in the banquet of the Eucharist to which we are invited to-day. Belief the bedrock of all knowledge, sacred and profane. How the "Good Shepherd" feeds His flock.

Conclusion.—Men ever digging "cisterns that hold not water." Two great evils in thought of day; two false gods in short, reason and the flesh. World lies grovelling before. We, too, worship in faith, the eternal reason and ever-living flesh of God made man for us, the soul's banquet to which all are invited.

The new manna falls daily on our altars in holy Mass, and those who would may "come, buy wine and milk without money and

without any price" (Is. lv, 1). The Master's "beeves and fatlings are killed and His servants are scouring the streets, and lanes, and highways and hedges to compel guests to come so that this house may be full" (Luke xiv, 21, 22, 23).

Life is a banquet at which all living things eat and are filled; but "All do not eat the same food, nor drink the same drink." One only is divine, that to which you are invited to-day. "Blessed" only "is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God" (Luke xiv, 15). To share this food "the Master" in person "is at hand and calleth thee." From His home in the Tabernacle, the invitation rings forth to each and all, "Come, for now all things are ready."

But alas! other and more congenial invitations pour in upon men; "And they begin all at once to make excuses." For the world, too, like Christ, the Master, offers us "its flesh and blood," its tables decked out with rare flowers, rich meats and choice wines; and invites us to "Eat, drink and be merry"; enjoy the good things it offers; as, like the lilies of the field, or the beasts and the birds, "to-morrow we die."

I. Now, we must make our choice, we must "labor either for the meat which perisheth," or for "that which endureth unto life everlasting." Remember, God has set both before us. He who furnishes the tables of life, who gives us our mines and our farms and gave to the world its alluring charms; and the gift of reason to use all its good and beautiful things aright, has also set another table before us containing the Flesh and Blood of His Son, together with the gift of faith, to enable reason to "discern therein the Body of the Lord." For the banquet you are invited to share to-day, though really and truly the Flesh and Blood of Christ, made for us into the Bread of Life, as a divine Food, that "flesh and blood hath not revealed but the Father in heaven." "It is the spirit

that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"; but we must not forget that as "The body is more than the meat, and the life more than the raiment," so is the table of the Lord, to which the Master invites us to-day, more than the table of the world. No doubt "the bread of God giveth life to the world, but "If any man eat of the living bread that came down from heaven, he shall live forever; and the bread the Master thus giveth is His Flesh for the life of the world" (John vi, 51, 52). To partake of this heavenly food "the Master is at hand and calleth thee."

But, as I said, other masters and other banquets are at hand. The Capharnaites are still strong in the land, and protest as loudly as ever against the truth and reality of the gift of the Master. "Is not this Jesus but the son of Joseph," "How then saith He I came down from heaven," and "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" (John vi, 53). "It is a hard saying and who can bear it" (*Idem.* v, 61). There is no flesh and blood in this world, they say, beyond what eye can see and touch handle. There is no gift of God other than what unaided reason can grasp. The Eucharist is no more a divine food than the fabled banquets of the gods of old. Telescope and microscope may help the eye to scan the skies or pry into the secret recesses of the earth, but there is no instrument to aid the mind to search into the deep things of the Spirit. The supernatural is but a mental mirage, its contents as real as a child's story book.

How true it is, then, that the man of flesh and blood, the carnal man, the Capharnaite of the day, "understandeth not the things of the spirit." The lowering of the spirit is the uplifting and glorification of the flesh. But withal, it is "The spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." Men loath the flesh and blood of Christ

in the Eucharist, just because it is "the mystery of faith" that appeals to the spirit and not to the flesh, as they understand the word. This flesh-and-blood theory of the banquet of life is the note of the day, the danger of our times. It is in the ascendant; and leavening the masses and classes alike, upheld by science and art, and permeating literature and the press. It is another method of the tempter, flinging out to view "the kingdom of this world in all its glittering splendor, beauty, wealth and power, and saying to the Son of Man, 'All this I shall give thee, if falling down thou shalt adore me." Too many alas! rise to the bait. There is in the world to-day a gradual lowering of the standards, motives and ideals of the past. Expediency in the low, narrow, utilitarian sense of the term is the world's best and easiest rule of conduct. Everything must be tested by sense and experience, and measured only by subjective reason, free from all dictation from above or without.

Now, this undue exaltation of the flesh makes men crave for sensual pleasure as the main end of life. A never-ceasing current of agreeable sensations, a consequent shirking and abhorrence of sacrifice, of pain, of self-surrender, are the chief things to aim at in life. "Take and eat," enjoy the good things provided for you at the banquet of life, and leave the gift of God in the banquet of the Eucharist to "the poor and halt and the lame and the blind." We are living under a veritable reign of carnal "flesh and blood." Christ no longer reigns in men's minds or morals. His Sacramental grace and unction have gone out of their lives. The very fountains of life seem corrupt, if we take the stage and the marriage laws of the day, *e. g.,* as an index of conduct.

Alas! men who gorge to repletion on "the flesh and blood" the world offers, will own how bitterly disappointing are the results, and soon come to recognize,—that "the eye is not filled with seeing

nor the ear with hearing"; and that even sense and reason are sent "empty away" from the repast thus served them. The higher life is thereby starved, and the lower not sated. To man's higher nature, "the spirit," in short, this world's choicest banquet is but an idle phantom,—a passing illusion of time and sense, to an undying spirit, hungering and thirsting for the eternal. "It is the spirit that quickeneth," "the flesh," as revealed in the very progress, wisdom and pleasures of a world in revolt against its Creator, "profiteth nothing." The meats it offers are at best but as husks to swine, if deemed the only food "on which man liveth."

II. But there is a higher banquet than what this world offers, a better food than "the meat which perisheth"; *viz.*, "that which endureth unto life everlasting, which the Son of Man will give you" (John vi, 27). "The Master is present and calleth thee." He invites a world starving with hunger, He invites you and me, and all men, to sit down at table and taste the "good things He hath prepared, the corn and the wine and oil of His elect." Men groaning under the tyranny and bondage of this world's flesh and blood are invited, strange to say, to "Eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood that they may have life." It is God's way of calling us back, singly, to Himself, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord." For, "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me" (John vi, 58).

To support our lower and animal life, to feed, clothe and warm us, nature, God's handmaid, gives up her flesh and blood; and so does Christ, our Lord, in the higher or spiritual order. We are thus creatures of flesh and blood all around. In this life, soul and body depend on matter, live on the concrete, in time, space and sense. The loftiest, purest, most refined and holiest thoughts reach the

mind through the agency of the senses; and if there are original, inborn ideal forms in the mind at all, they are only awakened and stirred into life through the ministry of sense. Directly or indirectly, bodily impressions thus furnish matter to thought and desire. We cannot even think of God or divine things without the help of fancy or imagination, a power fed and sustained by sense impressions, which, in their turn, depend on food and drink, nature's flesh and blood. Idealist and materialist, saint and sinner, poet, painter and philosopher, all must eat and drink, or perish. Alas! that in the abuse of nature's gifts of her own very flesh and blood; in "the food that perisheth," men should forget that, "the life is more than the meat and the body than the raiment," and that men are invited to share in a food which, "He that eateth shall not die for ever." In framing it God bends, as it were, to our bodily weaknesses and needs. He robes Himself in the form of matter, visible and tangible. The very universe is His vesture, bringing Him to our souls through sense; and as if that were not enough, as it is not, He revealed Himself in very man, "Emptying Himself to take the form of a servant." Nay more, He concentrates that material form, in all the fulness of its nature, human and divine, in a tiny host, made to be our supernatural food and drink. Thus, in the dreary spiritual desert of this life He furnishes a table of His own Flesh and Blood, to counteract that offered by carnal concupiscence and a world set opposite to God.

Those who, not content with the actual flower and fruit and beauty of revealed truth, dig only amongst the roots of natural and unregenerate religion, profess to trace the origin of all sacred rites to man's search for food and carnal love. Hence the origin of all sacrificial meals and ritual observances. But if there is any truth in this theory, it is only in the Eucharist that the soul finds

its true spiritual food and pure holy love,—God, through love, giving Himself to man under the form of food. Be not then as doubting Thomas, or the carnal Capharnaites, who could not, or would not, see behind the horizon of touch, taste or sight. Faith is the soul's main avenue to God. Just or unjust, we live by faith. Belief is the bedrock of all knowledge. What we call the evidence of our senses, and the plain truths of reason, merely denote belief; *i. e.,* faith in our God-given powers of soul and body; and which used aright, bring us to Him, "Who hath the words of eternal life." There is no conflict between faith and reason herein, beyond that between a naked eye and a telescopically aided eye, or between an unarmed man and another armed to the teeth. A mind guided by faith is like a soul helped by a sixth sense or a new mental attribute. Its range of vision is thereby enlarged and intensified.

III. Now, by faith, this new power of mental intuition, we believe, we know rather, that "The Master is present in the Tabernacle and calleth us." The Master is there in person. We are within as easy, nay, more easy reach of His sacred Humanity, than when He was on earth at Bethany; *e. g.,* when He asked to see Mary, and Martha uttered the words of my text. He is veiled, it is true, as was His Divinity then; but a veil both reveals and conceals what it covers. We are more favored even than they, for His humanity to-day is now clad with a sort of divine ubiquity, that reproduces His presence in every part of His kingdom. That presence, like the sun, lights up our planet daily. Just as our minds by the power of fancy wander instantaneously through the whole realm of space, from pole to pole, from the spot we live in to the remotest star, so does the eucharistic Presence reveal itself immediately, whenever a priest in holy Mass utters the words of Consecration. The divine power latent in those words empties

the symbols of their natural substance and fills them with Christ's own Flesh and Blood. The Master is present there, not merely for passing use, but permanently, as long as the species under which He conceals Himself remain. The tiny host you see glittering in the monstrance at Benediction, or trembling in the priest's fingers at holy Communion, is not a mere sign or picture or symbol; it is not a thing, not a relic, nor an heirloom, nor a memorial, but a person, Jesus Christ, body, soul and divinity. His words repeated by divine ordinance in the Mass are no mere empty sounds, but creative and effective of what He said and meant when He uttered them and left them to His Church, in order to perpetuate His real presence in her bosom till the end of time. The Master is in the Host as He was in the crib at Bethlehem, on the Cross at Calvary, "and inviteth thee." He glides mysteriously into the bread consecrated at Mass, in all the fulness of His risen Majesty, as He passed through the solid rock of Joseph's tomb, or the strong walls and barred doors of the room wherein He offered His sacred wounds to the probing fingers of doubting Thomas.

Man who cannot put life into a blade of grass, can yet by juggling with light and sound, make specters, mere pictures, move and act and speak, make them appear to sense, in short, as real living beings, though only living pictures. Could not God, whose word created all things, fill what appears to us sense impressions, with the reality of His own Flesh and Blood, by the Almighty power of His own divine words; and just as the sun and moon are repeatedly mirrored in sparkling waters all over the world, so does the Master appear at the sound of His own words in holy Mass,—not dead, nor lifeless, nor soulless, as in the tomb at Gethsemane; but alive and radiant as on the first Easter morn, inviting us to join Him in the breaking of bread."

Christ ever was, and ever is, "our Shepherd," to feed His flock, not merely with sound doctrine, as He does visibly and audibly through His vicar, the lineal successor of Peter, who was told to "feed His lambs and His sheep," but also, with His own sacred flesh and blood, moulded into the "Living bread which came down from heaven." "For my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed" (John vi, 56). It is not to share in a mere freak or fancy, or vain imagining of man, that you are invited to-day. No, the Master is present in that meal, and "calleth you," under the threat of spiritual death, to share in His own Body and Blood; "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you" (*Idem.* v, 54). Nor is this command an arbitrary one. He invites us because we need Him. He can do without us, not we without Him. As I said, the world to-day is suffering from two great evils. It has dug for itself two "cisterns that hold not water." It is leaving the worship of the one true God, and lies grovelling before two false ones. It adores the goddess of reason, and the goddess of the flesh. It burns incense to Minerva and Venus, or rather the latter, for when men are on pleasure bent, reason is made to play handmaid to the flesh,—the very incarnation of sensual pleasure. Man's advanced and rapidly advancing dominion over the earth, is often, alas, made subservient to carnal delights. Our Lord, in taking flesh and blood from a spotless virgin, in submitting reason to faith and thereby healing and guiding it, as well as in submitting the body to the great law of Christian purity, both in and out of Christian marriage, has given us a remedy for both these great evils. He has cleansed human life at its foundation head. The washing of our nature clean, begun in holy Baptism, is completed and carried on in the holy Eucharist; wherein He unites our flesh to His own. It is

called, and is, "the marriage feast of the Lamb,"—God bringing us back to Himself in holy Communion, thereby restoring us singly, body and soul.

It is to this feast, this sacred banquet, you are invited to-day. Your divine Master is at hand, ready in the Tabernacle; and calleth thee to partake of His flesh and blood, in faith and love, now, so that He may fit our souls and bodies, to see Him face to face hereafter. For "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up in the last day" (John vi, 55).

II. THE PREPARATION

"And he found there a man who had not on the wedding garment."—Matt. xxii, 11.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Common meal a pledge of mutual friendship and fellowship. Holy Eucharist a sacred banquet binding us to our Lord and to one another. To accept an invitation to a meal involves some form of preparation more or less elaborate. A lesson to be learned from priest washing his hands and putting on speckless robes ere personating Christ in banquet of the Mass.

I. All invited to this "great supper" in holy Communion; and, therefore, means provided for securing the needful wedding robe of grace. Difference between worthy and unworthy guests; strictly speaking, none worthy, but all bound to be not unworthy. Saints and sinners need preparation. Two classes here to-day, those consciously unworthy by deadly sin, the tepid or even fervent called upon to be fervent and still more fervent.

II. Eucharist sacramental food for living, not for dead. Sinners, then, the lepers of the Church, must plunge into the healing waters of the new pool of Siloe, the Jordan stream of the Sacrament of Penance, reviving and fertilizing the Church of God. "Go show yourselves to the priests" to get back robe dyed in blood of lamb. Need of sincere confessions, hollowness of excuses from this duty.

III. Even those not in absolute need of confession must prepare. All need greater fervor. How the great time-spirit, called in the Gospel the world, hinders fervent, and, therefore, "frequent and daily communion," the ideal aimed at by the Church.

Conclusion.—Exhort both classes, saints and sinners, to the form of preparation they respectively need.

To invite a person to eat at the same table has been ever deemed a pledge of love and good fellowship. In the unchanging East, no bond is held more sacred than that of a common meal. The early Christians had their love feasts and were said to be united together in prayer and in the "breaking of bread."

Hence, our Lord instituted the great central rite of worship in holy Mass, under the form of a sacred meal, in which we are all invited to share; and thereby cement our union with Him, and with each other. "For we being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of one bread" (I. Cor. x, 17). But to accept one's hospitality, implies getting ready. To dress, or otherwise prepare for a meal is not merely a social custom but the type and symbol of a higher duty. To sit down at a public banquet with unwashed face and hands, or in soiled clothes, would be an insult to host and guest alike. The poorest, self-respecting son of toil will "wash and be clean," after a hard day's work, before sitting down with wife and child to their humble family meal.

Now, so should it be at the joint family banquet of holy Mass, in our Father's house, the Church of God. Hence, the priest, before going to the altar, the sacrificial table of the Lord, washes his hands and puts on speckless robes, called vestments, at once a symbol and a telling reminder, to him and to us all, to prepare carefully for holy Communion, by securing the "wedding garment" of divine grace. And this leads me to my main purpose to-day, *viz.*, to point out how that preparation is to be made.

I. As you have heard in my last message, the great King of heaven and earth gets ready every day a great supper and "invites many," not merely "the poor and the blind and the lame from the streets and lanes of the city of God," but the very lepers cast outside its walls. All are invited, nay, compelled by law, to enter and sit down at the same table, with "the sons of princes," to share in the bread of angels. No elaborate ceremonial nor costly raiment is required; but "one thing is necessary," the wedding garment of grace, to appear without which were a deadly insult to our Lord the King, and our fellow guests; for who, if aware of it, would sit

down at table with a corpse. This garb of grace, in the possessing of divine life, is within reach of the lowest outcast in the kingdom. On the very way to the Lord's table, there is a fountain open to all, wherein, "were our souls as red as scarlet, they shall be made whiter than snow." We may all, therefore, come outwardly as we are, but inwardly, at least, clean with our robes washed in "the blood of the lamb."

The difference, consequently, between a worthy and unworthy communicant, *i. e.,* our readiness or unreadiness, lies in the possession of baptismal grace, kept by innocence or regained by penance, if lost through conscious deadly sin. In olden times, babes just christened were admitted to Communion, because "robed in grace," whereas, impenitent adults were excluded, because "clad in iniquity." Not that any creature, even a radiant angel or the spotless Mother of God herself, is altogether worthy of Communion; but God in His mercy bends to our limited capacity for so sublime an act. He grants this gift on terms that are easy and within the reach of all. It is said of the manna, in Scripture, that God gave the Israelites "Bread from heaven and man did eat angel's food," but what would be said of the new manna, wherein God's people eat His "flesh, that is meat indeed, and His blood that is drink indeed" (John vi, 56).

To make us worthy of this food, He raises us by grace to be children of God, and thus sit down at table with Himself. Surely, it is not meet to "Take the children's food and cast it to the dogs." Now, unworthy communicants do worse, inasmuch as they cast the Bread of Life, not to living dogs, that are, after all, innocent and irresponsible creatures of God; but they throw it to devils, human beings spiritually dead in sin.

In the words of St. Paul, therefore, "Let a man," before Com-

munion, "prove himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of the chalice, for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not descerning the body of the Lord" (I. Cor. xi, 29).

Thus Communion is given to just and unjust alike, and my message to-day is to exhort both classes of you "To prepare the way of the Lord." If already robed in grace, if just and holy, be holier still, for nobody can be too well-prepared for the Lord's table. There are degrees in charity, however, from the dazzling luster of communicating saints to the dull, barely discernible whiteness of the tepid.

But I appeal, first of all, to the consciously unworthy, to those who, howsoever fair they may appear to men, yet know full well they are not fit receptacles for the Lord of life, "whited tombs" at best, "filled with dead men's bones and all uncleanness." Your presence, however, to-day, if in this unhappy state, is happily a sign that you mean to receive holy Communion at the coming feast. If so, the one essential and indispensable preparation is to "Wash and be clean" in the Sacrament of Penance.

II. Hard by the altar or Lord's table you find a fountain of clean water—the new pool of Siloe—the Jordan stream of the new Israel in the confessional, to which all spiritual lepers are sent "to show themselves to the priests" ere being judicially declared healed. We must, if guilt-stained, plunge into the waters of penance before being fit to "go in," or "bring our gift to the altar of God." "The Master who calleth thee to holy Communion also saith to you, "go show yourselves to the priests." The Eucharist is a Sacrament of the living, not of the dead. Christ never meant to give His sacred Body and Blood, kneaded into the Bread of Life, to the dead but to the living. "The Bread of Angels," like every other

form of food, is to be taken, elaborated and worked up, not into a lifeless, but a living organism. A good confession, therefore, restoring sacramental life to souls dead in sin, is the appointed means of robing and decking our souls, to fit them to appear at the banquet of the great King; and screen them from the fate of those who, failing to "discern the body of the Lord," "eat and drink damnation to themselves"; or of the presumptuous guest, who being found "without the wedding garment," was "cast into outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Be not then of those, who shrink from the avowal of their sins as an ordeal and a torment. The confessional is not to be feared, but valued; for it is the propitiatory or mercy-seat of the new law, adjoining the new Tabernacle of God with men, wherein He embraces His prodigal children, tears off the rags and tatters of the swineherd, cleanses their sores and casts over them the white garment of grace, that they may sit down in peace and love with their dutiful brethren at their Father's table.

Why should we sinners shrink in dread from this element of preparation for Communion? "It is the Master," who never spoke harshly nor repulsed the penitent sinner, "Who calleth thee," in order to send thee back healed, cleansed, consoled and forgiven. Why fear to pour into the kindly ear and heart of a father the sad tale of sin and sorrow that stings and burns till revealed to some sympathetic fellow creature? "Go show yourselves to the priests" is not such a hard burden for ridding oneself of sin. Nay, immeasurably easier than that required for healing the body.

Human justice probes even one sin down to its minutest details in the cold searchlight of an open court and lets it be trumpeted in the press all over the world; nor does it ever forgive

or forget, but brands and punishes for life. Crimes, however, may be told in the court of conscience that would outshame a Judas or a Herod; but they are buried in the heart of a father, whose sole reproof to those deemed sincerely repentant is, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee." If truly sorry, they receive, thereby, the "robe dyed white again in the blood of the lamb," that justifies them in sitting down at the King's banquet and feasting with the angels of earth.

Just to think that there are souls, timid to men, daring to God, who will face the risks of a sacrilegious Communion rather than disclose their carnal frailties to picked men who know more about the diseases of the soul than doctors about those of the body; and whose lips are forever sealed to secrecy, by the most sacred and solemn pledge that can bind the human conscience. Go rather, at the Master's bidding, to wash in Jordan's cleansing stream, so as to be in a fit state to "receive Him under your roof."

If one's clothes catch fire, who would hesitate to plunge into any saving waters that may be at hand; and yet there are those who hold back from the streams that put out the fires of hell and prepare the soul for eternal life.

To roll off a crushing weight of debt, that we feel hopelessly irredeemable, who would not submit to a fair open statement of accounts, if promised freedom and release. And yet no more is asked of us than this in Confession, to escape the eternal prisons, whence none shall go forth, "till he pays the last farthing."

No one, be he or she as timid as a fawn, shrinks from disclosing to surgeon or doctor the hidden seat and causes of a torturing malady, in the hope of securing relief. Shall we be less courageous in submitting the maladies of the soul to those skilled in healing

them, and thus free the conscience from what may gnaw and burn and wound for life; and secure that heavenly medicine, that divine food, which "He that eateth shall not see death forever."

Just think what it means for a dead man to be restored to life, a criminal to be reprieved, an idle profligate, who has wasted his life and means in dissipation and gambling, to be restored to health, wealth and good name; a leper to be cleansed; an insolvent debtor to be freed; and remember, that, spiritually speaking, the sinner gains all this and more by a good confession—the necessary preparation, in his case, for worthily approaching the banquet of the Eucharist. Let each one then, who by deadly sin feels unfit for this privilege, thus, "try himself and so let him eat" and duly "discern the body of the Lord."

III. But not all, indeed I hope few, need Confession as an indispensable preparation for Communion. Most of you, if not all, live habitually in the fear and grace of God; and fly from deadly sin, "as from the face of a serpent." And yet, you too, must get ready and keep ready for "frequent and even daily Communion." You may have life; but you need it "more abundantly." Your vitality is perhaps low. You are lacking in the warmth and glow and vigor of divine life. You have not the love, the deep personal love, that is at once both the soul and symptom of this life; and which should characterize those who draw near to Christ, in the ineffable union of the Eucharist. I speak now of the habitual and remote state of readiness, rather than the actual or present preparation immediately preceding the act of Communion. Fervor should mark both. The lack of preparation in the just is mostly due to tepidity, laxity, wordliness in fact, in the service of God. This is the cause not only of so many imperfect Communions, but of so much neglect of the holy table altogether. "You will not come to

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me," says our Lord reproachfully, "that you may have life" (John v, 40).

To enjoy, or even benefit by food, the mere presence of life is not enough. There must be also health and appetite. But it were endangering this very remnant of life, to allege one's weakness and loss of desire as a plea in justification for refusing to eat. We do not escape death by cutting off our food; nor get warm by keeping away from the sources of heat. What we need is more frequent Communion; and better preparation by expelling the spirit of the world—the time spirit of the day; and cultivating the spirit of Christ. An unworldly spirit, a Christian attitude towards life, is, broadly speaking, the best habitual preparation we can bring to the holy table; and yet Communion itself, regular and frequent, is the only standard remedy against this soul-wasting, grace-destroying spirit of the world.

Though not catalogued in any table of deadly sins, nor often even mentioned in the confession of the just at all, yet worldliness is the soil in which all sins grow. It is in the realm of conduct what modernism is in doctrine, "a synthesis of all evils." It is a deadly foe to the supernatural; and ever in opposition to the ideals of Christ, upheld by the Church. Living in the world, therefore, we must not be of it, but keep close to the Master and answer His calls.

It is worthy of note, that in the parable of the great supper, the guests who declined the invitation were not, as we should say nowadays, deadly sinners, who needed Confession; but worldly people, who thought more, and no doubt eventually made more of this world than the next. They were men who put the calls on their time, from their farms and their oxen, and their wives, before the invitation to the King's banquet. Many would see no great harm in all this. But our Lord expects in His communicants more than

cold morality or mere ethical righteousness. He looks for, and craves, strong, warm, personal love. Where, if not in holy Communion, can He say with truth, "I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be enkindled" (Luke xii, 49). A typical hard saying of His follows close on the rejection of His guests, whose worldliness kept them from the great banquet, "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children, . . . yea and his own life, also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 26). Our Lord thus puts down as a sin, when carried to excess, what is, up to a certain point, a plain unmistakable duty. "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." Whatever is an obstacle to Communion with God and duty to Him is a form of idolatry. "Thou shalt have no other gods but Me." To love even God's representatives, any creature in fact, father, mother, wife or child, more than God, is a breach of the first Commandment. Herein lies the sin and danger of worldliness, it enthrones false gods in the heart. To get rich or have riches is no sin; but to worship gold is to adore Mammon. To seek honors, wisdom, place, power, may not be a sin; but it is a form of worldliness that may lead to banishing God from the soul for the sake of the creature. The frame of mind, the attitude of the soul that worldiness leads to, gives us a repugnance, and keeps us unready, ever unprepared for holy Communion. Which reigns in our hearts, Christ or the world? If Christ, if He is our supreme Lord and model, then we are always ready to receive Him into our house. We are of "His own," with whom He loves to be. If not, if the world or its spirit fills our hearts exclusively, then He finds a cold and lifeless reception at best. We must then prepare better, cultivate His spirit, keep out the cold worldly blasts that chill the warmth of divine love in the heart.

We are all preparing to receive Him in holy Communion, at this great feast, saints and sinners, just and unjust, all are invited. If entangled in sin, we must prepare for this banquet by a good, humble confession, if just, if consciously free from grievous sin, yet we too, must get ready, by removing from the heart all that would hinder the effects of holy Communion, above all banish the spirit of the world and clothe ourselves in that of Christ,—"our way and our life."

III. THE GIFT OF GOD

"If thou didst know the gift of God."—John iv, 10.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Incident of our Lord meeting the Samaritan woman at the well. What He meant by "Gift of God" and "Water of life." Everything we call ours the gift of God. Our Lord gladly received what is His own from hand and heart of His creatures.

I. God's gifts in nature: how subtle, complex, beautiful and wonderful they are. The wells of creation never run dry. But these waters of life, these natural gifts, never fill and much less sate the tiny heart of man: "He who drinks of these waters shall thirst again." The lower animals contented therewith; but not their lord and master, man. Why? Because made for higher things God alone can fill the heart. He gives Himself to us under veils of Eucharist, pledge of eternal life and perfect bliss.

II. "The gift of God" in the Host appears a tiny wafer, yet it encircles and enshrines God-made-man for us. The whole circle of created things fails to quench the thirst of the soul as does the reception of that sacred particle; it floods the soul with heavenly peace and joy—germ of bliss to come. On earth, food the basis and promise, in children, of their growth in bodily and mental vigor. It builds up the citizens of this world: Such is the eucharistic "gift of God" in His kingdom, the Church.

III. What this gift is to us. Our companion, our friend, our food even. Here our Lord comes to us in the Host; noiselessly, unostentatious. Gives Himself unstintedly in all His fulness.

Conclusion.—Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi. Resolve: (a) To accept the gift of God. (b) Seek peace and happiness therein.

Introduction.—Your presence here to-day is a proof that you have accepted the invitation, and if not prepared, are preparing for the supper of the great King, solemnized with unusual splendor, at the coming feast. Therein you will receive the highest gift in God's treasury.

It seemed, no doubt, a mere accident in our Lord's life, that He sat one day by Jacob's well, tired, hungry and thirsty; and craved the poor creature, who came from the adjoining town, to draw water, to give Him a drink; but His words, as He quaffed the refreshing draught she offered, are immortal. "If thou didst know the gift of God, and who he is, who saith to thee, give me to drink,

thou wouldst have asked of Him, and he would have given thee living water." "Whosoever shall drink of this water, shall thirst again; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him, shall not thirst forever." "It will become in him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting" (John iv, 10-14).

What is this, "gift of God," this main source of living water, or grace, but Christ Himself, bestowed on us in all His fulness, in the eucharistic banquet, which we meet here to honor; and later on, I trust, to share?

Our Lord was grateful to His own poor sinful creature, for the refreshing water that quenched His thirst, as He sat wearily by the well. Though the gift was His own, and angels would have gladly served it to Him; yet He wished to have it from a human heart and hand, just as to-day, He thirsts for our poor sinful hearts, His own gift at their best, and offers us in return, "The gift of God," His own human self, body, soul and divinity, under the form of food and drink, to be in our souls a "Fountain of living water, springing up into life everlasting."

I. At life's banquet, the earth is a table, laden with the good things of God. Nature is a deep well, which men can never fathom, explore or exhaust. We are always drawing on the gifts of God, around us, in sea, sky and land; yet they ever "increase and multiply a hundredfold." "He openeth His hand and filleth with plenty every living creature." His gifts too, like the rain, fall on the just and unjust alike. Every particle of matter, every atom of force, to the learned and the devout, is a storehouse of God's gifts,—a deep pool that mirrors the Creator's wealth and bounty. Each fresh step in the march of progress does but reveal hidden unperceived gifts of God to the sons of men. What a vision lies open, even in this tiny earth of ours, to the mind of an angel;

what a picture of glory lay spread before the all-piercing, all-knowing eyes of the God-man, as by divine permission, the tempter unrolled to view, "the kingdom of this world and the glory thereof." What we rightly call the soul's three great enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil, are in their natural beauty, grandeur, attractiveness and power, God's gifts, marred and misdirected by free will,—itself a divine gift.

But, "Whosoever drinketh of their waters," be it ever so long and deep, "shall thirst again." They cannot permanently slake the thirst, or remove the weariness of the human heart. They are the gifts of God, it is true, but they are not, *"The gift of God,"* they are not God Himself. They are but shadows and fleeting pictures of the Eternal beauty and reality that can alone fill the heart of man. Even in the boastful, God-forgetting, pleasure-seeking, material age we live in, it is a truism that all God's temporal gifts are but "vanity and affliction of spirit." The grim spectre of death, ever haunting the banquet of life, would of itself alone make man, apparently the most highly favored and richly gifted guest at the table, the most unhappy and discontented of them all. They who have had, or have, more of God's created gifts, in the way of health, wealth, wisdom, power and love, own themselves, without God, no better nor happier than their less favored brethren. And yet God, who made man's tiny heart so vast in its desires, must have meant to fill it. There can be no power of soul or body without its adequate, and, therefore, attainable object. Is there, then, any gift of God here below that can sate the hunger and quench the thirst of the one creature He made to His own image and likeness? Other creatures bask and are merry, in the ocean of God's gifts; they eat, drink and carry on their race; and are happy; but not so, he, to whom dominion over them all has been given. It is he that

drinks deepest of the waters of life, and yet ever, "thirsts again." Brethren, we meet here to honor a gift, nay, *"the gift"* of God, which alone can sate man's hunger and thirst for good things. If it does not produce perfect happiness and divine contentment in this world, it is at least, the "Fountain of water springing up into life everlasting," where his heart will be sated to the full. This gift of God is the Eucharist, the sole food of soul and body, that gives us a pledge, an assurance of the final peace, rest and bliss, awaiting just souls in the seen and felt possession of God in the Beatific Vision,—the last manifestation and gift of the Creator to the creature. For God shows and gives Himself to us, first of all, in the gifts of nature or creation, next, in the Incarnation, as a fellow man, thirdly, under the veils of the Eucharist; and lastly, in heaven.

II. We deal here, with "the gift of God," in the Eucharist, the choicest food offered us in the banquet of life,—the new Manna, the new tree of life, that guarantees immortality to the worthy, in the full sense of the term. It is, therefore, a gift of God, that the united tongues of angels and men are powerless, adequately, to praise and extol. And why? Because this gift, though looking like a tiny wafer, is yet bread, "come down from Heaven," enshrining and enshrouding Christ, our God, in all the fulness of His being, human and divine,—body, soul and divinity. The Host, therefore, though small in appearance, like the human heart, whose hunger and thirst it alone can sate, is, in a sense, infinite. God's revelation of Himself and vast gifts in nature, from the shining orbs in the sky, to the tiny flower by the wayside, never flood the souls of men with the same light, peace, rest and love as what is imparted by a single Communion, or even by a visit to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. And why? Because in the former, God makes us a gift

of creatures like ourselves; in the Blessed Sacrament, He gives us Himself; "Behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world." "He that eateth me the same also liveth by me." These daring words describe "the gift of God"; and they are not my words but God's very own.

It is truly said that in the very food and drink of babes and children lie the future strength, the powers and capacities, all the possibilities of mind, heart and affection, of the full grown man and woman, the citizens, in short, that build up the kingdom of this world. So in the kingdom of God. In the gift of divine food, His own Body and Blood, lies the germ that forms the citizens of the city of God, both here and hereafter. For the gift of God in the Eucharist, is food and drink to the soul, sustaining, increasing, strengthening all its mighty powers and capacities. It is the fuel, in short, of the divine life within us. Christ thus becomes to us singly, "the life of our lives," incorporated with our composite nature, not merely as soul to soul; but as body to body. He lays His sacred Person upon ours, as Elias stretched himself over the widow of Sarepta's dead son, till the boy was restored to life. Christ joins Himself to each of us, not by a spectral, abstract or invisible medium; but under the visible concrete form of that element, through which we grow and keep alive, in body and mind, viz., food and drink.

Deem not this manifestation of God as gross, carnal, material, or unworthy of Him, who "dwells in light inaccessible," and whom, "no man hath seen at any time." Are not all visible and created things a revelation of the divine, its footprints, and its vesture? May not God choose the gift of food as the vehicle of Communion with Himself, as well as thought, impulse or dreams? He shows Himself to-day, in the starry firmament, as He did of old in humbler

form in the burning bush, in the pillar of fire, in the Man Jesus; and why not in His lowly creatures, bread and wine, so as to make them ready sacramental or mystic channels of union with men, His stewards and representatives on earth? All creatures are divine gifts to man; but this is "The gift of God" to him.

He did not mean the body and blood He assumed in the Incarnation, to leave the earth at the Ascension; but in His wisdom and power found a method of perpetuating its renewal, like leaves and fruit on the trees, thus on to the end of time, under the form of bread and wine. It is the new tree of life, ever decked with leaf and flower, and delicious fruit, that all may pluck and thus "Taste and feel how sweet the Lord is."

III. God "emptying Himself and assuming the form of a servant" would not leave us orphans. He would be a beloved and inseparable companion to each one of us, a fellow-man, a being of flesh and blood like ourselves. The form under which He appears matters little, as long as the reality is present. Similarity makes us friends. God, no doubt, is our beloved Father, friend, and inseparable companion; but our instinct in the presence of the Deity, is to "fall down and adore in fear and trembling"; but in the Host, we see Him in the meekest and lowliest form under which God-man can appear, and one under which all can approach Him in love, confidence, nay, familiarity. Raised aloft on His altar throne at Exposition, or resting in the darkness and stillness of His lowly tabernacle, He extends a brotherly welcome to all who, weary of the world, "seek the things that are above," and, "So their peace." "Come to me all ye who are weary and distressed and I will refresh you." When He uttered this welcome, He was located in one spot, far away from the great busy centers of life. How few, then, as now, could go to Bethlehem or Nazareth or Jerusalem; but, "The

gift of God" in the Eucharist is now well nigh ubiquitous. "In every place there is a sacrifice from the rising to the setting sun," bringing Jesus in person, into our midst, to flood our souls with joy, peace, hope and consolation.

But the altar, the pyx, and the tabernacle are but stepping stones to the human breasts. He would feed His flock not merely with sound doctrine, as He does visibly and orally through Peter at Rome, but literally and truly, with His own Body and Blood. He is thus nearer to us than friend or companion. He becomes to us, in the ineffable nearness of holy Communion, what the vine stem is to its branches, what food and drink are to our bodies. "The gift of God" thus realizes the wildest dreams of all religions,—even Pantheism, in welding us, not merely into a moral or spiritual, but a physical or bodily union with our Creator and our God. He, whom "no man hath seen at any time," becomes, in a manner, visible and tangible in the Host. Did men but know, "the gift of God," they would crave "frequently and daily" to drink of the living waters of grace stored up in the eucharistic fountains.

"The Kingdom of God comes not with observation." No more does the gift of God, its main treasure. Calmly, noiselessly, as the light, gilding the mountain peaks, and flooding the plains; the divine Presence comes into the gifts of bread and wine, laid on all altars throughout the world, making Jesus live again on earth, as our victim and our food. Just as at the utterance of the acceptance of the divine message on the part of God's earthly minister in the Incarnation, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," so in the Mass, at the divine words of Consecration, uttered officially and representatively by the priest, the elements lose their essential being, and the bread, over which they are pronounced, ceases to be such and is turned into the Body of the Lord.

And this gift becomes ours not merely for use in Consecration and Communion. The Real Presence is no mere divine flash of lightning, no passing fire consuming the elements and dying out; but abides in those elements till they perish, or find their last resting place in some human breast.

The gifts of God are, "without repentance." He lavishes His favors without stint or grudge. What He gives with one hand He does not take away with another.

When He comes, it is in all the unmeasured fulness of grace, limited only by the actual state and capacity of the receiver; the gifts of God fills every hungry soul; sates every thirsting heart. A single Communion,—one draught of this water of life, rightly imbibed, would make a saint; and become in the soul a "fountain of water springing up into life everlasting." And just to think, that this gift is within the reach of all, nay, that God bestows it, like the rain and the sunshine, on friend and foe, saints and sinners alike. In both cases, the effect may be marred, hindered or turned to evil, but the gift stands ready for all.

Conclusion.—"Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi." What return shall we, or can we make for the gift of God? In view both of the gift and the Giver, nothing is left to us but to accept and be grateful.

Our first duty, and one solemnly impressed on us in the feast of Corpus Christi, the annual memorial of its bestowal, is not to refuse but gladly accept this gift of God. To reject sullenly and silently a proffered gift, is a slight and an insult to a warm-hearted and unselfish friend. It is, "the gift" God presses on us for our own saving enrichment. The created gifts,—the waters of this life,—may ruin and hurt, not this which builds us up for eternal life, wherein alone our hearts can find rest and satisfaction. We have

nothing to offer Him in return, but this very glad and ready acceptance.

God has planted in our hearts an undying thirst for happiness. It is a law of our being. We seek and crave for it, even in our wildest excesses. But alas, the illusions and disenchantments and disillusions do not teach men. Daily, they dig "fountains that hold not water," neglecting that which runs by their very door-steps,—God, the supreme good, bestowed in holy Communion, Seek then, ask for this water of life. None other can quench our thirst for true peace and happiness. The fullest, truest, happiest lives are those upheld and perfected by frequent, nay daily, recourse to the wells of grace, from which our Lord in person serves us the water which "He that drinketh shall not thirst for ever" (John iv, 13).

WHY DO CATHOLICS BUILD SCHOOLS?

ADDRESS AT CORNER STONE LAYING DELIVERED BY

THE REV. WM. J. GARRIGAN, D.D.,

My first word on this occasion, dear people, must surely be one of congratulation. Congratulation to your good pastor who, by energetic, conscientious, yet unostentatious labor, is providing for you that which you must long have felt to be a great want in this parish. Congratulation also to you, dear people, who at the cost, I am sure, of many a sacrifice are making it possible for him to supply this want in so grand a style.

And, dear people, when we look at this magnificent school growing up about us and consider the expense, the great self-sacrificing generosity, both of priest and people, it requires to build it and the greater expense and sacrifice it will require to support it, we are naturally tempted to ask why? The State provides an education for our children. The public school is the boast of our nation. We are made to support it. Why, then, are we thus doubly burdened to secure for our children that which is already provided by the State? I simply answer, the preservation of our holy faith demands it. The greatest blessing that has come to us from our forefathers is our holy faith, endeared a thousandflod by the tribulations and sorrows endured in its transmission. Our most sacred obligation to them who are to come is to hand down to them the same holy faith untainted, unimpaired. To do this one of the most potent, aye, necessary means is the Catholic school, in which is imparted Christian education.

This question of religious education, dear friends, is one of vast importance. Indeed, I do not know any question that can so deeply interest a people who prize their holy faith above every temporal interest as that which regards the education of their children according to the principles of that holy faith. There is an adage as true as it is old—"The child is father of the man." "The children of to-day are the men of to-morrow," as others put it. Whatever affects the child, affects the future man. Whatever influences are brought to bear upon the child produce their fruit for good or for evil in the grown man. The child's heart, so guileless, so innocent, so sincere, receives in its early education impressions. As childhood develops into youth these impressions ripen into opinion. As youth matures into manhood these opinions become principles and stamp the character of the man. If a man is to have a good, strong moral character, these impressions must be good, these opinions must be good—in a word, he must have the foundation of a good, moral, Christian education.

Education, you know, means the drawing forth, the developing of the powers and faculties of man. To educate a man means to cultivate, train, direct the powers that God has given him.

But there is education and education. The education which the Church proposes to her children is this education of the whole man, an education that takes into account not only man's body, but his soul; not only the present, but the future; not only his temporal end, but his eternal destiny. She claims as insufficient, even pernicious, that education which ignores religion, consequently stifling the noblest aspirations of the human heart and blinding the human intellect to those eternal interests that give to man his real dignity and to human life its meaning.

The Church proclaims by the voice of infallible authority that

education which is not grounded on religion, not intermingled with religion, directed by religion, is not for the children. She insists that the education of Catholic children must be Catholic.

All this is founded on the basic idea of education. For what is education but a preparation for life? And what is life? The answer to this question marks the parting of the ways in systems of education. The Church tells us that life is not a mere passing chance for material happiness and sensual pleasure. No: man has a soul. She claims, too, that the end and aim in life is not mere prosperity and what the world calls success. She goes even further and tells us that the ideal in life is not intellectual culture; there is something higher, something nobler still—that life is a preparation for eternity: this and nothing more. And on this principle she bases her system of education—on the fact that the child to be educated has not only a social end, but an individual end that is eternal. And she is solicitous that his education for his social end, his temporal interests, shall not interfere with his training for his eternal ends. She demands that in his education for his social end he may not lose, nay, even risk, his eternal salvation. She maintains that intellectual culture and eternal salvation are not antagonistic; rather, they are mutually helpful, and education to be true education must aim at both.

This, then, is the Church's position in regard to education. She claims that education must take in every element of intellectual and spiritual well-being. Education must affect the whole soul of man, and every capacity of that soul. Education must develop and train every faculty, every power that is in that soul. Education must aim at the training of the heart, of the affections and of the will, hand in hand with the training of the intellect. She claims—and her claim rests upon the experience of ages—that a man's

moral life, his moral character, is determined, not by the education of the intellect, but by the training of the heart and of the will. Train a man's intellect as you will; pour into it the knowledge of the sciences and the arts; teach it nature's secrets and nature's mysteries; you will not thereby make him honest, make him pure, make him God-fearing. Because a man can read well and write, because he is brilliant, because he is an intellectual giant, is no guarantee that he will make a good husband, a faithful, loving father, an honest man. Oh, no! Dear friends, the slums of every large city are filled with intellectual lights, geniuses, men whose powers, were they turned into proper channels, could sway the thoughts of the age, but who from lack of moral training are simply "crooks."

I repeat it, dear friends—and it is the foundation principle of the Church's position—that the education which is to fit a man for his double end—his temporal end and eternal destiny—the education which is to train a man as he should be trained, to be noble, pure, honest and faithful; the education which is to bring out in man, and develop, the image of God that is stamped on his soul, is none other than the education where the training of the heart and effections goes hand in hand with the training of the intellect—Christian education.

This, then, is the theory of Christian education; and, dear friends, if we but look into a Catholic school we can see how beautifully, aye, and with what fruit this theory is put into practice. Go into the first room. There you will see little "tots," innocence that makes you think of angels beaming from their bright childish eyes. Upon those little souls reason has hardly dawned. The seal of their baptismal innocence is yet unbroken. Sin is a word that conveys to them no idea; passion is still a mystery. The

sisters, those holy women who have given up all, even their names, for God and God's work, take those little children, and with their first lesson in the letters teach them their prayers, instil into their young minds the thoughts of heaven. They place before them an image of the Infant Jesus. They tell them the story that even to grown man is so touching—how Jesus was born a poor little infant. They relate for them those scenes in Jesus' life that show His great love for little children, and so, before the allurements of the world have dawned upon these little minds they are already captivated with the beauty of heaven.

Go a few rooms further, you will find children nine or ten years old. Already intelligence and reason have developed in their young minds. Here, with their lessons in spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic, they are being prepared for Confession and First Communion. They are taught the beauty of God's service, the heinousness of sin, their responsibility to God and their own conscience for every thought, word and deed. From beginning to end, grade by grade, with every lesson of human knowledge and human science (and those lessons are taught well) there is given them a corresponding lesson in the knowledge of things divine. And so, while they are being fitted for their arduous part in life's battle they are being fitted, too, for the accomplishment of their eternal destiny. This is Christian education in practice.

Now, dear people, from what has been said you will readily perceive that there is a difference, a distinction, a great distinction, between Christian education and secular education, between the education given in our Catholic schools and that given in the public or secular schools. And this distinction has its source at the first principle of both systems The secular school knows but the temporal end of the child it has to instruct and

aims its every lesson at that end. The Catholic school in its education of the child adds to its temporal end its eternal destiny and teaches it accordingly.

The Church, be it well remembered, fosters secular learning. She has never abdicated from her title of mother and mistress of learning. Her schools teach and teach well, as well as any schools can teach, all subjects of human knowledge; but for her religion is the corner-stone of the whole structure. She maintains this fact in spite of all—that the human soul has been created to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever, and that from the first moment of its existence the soul must be formed and trained to live worthy of such a destiny. In order to do this the soul must be instructed in the science of divine wisdom. She is most anxious that her children should be foremost in every branch of secular learning, but she insists that a knowledge of religion, of things divine and of the commands of God, is of far more importance than human learning and worldly success, and that in her schools lessons in religion must underlie, permeate and direct every other lesson.

Such is the Church's position in education, but such is not the world's principle nor the world's line of action. Success, wealth, fame, charm of style or manner, expert skill in scientific research, worldly progress and prosperity, and things that to those are akin, the secular school offers to your children. These things, in truth, are not bad in themselves. We, too, desire them for our children; they can be made to redound to God's glory. The evil of the system is in its defect. These things must not be placed before the child as its only end and aim in life. They must not be put in the place of God.

Now, dear people, in this comparison it is not my intention to cast obliquy or slur at our public schools. We Catholics simply

contend that the public school system is deficient, inasmuch as any system of education that ignores man's relations towards God is not the sort of education that will produce the best types of manhood or womanhood. We insist that a union of mental and moral, intellectual and religious training is absolutely necessary for the well-being of society. Nor do we stand alone in this contention. The importance of establishing such a union is becoming more and more apparent to thoughtful men of every denomination. These men, the leaders of modern thought, sorrowed in heart at the sad sight of our children stretching forth their hands for the bread of education, and receiving but a stone of fad and fancy from our modern secular schools, are fast returning to the principles laid down by the Church, demanding moral training in every system of education, and asserting, as we assert, that moral training cannot be given effectively and fruitfully except by religion.

But though this be true, though all who read the signs of the times see the good, admire the beauty, acknowledge the necessity of religious training going hand in hand with secular education, though the work our schools have done and are doing has forced an unwilling approval even from their opponents, yet the Catholic school has enemies many and bitter, enemies without the fold and enemies within. What further proof need we of the enmity without the fold than the hue and cry raised these present days in regard to the university scholarships given to the city in return for taxpayers' property? As if, forsooth, we were not citizens; as if we paid no taxes; as if we had no rights. As if, forsooth, because we choose to educate our children according to the dictates of our conscience we thereby give up our title to the rights and privileges of citizenship. These people claim, in the words of a wealthy and prominent American lady, who has some pretentions to

literary fame, that the Catholic school is a grave menace to our country. They tell us that in keeping our children aloof and educating them on other methods than those used in our public schools we are placing them at a disadvantage. They lack, it is said, the true American spirit; patriotism is neglected. The patriotism and real American spirit in its best form that has always been shown in the lives of our Catholic citizens is sufficient answer to this charge. But I might add that patriotism is not a lesson to be learned by rote, neither can it be confined within the covers of a book. It is within the breast. It may, 'tis true, be fanned to brighter glow by the rehearsal of the story of our independence or the lives of America's great men, their deeds, their bravery. their greatness, but these things must find the fire of patriotism already kindled by a real love of country. And to say that a real love of country, nourished and fostered by a sympathetic history of our country's struggles and by a proud rehearsal of our country's triumphs, is not engendered in our Catholic schools is saying what is absolutely and maliciously false.

But this opposition from without the fold is rather helpful to Catholic schools than otherwise, causing people to investigate them and learn of their intrinsic merits. It is the carping and complaining of Catholics that do the real harm. There are, you know, dear people, Catholics so imbued with the subtle influence of this modern world—so entirely caught up in the whirlwind of the noxious godless spirit—as to crave worldly success rather than spiritual blessing for their children. They disdain and despise the schools that base their teaching on God's truth and God's law. Their children, forsooth, with common school education will be "better bred" and "higher toned." To these Catholic people, to these Catholic parents especially, I say: Your children have a

sacred, inalienable right to Christian education, and you have just as sacred an obligation to give it them. Knowing, as we know, the utility, aye, the necessity of Catholic schools for the proper training of our children, it is inconceivable how conscientious parents, who are supposed to have the good of their children at heart, can suffer them to be trained in practical contempt of the religion which is to be the consolation of their lives. It is inconceivable how they can allow children to be placed in a school where the name of God shall scarcely be heard; where during the lifelong day no sight nor sound may bring to the mind of the children even a passing thought of the religion that is the glory of the Catholic home; where they should never see the sacred symbol of man's redemption on the walls of the schoolroom; never during the school hours make the sign of the Cross; never hear the sweet name of Mary; never hear anything of preparation for the Sacraments; never, in short, hear, or see, or do any of those things that make the light and life and liberty of the Catholic Church.

Yes, dear people, I repeat it—our children have a right to Christian education, and we are bound, and bound in conscience, to respect that right.

And this is the answer to our question why we burden ourselves, why, at sacrifices we can ill afford, we educate our own children. Christian education! 'Tis worth every sacrifice we make for it, and the fruits, a thousandfold, that flow from it now and shall continue to flow from it, will prove to future generations that they were sacrifices well spent.

SERMONS ON FREQUENT COMMUNION

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM

No. 1.—"The Invitation"

"A certain man made a great supper and invited many."—Luke xiv, 16.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—(a) God sends in abundance the "Daily bread" we all pray for; but men, through greed, idleness or ignorance, hinder its fair distribution.

(b) So with "the bread of life," abundant and open to all. Men's own fault if they perish with hunger. "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

(c) All INVITED *to banquet. Too many send in an excuse. Let us consider the* INVITATION *to frequent Communion. We are urgently invited hereto:—*

I. By our Lord.
II. By the Church.
III. By our own needs.

I. What is meant by frequent Communion. Though not EXPRESSLY, *yet implicitly, our Lord invites to frequent Communion, by choosing food as the vehicle of the gift of His Body and Blood. Food must be taken regularly, and frequently, to keep up life and health. Incarnation, perpetual union with our humanity: Communion. Such likewise with the individual, but to be often renewed: "Vine and branches" need constant influx of sap. His promise of Eucharist, a discourse on frequent Communion. Manna taken daily,—so also should manna of New Law.*

II. Mind of Master on this point, echoed by Church. Easter Communion as fulfilment of precept, a threat of spiritual death by famine; frequent, even daily, Communion her desire and ideal. Hindrances thereto, recently removed: Sole essential dispositions, state of grace and right intention. This is restoration of early usage and discipline. Mass and Communion, one banquet. Primitive Christians, Catechumens; Fathers of Church, etc.

III. We need frequent Communion, because in need of the frequent and daily grace it imparts. As a help in the perpetual war we wage against evil. To correct our daily faults. To advance in the love of God and our neighbor.

Conclusion.—Illustration and exhortation to frequent Communion.

By the necessaries of life we usually mean enough food, drink and clothing to satisfy our bodily wants. These we ask for, in praying to "Our Father in Heaven" to "give us this day our daily

bread." And He does, even without being asked. There is more material for food, drink and clothing in the world, than would go round a hundred times over, and with boundless capacity too, for increasing the store. Why, then, do so many die of hunger, cold and thirst? This springs, not from dearth of food, but from the greed, idleness and wilful extravagance of men. "God daily opens His hand and fills with plenty every living creature." "Why then will you die, O house of Israel?"

"But not in bread alone, doth man live." The soul, too, has its needs. The cry of the hungry and thirsty heart for "the bread of life," "the bread come down from Heaven," is included, and mainly so, in our petition to God for daily bread. And it abounds, this food of the soul. The fountains of life are full to overflowing, the manna of the new law falls daily on our altars. God's "table is spread in the wilderness," His "beeves and fatlings are killed, and all things are ready"; but "where are they that were invited?" Why is there spiritual famine in the land? Why do so many souls perish of hunger and thirst? The reason is obvious. It is man, neglecting, despising or hindering approach to the plentiful gifts of God. He whose mission it is to "feed the lambs and sheep of Christ's flock" has issued an urgent call to those under his care to avail themselves of frequent Communion, and has strictly enjoined those holding watch and ward under him to pull down the barriers, clear away the brambles and brushwood that hinder access to the wells of life. "All you that thirst," then, "come to the waters; and you that have no money, make haste, buy and eat" (Is. lv, 1).

We may deal with the subject of frequent Communion from two points of view: first, *why* we should go often; and next, *why* we should not stay away; in other words, the reasons for, and the

excuses against, frequent Communion. The former will engage our attention to-day. We may formulate the reasons in favor of frequent Communion under three headings, and say that we are urged to this holy practice:

I. By our Lord.
II. By the Church.
III. By our own needs.

I. To be a frequent Communicant is to go to the altar at least more than once a week. The term "frequent" is vague, and relative to time, place and person. Formerly, weekly or even monthly Communion was deemed frequent; but at present, it may be taken to mean the reception of the Eucharist several times a week. In the recent decrees on the subject, the words *frequent* and *daily* may be looked upon as practically synonymous.

Now our Lord, though not expressly using the terms frequent and daily, yet implies them, both in His promise, and institution of the Eucharist. First of all, He chose food as the matter of the Sacrament, which is complete under both kinds, bread and wine, or either. All the types and figures under which Communion was prefigured in the Bible were in the form of food; the tree of life, the paschal lamb, the manna, the show bread of the Jews, Bethlehem, the house of bread.

But food, to effect its purpose, must be taken frequently, in most cases daily. In a few abnormal and isolated cases life may be kept up for long intervals without it; but these rare exceptions prove the rule, that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred must take food regularly and frequently or perish. That frequent Communion expresses the mind of the Master we gather from the fact that the manna and other foods typical of the "Bread of Life" were taken frequently, nay, daily. And surely He who tells us,

"not to be over-solicitous as to what we eat, drink, and wear," and "not to labor for the meat which perisheth; but for that which endureth unto life everlasting which the Son of man would give them," must have had Holy Communion in His mind, when He taught His followers to say, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is only such writers as Luther and Melancthon that exclude, "the bread come down from Heaven," from the fourth petition of the "Our Father," our Lord's own prayer.

His bodily incorporation with us, individually, by frequent Communion, is the necessary sequence, it would seem, of His union with us racially, in the Incarnation. Therein, He took upon Him perpetual union with our nature; and to maintain that union in all its fulness, gives the body and soul He then assumed, to each one, singly. To effect this, He transforms it into the, "Bread of life," received in Holy Communion. "He hath made a memorial of His wonderful works, He hath given bread to them that fear Him." As food, He means it to be used and taken not at long intervals, but frequently, daily, if you like. His words, "Abide in Me and I in you," are but an exhortation to frequent Communion, shown in the metaphor He uses of the vine and its branches. "I am the vine, you the branches." The vine transforms the lowly elements it finds in the air and earth into the sap or food that keep life in, and union with, its branches. So does our Lord transform the humble elements of bread into the substance of His Body and Blood; that is, the very sap of Divine life and Divine union, within us. Let that Divine inflow cease, and the branch withers up; as when the sap ceases to flow from stem to branch in the vine.

The discourse wherein He promised the Eucharist is an impressive and emphatic expression, not merely of His desire, but

of the Divine necessity almost, of frequent Communion. He brings out men's need to labor for their daily food, as a reason why we should receive, He does not say yearly or monthly or weekly, but "frequent, even daily Communion," to use our Holy Father's words. He builds up the Eucharistic food that was to come on its analogy with the manna, the frequent, aye, *daily* food of the Israelites in the desert. That was a passing, perishable food; but He adds, "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give him is my flesh for the life of the world" (John vi, 48-52).

What was in Christ's mind, when uttering these startling sayings, but that the Body and Blood, Himself in short, that He was to leave amongst them, "all days even to the end of the world," under the form of food, should be used, as food always is, "frequently, even daily."

II. The mind of our Lord on this point has been ever that of the Church also. Her desire that the faithful should join in Communion with the priest at Mass, has been voiced in all her authoritative decrees, even those limiting the obligation to an annual one, owing to the growing coldness and laxity of her children. Though Easter Communion is alone of precept, frequent Communion is her ideal, nay, her most urgent counsel. Her action in this matter is like that of a doctor who tells his patient he must eat once a month at least, or die; but daily, if he would make sure of prolonged life, health, strength and happiness. Except amongst a few deluded, though well-meaning extremists, rigorism in regard to Communion was never general throughout the fold. It was at most a local growth, a poison which the Church gradually purged out, like all other soul-destroying errors and abuses. And yet Jansenism, a

general term for rigorism as to Holy Communion, though formerly condemned as a system, lingered in certain schools of thought even to our own day.

We have had the happiness, however, of seeing a broad clear path, on which even children may safely tread, laid open to all men of good will, leading straight to the "fountains of water springing up to eternal life." As well stop a soul, not consciously unworthy, from going frequently to Holy Communion, as to hinder a priest from saying his daily Mass. The bolts and bars, the closed doors and windows have happily been all thrown open to let in the light and air, and healing waters of Eucharistic grace.

What has been rightly called the epoch-making decree of Pius X. has laid down in nine distinct articles a few broad rules for the fit reception of Holy Communion, insisting only on two necessary dispositions, viz., the state of grace, and a right intention; so that, "frequent and daily Communion, as a thing most earnestly desired by Christ our Lord, and by the Catholic Church, should be open to all the faithful of whatsoever rank and condition of life, so that no one who is in the state of grace, and who approaches the holy table with a right and devout intention, can lawfully be hindered therefrom." There are nine clauses in the decree; but the eight succeeding are but developments and explanations of the above.

Not that the decree introduces a new phase of Church discipline; it does but clear up and re-state the old. Rigorism was ever an abuse, never a legitimate development. It did but pile up obstacles; and thus, block the way to Christ's best gifts. To the saintly Christians of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Rome, whether above ground, in their homes, or in the catacombs, beneath, "frequent and even daily Communion" was as natural, and as seemingly their due right,

as their daily meals. As time went on, and Christianity emerged into the light of day; and abuses crept in, we yet find St. Ambrose exhorting his people to, "live in such a way that they may deserve to communicate every day." "And as it is your daily bread," he says, "why delay a year to share in it?" Somewhat later, we find St. Augustine using the daring expression to those who pleaded daily venial sins, as an excuse for keeping away from the holy table, "Sinnest thou daily, then receive daily." In early times, Christians regarded Mass and Communion as their one common sacred meal. When they could not meet regularly, owing to persecution, they were allowed to carry away the Blessed Sacrament to their homes; and thus communicate themselves,—an object lesson, as to what is meant by true devotion and reverence.

Even in times, when strained theological and devotional ideas, as to the needful dispositions for Communion, had made even weekly approach seem too frequent, we find such holy souls as St. Therese, breaking through these artificial barriers, and daily satisfying their thirst for union with our Lord. Frequent and daily Communion has thus ever been, and ever will be, the ideal practice, put by the Church before her children to lead them onwards, along the path to holiness. After all, "Sacraments, like the Sabbath," were made for men, and not men for the Sacraments.

III. And this brings me to my third point, viz., that we are invited, nay, urged, to frequent Communion, by reflecting on our own personal needs.

We require frequent Communion; because we need frequent and daily grace. This Divine gift is an absolute necessity for Divine life. A soul cut off from the main sources of grace, is like a man to whom air, light, food and drink are denied. The result is death, as sure as if he were sealed up in a tomb. True, prayer is also a

fountain of grace; but as a rule, Catholics who neglect the Sacraments never, or hardly ever, pray. Prayer, no doubt, is a fountain of Divine help open to all; and in extreme and extraordinary cases, when joined to sorrow for sin, may save. The vast heathen world, old and new, the many heretical sects, denied access to the Sacraments, may seek and find, when in good faith, grace, by prayer; for, even, "from stones, God can raise up children to Abraham." Dead spiritual matter may thus be drawn into, and made to live, in the soul of the world-enfolding Church, "out of which there is no salvation"; but, in the "Kingdom of God," proper, the Sacraments are the springs and wells of Divine grace and life. Though dealing with the spirit, they follow the analogy of life as manifested in the flesh. We are born once, and so, we are baptised only once; whereas, the Holy Eucharist, following the analogy of food, is, like Penance, repeated over and over again. We must eat to live. Food is a matter of vital importance, not a luxury, that may be dispensed with altogether, or indulged in rarely. The same holds true of Holy Communion. If we do not go regularly and frequently, we are cutting ourselves from the springs of spiritual wealth, health and life. We know that in war, people are often starved into surrender. Defeat and death through hunger, in war, is even more deadly and covers a larger area than in actual combat. It is thus that in the spiritual combat, the devil forces so many into surrender, through sheer spiritual famine. The supplies are cut off. The most fervent fall away, sink down into sin through exhaustion, through staying too long away from the divine food of Holy Communion. Dearth of food is death eventually, both to soul and body.

And this thought reminds us, that life is an unending warfare even for saints. To struggle all through life, against one's animal

passions, aided and abetted by the world, and the evil one, without, is the lot of all who would save their souls. We are soldiers of the Cross. No harder fighters in the world than those struggling against wrong-doing. Now in the case of combatants, defeat is sure, if food and ammunition run short. So in the war against our soul's foes. We need to draw our supplies of courage, hope, perseverance, from the bread of the strong.

Life for all, even non-combatants, so to say, is a weary journey, a heavy burden. Ask even those who seem best equipped, and who apparently have least to carry. There is only One who smoothes the way and lightens the burden, One ever ready to help,—our Lord in Communion. "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

Furthermore, we all need to correct our many faults, to love self and the world less, and God and our neighbor more. Receive then Holy Communion frequently. There is no more potent food, medicine or stimulant, to help us forward up the mountain of perfection, than this Bread of the strong, better far than that which carried Elias to the mountain of God, Horeb. We all, in fine, need the seed and promise of eternal life, to be secured only by those, who share frequently in the food of which our Lord says—"He who eats my flesh and drinks my blood hath eternal life, and I shall raise him up at the last day" (John vi, 55). The pith of what has been said on this point is summed up in the answer given by a good priest, to a friend who had argued long and strenuously against the practice of frequent Communion, on the ground of his unworthiness and unreadiness. "I grant all you say," said the priest, "we are one and all unworthy, and unprepared; but we are in urgent need of it." "Well," replied the friend, "I have heard many weak arguments against frequent Communion, but yours is the best I

have heard in its favor, as it comes home to me personally. I feel I need frequent Communion." So do we all. Let us, therefore, resolve as far as possible, to accept our Lord's invitation to frequent Communion. It is as we have heard, the desire of His Sacred Heart, the earnest wish of the Church, and our own supreme want. If we feel unfit for so intimate a union with God, let us say with the humble Centurion, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof"; but I need Thy holy presence. Help me then to become worthy. Keep me in Thy grace, and cleanse and uplift my motives, in daring to approach Thy Tabernacle, O Lord of Hosts.

No. II.—"The Excuse"

"And they began all at once to make excuses."—Luke, xiv, 18.

SYNOPSIS.—I. General and Introductory.

(a) Recapitulation of motives for frequent Communion founded in desire of Christ, the Church and our own crying needs. All excuses against these strong motives weak and puerile.

(b) Real motives, however, not always those alleged. If attached to sin, then Confession *not* Communion *we need. For invitation to frequent Communion does not dispense with devout and earnest preparation.*

(c) Purpose of frequent Communion to aid in acquiring holiness of life not a privilege reserved to holiness already acquired. Possible and actual abuse of frequent Communion no argument against its use. More danger arises from scrutiny of "this gift of God" than of our crying need of it.

(d) Dispositions for frequent Communion now very simple. Does not necessarily involve frequent Confession.

II. Excuses in detail.

(a) Personal unworthiness and consequent fear of sacrilege, if carried to logical issue, would exclude angels, saints and our Lady even. Form under which Communion given and Christ's invitation backed by Church and consciousness of our needs, a sufficient answer. Frequent communicants worthiest receivers. In this divine art, as in others, practice makes perfect.

(b) Reverence to Sacrament and tepidity. True and false notions of reverence. Wrong attitude towards the gifts of God. Cannot get away from God's presence anyhow. Why, then, fear His Humanity more than His Divinity? As man, is brother and companion. Easy terms on which gift offered.

(c) Want of time and opportunity. If real and honest, then spiritual Communion will supply as love and sorrow want of Baptism. But, is this motive always honest? Frequent communicants busiest people in the world.

"Where there's a will there's a way," and time, too.

We have already seen why people should go frequently to Holy Communion; let us examine to-day, why so few respond to Christ's invitation. The motive for this holy practice, springing from the desire of our Lord, the desire of His Church, and our own many needs, are urgent and strong; whereas, those suggested for holding back are, as we shall see, groundless or puerile.

It will be often found, however, that the motives for neglecting

Holy Communion are not always those alleged; but some secret sin, or attachment to sin, that we are afraid, or ashamed, to own. The forbidden allurements of the world, and of the flesh, in many cases, delay, or hinder approach, to the Bread of Life, more even, than, "one's farm, one's oxen, or one's wife." To such, the road is blocked, it is Confession rather than Communion, they need. For frequent Communion, or even Communion at all, is for *penitent,* not *impenitent* sinners. Food profits the living, not the dead. To them I say, if there any such present, "Wake up from the spiritual sleep of death"; "Wash and be cleansed"; "Wash your soiled robe in the waters of Penance; and then sit down at the Lord's table, clad in the wedding garb of grace."

The invitation, therefore, to frequent Communion, does not mean that deadly sinners may go; or that earnest, fervent preparation should be less encouraged than formerly. As in the case of food, the health and temperature of the receivers are important factors in the benefit conferred.

A prejudice lingers in some quarters, against frequent, or even weekly Communion, owing to misconception as to our Lord's purpose, in bestowing the gift of the Eucharist on the world. It is meant to aid in making saints, not as a favor, reserved to those already made. The conditions required are not marked holiness of life; but conscious freedom from deadly sin, and a right motive in going. No doubt frequent Communion may be, and probably, is abused, but *"abusus non tollit usum."* If some people weaken their health, or even kill themselves, by eating and drinking, is the world, therefore, to starve? Granting the existence of a small class of deluded devotees, whose biting tongues, worldly conduct, selfish, unkind, and unforgiving ways, bring the practice of frequent Communion into disrepute; still, it must be

remembered, they are such not *because* of, but *in spite* of, this holy practice, which, perhaps, saves them even from grosser sins. It was neither long prayers, nor fasting, nor almsgiving, nor temple-worship, that our Lord blamed in the Pharisee. No! these were all, and ever are, good. It was his pride, selfishness, ostentation, his inner spirit, and lack of high motives; it was, in short, the want of "right intention," the very condition laid down by the Pope as required for frequent Communion, that spoiled, and robbed of all its value, the otherwise undoubted piety and good works of the Pharisee. He was a deluded religionist, rather than an evil liver, or doer.

There is more danger, therefore, in some cases, of people looking rather, to the infinite value of the gift, and the danger of its sacrilegious abuse, than to their own crying need of it. Such as these should remember, that the sole essential dispositions required for "frequent and daily Communion," are conscious freedom from grievous sin, and "a right intention," consisting, in this, "That he who approaches the holy table should do so, not out of routine, or vain glory, or human respect, but for the purpose of pleasing God, of being more closely united with Him by charity, and of seeking this Divine remedy for his weaknesses and defects" (Dec. No. 2).

Confession and Communion are no longer inseparable. Moral certainty of having kept out of deadly sin, from one's previous Confession, is enough. The privilege of gaining plenary indulgences is even granted to those, who communicate at least five times a week, without any time-limit as to Confession, though the practice of it weekly, or fortnightly, is as desirable as before.

And now let us examine in detail, a few of the main excuses against frequent Communion. First of all, comes the

sense of our personal unworthiness, joined, as I said, to the fear of sacrilege. It is not rare to meet good souls, so overpowered by the thought of our Lord's presence in the Host, and the sense of their own unfitness, as to be terrified, by the fear of incurring the guilty doom, threatened by St. Paul, to unworthy communicants, —"He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself" (I Cor. xi, 29). Now if this fear were carried to its logical issue, nobody would ever communicate. If we look at the dignity of our august Host, the very angels are unworthy; as are the saints and even our Lady. Hence, both priest and people confess their joint unworthiness before Communion: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof." Putting the matter negatively, it is enough not to be unworthy in the sense laid down above. We must beware of false humility and diffidence in grace-aided self. It is the devil's way of keeping souls from doing good, when he cannot get them to do harm. The real fact is, the longer the interval between our Communions, the less fervent they are. For, one Communion is a preparation for the next. What people do seldom, and at long intervals, they rarely do well. The most worthy communicants in the Church, it will be found, are they who go daily. The process of subjective preparation, the readiness and alertness of mind, will, and affection, thereby engendered, make preparation easy, and keep souls ever ready. Frequent Communion engenders habits of soul, that strengthen and grow perfect, by repetition. To do a thing well, we must do it often. The heart we deem unworthy, is, after all, our Lord's favorite resort; and it is by frequent reception that we learn the Divine art of entertaining Him well and worthily. See with what easy grace and dignity people trained in good society receive illustrious visitors. Why? Because they are

used to it. So with all reverence may we speak of frequent Communicants.

To allay our fears as to the danger of abuse, arising from personal unworthiness, the Church has spoken out her mind plainly of late, and the dispositions required for Communion, once a fruitful source of doubt and difficulty. The tangled web of rules, and counsels, and opinions, bearing on the subject, has been removed and "the way made straight," both for priest and people. Moral certainty as to freedom from deadly sin, and worthy motives, or, as the decree words it, "a right intention," in going, are all that is required. No doubt, as already said, we have still, in St. Paul's words, "to try ourselves" by rigorous exclusion of any conscious, unconfessed, grievous breach of God's law. But we must remember the service of God is "a reasonable one," and, therefore, we should banish all doubts and scruples as to past confessions. Bear in mind, that it is concealing sins in confession, not forgetting, or doubting, as to whether we told them or not, that should make us uneasy. Habitual compunction, or standing sorrow for sin, is the best remedy for this anxious state of mind; and an excellent present disposition for Communion. As to actual devotion, all that is needed, is a right intention implying that we receive Communion with a due sense of the grandeur of the act; and a motive, that has God and not self, or the craving for the notice and esteem of personal unworthiness. God made the Sacrament our food, glory, or human respect."

Souls thus disposed, should fearlessly disregard all undue fear of personal unworthiness. God made the Sacrament our food, just to impress us with the need of frequent reception; and has left the care and use of it to men, so as to remove excessive fear and scruple in approaching it.

Another form of objection to frequent Communion akin to the preceding, is reverence or respect to the Sacrament. Though not afraid of sacrilege, or doubting the integrity of my motives, yet my tepidity in the service of God; and hopeless slavery, if not wilful attachment to venial sins, makes me almost deem it an outrage, to approach the holy table so often. Now this excuse might be alleged even against annual Communion. If it held good, we should be deprived of Holy Mass by priests fearing their imperfect state of soul. No doubt, abstinence, from respect to the Divine Presence, was formerly counselled by some writers, as likely to help the soul, in the same way as fasting in certain cases, may benefit the body. During retreats, Religious even used to refrain from Communion, and priests from saying Mass. But since the recent decree, the contrary is recommended, shewing the true mind of the Church in the matter. At first sight indeed, it might seem, that familiarity with our Lord in frequent Communion, might breed irreverence; but this is a distorted view of God's dealings with His creatures. After all, whether saints or sinners, we are living in the closest possible, actual contact with the all pure and holy God, in all the fulness of His Divinity; why should we fear when trying to be worthy, to approach in Communion, His sacred humanity?

We cannot, it is true, insist too strongly on "Love, respect, and reverence for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament"; and yet this very duty may be overstrained, or misunderstood. There are many who say, that reverence to God forbids the very possibility of an Incarnation; yet we know, withal, that "God emptied Himself" therein, became a weeping babe and died a reputed felon.

True reverence implies the devout and respectful use, and not the uncalled for refusal, of the Divine gifts. It is grateful accept-

ance, and not cold abstention from the "Bread of life," that pleases the Divine Giver. A sincere and cordial invitation to a banquet is best answered by a cordial acceptance. We must remember that in the words of the decree the object of Communion is not "safeguarding the honor and reverence due to God," but "for the use and sanctification of men."

Communion is meant to be our soul's food and medicine. For the hungry and infirm, and we are all so, not to use it "frequently or even, daily," is like a person shivering with cold, trying to get warm by keeping away from the fire. The very lack of fervor, tepidity, and actual venial sins, we allege as excuses for reverent abstinence, are the very symptoms of our need, and, therefore, motives rather for frequent approach to our Divine food and medicine. To go often, out of love, is a greater act of reverence to God, than to go seldom, out of fear. The form under which our Lord has chosen to veil His personality, is sufficient answer to the plea for reverence and respect. The condescension of the Host excuses the lowliness of the guest. It is not frigid ceremonial, or empty formalism, that He seeks in those He invites to the banquet of life, but warm-hearted intimacy and familiarity.

Seeing our Lord invites us as a friend or brother, and assumes a garb and appearance inferior even to our own, it is scarcely honest to say we fear irreverence, especially as so many who make the plea gladly snatch at any invitations from worldlings; and shrink not from any sacrifice that acceptance thereof may involve. Let us rather, then, dismiss idle excuses and say, "Behold, I come to do Thy will, O Lord."

But many may say, we have no opportunity, not even time for weekly, much less daily Communion. Frequent Communion is a spiritual luxury, and reserved for those "who toil not, neither do

they spin"; and therefore quite beyond the reach of people like ourselves, who have to earn our daily bread.

So far is this from being the case, that in most places it is the poor and the busy who go most frequently to Holy Communion. God, of course, does not expect impossibilities; and just as in extreme cases Baptism of love or desire may supply for that of the Sacrament, so with Communion. Many souls can receive only in desire, and without blame, since for the impossible there is no law. Frequent Communion is, therefore, necessarily relative; and they may be said to go often who go when they can. The invitation to frequent Communion, like that to daily Mass, is directed to such as can go, but who won't go, or rather hang back from going frequently, when it would be to their spiritual advantage to do so. It is but sadly true, that many go yearly who might go several times, at the great feasts, for example; others go monthly who could as easily go weekly; whilst many again approach weekly to whom "frequent or even daily Communion" would be possible, feasible and helpful. "And they began all at once to make excuses," is as true an expression to-day as when first uttered by our Lord. It will be found, indeed, that they who plead they have no time for prayer even or other spiritual exercises, find plenty of time for anything else. Putting aside the hours rightly spent in business, work, meals and pleasure, a little honest introspection would in many cases show more time passed in idle gossip, or hurtful reading, than would enable us to go to daily Mass and Communion. In piety, more perhaps than in anything else, "Where there's the will, there's the way." Souls, whose lives have been richest, fullest, and spent at high pressure, to the benefit of self and others, have found the main source of their untiring energy in daily Mass and Communion.

There are, at present, fewer grounds for pleading want of time than formerly; inasmuch as weekly Confession may be dispensed with except in case of grave sin, and both preparation and thanksgiving may, if time presses, be gone through within the limits of a low Mass.

The duties of one's state in life are also frequently alleged as an excuse, and no doubt in many cases they do stand in the way; yet even in exceptionally difficult cases good will and earnest efforts will work wonders.

If we cannot, owing to illness, pressure of worldly cares, and occupations, often communicate sacramentally, nothing can hinder our doing so spiritually, by acts of holy love and desire. This form of Communion can be gone through at all times, in all places, with no other priest, altar, church, or book, save the heart. We have but to make acts of sorrow for sin, love of God, and desire for sacramental union. The latter should be one's ambition, but at the same time there is no better preparation for frequent real Communion than frequent spiritual.

I have now tried to meet the objections to frequent Communion. In reality for those who can go often to daily Mass all excuses are groundless. All that is wanted is good-will. Our Lord extends a hearty welcome. All He asks is a heart free from deadly guilt, and an honest purpose in going. He wishes to bestow on all a gift that includes all that the heart of man can desire and that can alone stay its hunger.

All are earnestly invited, and need not shrink back, or allege excuses, that, in a manner, do but wound the Sacred Heart. Children may go once they reach the age of discretion and can thus "discern the body of the Lord." The poor, whom Christ loves, and whose state He chose as one, ideally safe, for wayfarers to

Heaven; the sick and infirm, in whose favor special rules to make approach easy are made. All, in short, may come, rich and poor, young and old, married and single. No honest member of the Church militant is excluded. Let us, therefore, lay aside all vain and frivolous excuses and gladly accept Christ's invitation to come to His banquet, ever ready in the church, our house and God's.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE TEACHER OF A DIVINE REVELATION

SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE CONFERRING OF THE PALLIUM UPON MOST REVEREND JAMES J. KEANE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBUQUE

By Most Reverend Archbishop Ireland.

"All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."—Matt. xxiii, 18-20.

Brethren: What see you this morning in the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Dubuque? The hierarchy of the Catholic Church—priests and Bishops, present in person; the Chieftain of priests and of Bishops, present in the symbol of his authority, the Pallium of the newly-chosen Archbishop.

This the meaning of the Pallium. It comes from the hand of the Pontiff of Rome: it is the token of participation in his exalted office; a part, as it were, of the imperial mantle of his world-embracing authority. The priesthood and the episcopate are of divine institution; the archepiscopate takes its rights and powers from pontifical appointment. To the archbishop belong rights of supervision and precedence over his fellow-bishops: those are a delegation from the supreme pontificate: the gift of the Pallium is the indication, the act of the delegation.

The hierarchy of the church unfolds before you the ranks of its membership: behold the teaching body of the Catholic Church, to whom, as of yore on Olivet, the commission is spoken: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." Primarily and above all else the

Catholic Church is the teacher: its spokesmen are the members of the hierarchy—priests in union with the bishops, bishops in union with the supreme chieftain, the Bishop of Rome.

Jesus was the doer of miracles, putting forth works in which the finger of omnipotence was plainly visible. The question was asked by the disciples of the Precursor: "Art thou he that art to come, or look we for another?" The answer was: "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again." Jesus was, indeed, the doer of miracles: miracles were needed as credentials whereon to challenge the faith of His hearers. His chief mission was to teach: and He taught "as the one having power, and not as the Scribes and the Pharisees." "To this end was I born and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." "If ye continue in my words, then ye are my disciples, and ye shall know the truth." He bore with him the message of the skies: to this message the intellectual assent of the hearers was to be given without hesitation, or tergiversation: "He that believeth in Him is not judged; but he that doth not believe is already judged." At times the "saying is hard," and there are many who can not bear it; but accept it they must, or cease to walk among His disciples. In no instance does He speak lightly, or as it were for the moment: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." To Him space and time are as nought: he spoke to all nations, to all ages

Jesus was the teacher—the teacher of the supernatural. That His teaching should endure and reach all men, He founded a school of teachers, a teaching Church with mission as wide as earth, as enduring as time. "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations."

That the message repeated to-day by the Catholic Church is the loyal echo of Christ's own, losing nothing in meaning and bearing as it courses through the ages, we know from the prophetic testimony of the Master Himself. To the end that the message be retained through the ages in its original purity and integrity, Jesus Himself made due provision. Men, however otherwise wise and accredited, could not be the guarantors. Jesus was the guarantor. The Apostles and their successors were to teach; but the prime, the responsible teacher at all times was Jesus Himself: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations . . . and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Were the Church a mere human institution, she were subject to the ills of forgetfulness or misapprehension, to which human authority now and then must bend. But while human in its outward elements, the Church is divine in the spirit that animates and vivifies it: it is in the keeping of One who never errs, who never fails.

The Apostles of Jesus were teachers—teachers of truths that Jesus had taught. The purport of their preaching was to bring "into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." What they taught was what they had received, "the deposit" committed to their "trust": this, they insisted, was to be kept intact, to the avoidance of "the profane novelties of words, and oppositions of knowledge falsely so called." Were any one to teach differently from what had been once declared, were this one "an angel" from Heaven, he was accursed. Whoever departed from the doctrines, received from the Master, transmitted in His name, "continuing not in the doctrine of Christ," was to be avoided, not even noticed with a friendly salute.

And as it was in the more immediate years of the Christian apostolate, so it was in subsequent years. No other fact is so

clearly visible in the annals of the early centuries of the Christian religion than that there existed a message to be preached, a creed or symbol of doctrines to be guarded inviolate, and that acceptance of the message was the ineluctable condition of communion with the universal Church.

So it was in olden times: so it must be, so it is in present times. The commission of Jesus is absolute: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations . . . teaching them all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world."

Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church, shall I, in this year of grace, 1912, bid you set before the world the credentials of your succession to the Apostles of Olivet, proving that you preach to-day "the faith once delivered to the saints," that listening to your teaching, men listen to the revelation of the supernatural made to men nineteen hundred years ago? This your answer: The bearers of the message given out by Jesus live and speak to-day: so Jesus did ordain, and what He did ordain endures even unto to-day. But whence to-day, we fearlessly ask, goes forth a message, such as might be that of Jesus, if not from the lips of those who teach in the name of the Catholic Church?

Hearken to pulpits of other communions, still purporting to re-echo the message of Jesus. The basic principles, the web and woof of "the form of sound words" insisted upon by the early Apostles, and rung out by the oracles of Christian teaching along the passing centuries, either are openly denied or are interpreted as vague and meaningless figures of speech. Where in those communions the clear, positive enunciation of the dogmas held as vital in olden Christian ages—the Godhead of Jesus, the virgin-birth of Christmas morning, the resurrection of Easter

day, the malice of sin, the salvation from sin through the Cross of Calvary, the duration into eternity of rewards and penalties, the charge sounded upon Olivet to preach the Gospel unto the end of time? What, to-day, are churches outside the Catholic? Schools of ethics, of knowledge, such as it is, purely naturalistic. The supernatural is gone, or is going fast. Perhaps, here and there, formulas of pristine doctrines are still repeated. But the speech of the speaker is that of hesitation and inquiring doubt, tinged, maybe, with regret that all is over with "legends" that once thrilled Christendom, and evoked from its bosom heroisms that told of the vigor of the skies. Still, here and there,—I honor the Christian sense wherever discoverable—individual preachers remain loyal to the foundation-stones of Christianity and sound aloud many of its trumpet-calls: but for themselves alone do they speak. The church, or communion, to which they belong, tolerates them, as it tolerates others whose preaching is most discordant to theirs. To-day, outside the Catholic, there is not a single communion in Christendom, that dares to put forth a creed, which it would call the message of Jesus, a chart of undeviating belief, a "sound form of words," to which it must bind inflexibly its preachers and people. To this we have come, that officials of the least revolutionary of non-Catholic communions make boast of a doctrinal comprehensiveness so unconcerned with creeds, that within it all forms and shades of belief find a harbor of undisturbed tranquillity. How remote from the days of Paul, who wrote: "If any one preach to you a gospel, besides that which you have received, let him be anathema."

Alone there stands, in conscious security, the Catholic Church —ever the same in teaching, never deviating to right or to left in its enunciation of doctrine, never alarmed, never moved from

old-time moorings by shifting sands beneath its feet, or ferocious storms circling above its brow. A message it speaks—clear in words, positive in affirmation, unchanged and unchangeable—the message heard through the ages, telling of God in eternity, of God in the incarnation, of sin and of redemption from sin, of the soul of man immortal in heaven or in hell. Nor is the message, wherever heard, that of one preacher or of another: it is the formal, authoritative voice of a universal Church, whose frontiers recognize no limitation to its race across the earth, whose beginnings in time the story only of nineteen centuries is able to unfold. Either the message once spoken by Jesus is that spoken to-day by the Catholic Church, or the message, contrariwise to solemn promise, was spoken to the passing winds of Palestine.

The dogmatic, inflexible teaching of the Catholic Church encounters in harsh battle the opposition of the modern world. This opposition is the recognition of conditions in the Church, without which its claims to teach as Jesus taught fall at once to the ground.

Dogmatic teaching, it is proclaimed, is unimportant, an unnecessary burden upon the intellect, which men should not be asked to bear. The need of the hour is conduct. As a rule of conduct, an inspiration to righteous living, Christianity is acceptable: as a dogmatic religion its days are over.

The days of a dogmatic religion are not over: because the days of Jesus are not over. Jesus taught a dogmatic faith. He taught His personal rank and dignity, His Messiahship, His Divine sonship, His oneness with the Father: he taught his right to revise and interpret the Mosaic law, His power to forgive sins: he taught the establishment of His Church, the giving of His flesh to eat and of His blood to drink, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the com-

munication of His mission to the Apostles. To those and other preachings of Jesus there was a meaning: to the meaning as intended by Him He demanded intellectual assent: "He that heareth my words, and believeth Him that sent me, hath life everlasting, and cometh not into judgment." Surely the early Apostles taught a dogmatic religion: the pages of their letters glisten with dogmas, and belief in those dogmas is imperiously called for, under penalty of severest anathema. Why does the Catholic Church teach dogmas, and insist on unequivocal belief in its pronouncements? Because it were to make denial of its divine mission, were it not to teach dogmas—the dogmas which came down to it from the lips of Jesus and from the early Apostles of Jesus.

Conduct, indeed, entered deeply into the plans of Jesus: He was the "way," and the "life," no less than the "light" He came to the world, not only as the teacher, but also as the Saviour and Regenerator. His whole work, in the service of men, was to have its complement in the sanctification and the salvation of souls. "Be ye therefore perfect," He said, "as also your Heavenly Father is perfect." And as with Jesus, so with Paul: "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and the concupiscence" But before summoning men to live righteously, Jesus told them who He was and by what authority He spoke; He laid down the principles and truths, through which the heart and the will were to be moved into action: he unravelled the motives, by which they were to be inspired and guided: he gave exposition of the means through which sin was to be uprooted and reconquered guiltlessness was to be conserved. Principles, doctrines, were to be first believed and afterwards acted upon. Any other course of evangelization were a lowering of human dignity, a treatment of men as if man were merely a creature of sense and emotion;

and it were a mere beating of the air, necessarily void of substantial and enduring effect. In itself the will is blind: it requires illumination from the intellect. A mere call to regeneration is the sterile beating of cymbals. There is no moral elevation not based on principles; there is no life-giving movement without its fertilizing creed. Moreover, Jesus did more than issue a call to the practice of natural ethics: it was a new life, a supernatural life, to which men were to be drawn—a life thrilling with inspirations from the skies to which heretofore their ears had never listened, lifting them upwards to thoughts and doings to which heretofore wisest philosophies had never tempted them. Visions of new fields were then to be opened to men: new principles were to illumine their minds from which new motives of action should spring. Hence the revelation of Divine truths, surpassing the mere natural; hence dogma, the dogma of the supernatural.

Jesus was "the life": his preaching was the signal of a new life in mankind. In the history of human conduct the introduction of the Christian religion marked a new epoch, to which no adequate human cause can be assigned. It was a revolution, wresting suddenly humanity from pagan bases, and uplifting it into spheres sublime. It was a revolution, too, destined to endure. Wherever the Christian religion had sway, the upward elevation of humanity continued: wherever it declined, conduct equally declined. And whence this new life in humanity? The new life sprang forth from deep and sincere faith in Jesus, and in His Gospel. Men rose in morals, because God was better known to men, and the light of His perfections shone more brightly upon their minds; because a Saviour had been given who died to redeem men from their sins; because sacramental streams poured upon souls deifying graces, earned on Calvary; because men accepted the teachings

of Jesus and used them as levers to be wrapt up thereby from the mire of vice and passion, and placed within hearing and seeing of the regions of divine love and power. Whence the new life in humanity? From faith in a religion that was dogmatic—full of grace, but also of truth; and full of grace because full of truth.

The cry is heard: Hold as you will to the vital dogmas of the Christian system: but bring not discord into Christendom by insisting upon minor dogmas without which the work of Jesus in saving souls still would attain its end. How desirable, for example, the reunion of Christendom and how easy this should be, if the several communions—notably the Catholic Church—were willing to make concessions, retaining in their respective creeds only such dogmas as are substantial and uniting in setting forth a program upon which all must agree.

Well, from the Catholic Church, even in the interest of a reunion for which Catholics earnestly sigh and pray, no concessions in doctrines need to be expected: none will it make; none can it make under penalty of renouncing its high mission, as the bearer to the world of the message entrusted to it by the Master. By what right should the Church of Jesus allow distinction of dogmas into vital and incidental, where Jesus made no such distinction? By what right should the Church judge, where Jesus did not judge, and note as incidental and unnecessary of belief one single truth fallen from the lips of the Incarnate God? To every part of His revelation there was a Divine purpose, and this purpose none may with impunity frustrate. And, then, doctrinal disintegration once begun, where shall it logically stop? If one dogma in the revelation of Jesus ceases to command acceptance, why should another dogma continue to bring into captivity the human intellect? And, again, given that the Catholic Church once recedes

from a point of its teaching, is not the cement in its walls irrevocably loosened, and the whole structure of its infallibility doomed to rush into ruins?

No—the Catholic Church will not alter aught in its message, whatever the promised reward. Let the Heavens fall: truth must stand unshaken and unshakable. Therein lies the claim of the Catholic Church to the confidence of men, that it is the bearer of the message of Jesus—a message which, under His promise, was to endure into eternity: "Going, teach ye all nations . . . teaching them all things whatsoever I have commanded you—and behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world."

"One generation passeth away and another generation cometh: but the earth standeth forever." Things there are that the Almighty God made changeable; those things will change. Things there are that He made unchangeable: those things will not change. Among things decreed as unchangeable is the message of salvation "once delivered to the saints." The modern world grows impatient of the attitude in dogma taken to itself by the Catholic Church: so used the world is to things changeable. Science exults in making new discoveries upon earth, above earth, and beneath earth, and hastens to bury in oblivion theories and conclusions formerly held in high honor. Statesmen and social economists continuously are confronted with new phases of human conditions, with new forms of political government: the old is gone: the new of to-day will soon be gone, to make room for the new of to-morrow. What, then, it is asked, is the matter with the Church? Is she not in hopeless disagreement with the world of living men? Is not its fitting place to be found amid the sepulchres of past generations, to be, indeed, saluted, with a reverential good-bye for good

deeds once done, to be forbidden, however, from cumbering the modern life of humanity with the deadening memories of dreams and strugglings in ages that are no more? Fatal errors of the modern world! Infatuated with its doings in spheres that are given over "to the consideration" of men it would with sacrilegious hand wrest from the Almighty the scepter of His supremacy in all things, even in things expressly reserved to Himself either by the exigencies of eternal truth, or the demands of His own sovereign will. No: the message of Jesus does not change: it bears on things of the supernatural over which no control is allowed to men, upon things to which the Incarnate decreed perpetuity even unto the end of time.

In this war against unchanging dogma the modern world has come to the strange pass of imagining that to the doctrine of the Christian revelation, outside the mental concept of the believer, there is not and there never was an objective meaning, a reality of thought, once for all times put forth by Jesus and by Him willed to be forever obligatory upon men. In this "new theology," of which much is nowadays said, and which forms the basic theme of the condemnations of Pius X, in his encyclical on Modernism, religion is a matter of pure subjectivism, the outgrowth of the throbbings, the aspirations, the experiences of the inner soul—dogma or creeds being nothing more than the expressions of those temporary subjective impressions, equally with them temporary in form and meaning. "The interpretation of religious experiences"—that much and nothing more is allowed to Christian doctrines by the so-called "new theology." Not so with the revelation made by Jesus; not so with the eternal truths brought by Him from the skies; not so with the authoritative ordinances of which He made proclamation. The revelation of Jesus was truth and fact—truth

real and objective, fact real and objective, altogether outside the mental concept of the hearer, as much so as the most positive propositions of mathematics, or the most notable occurrences narrated in history. Subjective experience substituted for objective reality, the individual instead of Jesus, becomes the revealer: the human soul, instead of the eternal God, becomes the Sovereign, the Supreme Legislator.

Jesus spoke, and not one tittle of His words will pass away. Salvation was offered in His name, and under His guidance—and, to-day as yesterday, to-morrow as to-day, no other name is there than the name of Jesus whereby men may be saved. Again, objections to the Catholic Church drawn from its dogmatic inflexibility are the proof of the Divine life that is within it, of the Divine authority under which it teaches.

The need of the Divine message, clear in its pronouncements, positive and authoritative in its appeal to the intellectual assent of men, is most apparent in present-day Christendom. As the logical result of the disintegration of creeds, following upon the proclamation of the right of each one and of every one to take or leave at discretion, the truths of the supernatural either have been totally obliterated, or have been made so vague and nerveless as to be no longer an inspiration or a motive to conduct. The portals of Heaven are closed to human vision: men are thrust back to themselves and to the earth beneath their feet, in questioning whence they come, whither they go, what the pathways they must tread. It is pure naturalism, the paganism of Athens and Rome—if not worse than the olden paganism which still spoke tremblingly of Olympus and Tartarus. Enlightened self-interest, the ultimate welfare of humanity, such the motives to moral heroism and to the sacrifices it requires that are put forth to the

bridling of pride and lust, to the upbuilding of society, to the giving of mind and heart in the service of fellowmen. Merest straws, all such motives, when invoked as levers upon which to uplift human souls above the mire of groveling concupiscences into the pure and serene regions of settled moral convictions and triumphant victories over sin and temptation to sin! Conduct without dogma—we have it with a vengeance in shattered private morals, in broken family hearthstones, in ferocious grasping of earth's possessions without thought of charity or of justice, in deadly wars launched against the battlements of society and of country. Motives of action drawn from life upon earth—motives subject to the individual interpretation of the individual man, are powerless in the combat against human passion. The downfall from the high moral plane, whereon Christian civilization has hitherto thriven, is on all sides visible: he who runs may read. And swifter yet will the downfall be, as Christian traditions and habits of which the modern world has not yet lost total grasp, vanish more and more through the constantly increasing forgetfulness of the principles of the Christian revelation, to which those traditions and habits owe their original sustenance. Nought but Jesus and His immortal teaching will save men and society. To-day as when St. Peter preached in Jerusalem, "There is no other name given to men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus.

Yet the modern world is not without its consciousness of its woes and miseries: it is the opening of the way to hope and salvation. The inventory of losses once taken—and thoughtful people are taking it—the causes will be looked into. The causes, it will seem, are in the going away from the message given out by Jesus; the result will follow—the going back to the older moor-

ings. The sign of the times augurs a return to Christianity: and Christianity once seriously called for, no vague, uncertain heraldings will give satisfaction. Clear, authoritative statements alone will gain a hearing. To be possessed of saving power, the message must be, as Jesus first gave it, plenary and self-confident, realizing in the fullness of its vigor the commission spoken on Olivet—"All power is given to me in Heaven and in earth, going, therefore, teach ye all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you—and behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world."

Priests and Bishops of the Catholic Church, I set before you your opportunity; I set before you your responsibility. You know that you are the successors of the teachers commissioned on Olivet: you know that you hold in hand the ever-living truths of the Gospel of Jesus; you know that through assent to, and in compliance with, those truths, men and society may be saved. Sublime the mission. It is that of Jesus: "As the Father sent me so I also send you." Sublime it is in the authority which vivifies it, in the duties it imposes, in the golden harvests to which it prepares. What, then, shall I say to you? "Preach the word: be insistent in season and out of season; reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine." And to you, also, the laity of the Church: "Preach the word"; preach it by your conduct; preach it by co-operation in the labors of your leaders; preach it in whatever way opportunity permits you to preach it. Catholics all—to the task assigned to you by the command of God, by your love for your fellowmen, by the willingness of your felllowmen to learn whence salvation will come to them. Soldiers of the Holy Church, arise in the mightiness of its power and truth, and show to the world that it is to-day the guardian of Christendom as once it was its creator, that the

message it bears is, indeed, that of Jesus—through whom, through whom alone, salvation is given to men.

And to you, newly installed metropolitan of the Province of Dubuque, what should be my charge? Be it this: Teach; by word and by example lead others to teach. The Pallium tells you your two-fold responsibility—to be the teacher among teachers, the teacher of teachers: to be the link binding other teachers to the teaching of the supreme teacher of the whole Church, so that in all that is said there be the purity and the integrity of the Faith, the fullness and the soundness of the doctrine "once delivered to the saints" by the God-man Himself.

The past is the augury of the future: your career, as priest and as Bishop, has been that of the untiring and the profitable teacher. In Minnesota as a priest, in Wyoming as a Bishop, you were ever the loyal and the eloquent expounder of holy faith. Judgment is spoken by the supreme teacher: Well done, good and faithful servant, so well done that now a higher plane must be given to your feet, a wider audience placed within the hearing of your voice. To-day you are the Metropolitan of Dubuque: to-morrow, yet more than yesterday, be the teacher, the honor and the glory of the noble See now entrusted to your care—the honor and the glory of the whole Church of America.

The See of Dubuque! With love and reverence do I salute it, so beauteous, so inspiring the memories crowded within its story! Mathias Loras, the hero, the saint, the prince and the model of missionaries, one of the noblest of American bishops! Clement Smyth, the sower across the open field of Iowa of the sweetest perfumes of cloistered holiness. John Hennessy, the scholar, the orator, the wise and firm ruler, through whose vigilant zeal Christianity in Iowa ever kept swift pace with the mar-

velous progressive march of the great commonwealth! And John Joseph Keane, how much my heart fain would say! How much his merits should bid me say! But only this: splendid the virtues of mind and of will, brought by him to Dubuque; splendid the outpourings of those virtues while step was agile and hand was free to the uplift. The See of Dubuque lost nought of its pristine splendor, while John Joseph Keane clasped its regal sceptre. James J. Keane, you enter upon rich inheritance: guard it well: over it shed new rays of glory: it is worthy of you, and in joyousness, I say, you are worthy of it. May the Divine Founder and Guardian of the Church, I earnestly pray, bless, to-day and to-morrow, the See of Dubuque and its newly given Archbishop, James John Keane.

THE BURIAL OF MOTHER URSULA O'GORMAN

SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. JOHN J. HURST, FRONTENAC, MICH.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. From thenceforth now, saith the Spirit, they may rest from their labors, for their works follow them."—Rev. xiv, 13.

Death is the penalty which every child of Adam must pay to nature. "It is appointed unto men once to die." This sentence is from the Lord upon all flesh.

Our entrance into this world is hailed with joy and gladness, our departure hence is attended by sorrow and gloom, yet the latter is so truly an adjunct of the former that it may be said of the child, for whose birth friends rejoice and the mother no longer remembers her travail, that the only heritage it must inevitably claim and cannot renounce is death. Although bound by this inexorable law, we are prone to look upon death as a calamity or an affliction to which, in the order of nature, we find it difficult to be reconciled. In the light of Faith, however, we come to regard death as a testimony of the resurrection of Jesus Christ our Saviour and the gate of eternal union with Him in the Kingdom of His Father.

St. Paul, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, inculcates the principle that we must die to live. He show how we must lay down the life of the body to gain the life of the soul. He gives us the similitude of the grain that is sown in the fields. The seed must be put into the earth, covered over, lie awhile in corruption before the new product, sprung from this process of destruction and death, can rear its vigorous form or display the beauty of its being. "That which thou sowest is not quickened until

it die first. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be; but bare grain as of to the rest" (I. Cor. xv, 36-37). So also is the resurrection of the dead. He who gives to every seed its proper body, making the lily to bloom and the rose to unfold its grandeur, has given us a victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, inasmuch as the body sown in corruption, dishonor and weakness, shall rise in incorruption, glory and power. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal has put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory." "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" (I. Cor. xv, 53-58).

The resurrection of Christ from the dead is the corner stone upon which the grand edifice of Christianity is reared. For if Christ be not risen vain is our preaching, vain is our faith. The gloom of the Friday on which the Man God hung dead on the Cross and all nature shuddered was dispelled by the splendor of the Easter morning's sun that shed its gladsome rays for the glory of the risen Saviour. The consoling cry of Job echoing down the ages found realization; and the prophecy to Martha in the home of Lazarus was verified. Christ has risen from the dead, 'the first fruits of them that sleep.' The Saviour liveth; He is the resurrection and the life. Thus has He exemplified in His own person the chief instance of life from death and given a model of the same which He assures us will be accomplished in us.

The resurgent life of Christ is a symbol of the spiritual life which He purchased for us by His death. The work which He came on earth to effect was the Redemption of the human race. He imparted to it new life; He raised it from the supernatural death of sin; He replaced the waning life of nature by a life that shall

endure forever. Thanks be to God who has given us this victory through which death has for us changed its character and lost its sting. We need not fear to say "Better is the day of death than the day of birth," for by His death Christ has given us testimony of that love greater than which no man hath, and by His resurrection He has confirmed the law of losing life to gain it.

Wretched indeed is the lot of those who in the hour of adversity or affliction cannot look back to Calvary for consolation and from the promises of the Redeemer can draw no inspiration toward hope and resignation. To such the thought of death is intolerable. It may not be mentioned among them. They recoil from any reference to it and thus try to stifle the compunctions it might awake; and when they are obliged to witness the stroke of the ruthless reaper in the case of a friend or relative grief and desolation are their bitter and barren portion. Their wail is the wail of Agog: "Doth bitter death separate in this manner." On the other hand, how consoling to those who possess the priceless treasure of faith are the promises of Christ, who by His death and resurrection has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life and would not leave us ignorant concerning them that sleep lest we should languish in sorrow as those who have no hope.

Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints (Ps. cvx). How true is it that the death of those who have served God faithfully is precious in His sight, because of the happy dispositions with which they are enabled to meet it and the boundless faith they have in His mercy and goodness. With what confidence they rely on the infinite merits of Jesus Christ! How calmly they contemplate the passing of their brief sojourn and how gladly they sever ties of their earthly pilgrimage! With what patience they endure their suffering; with what resignation they conform to the Divine

will! With what assured hope they look forward to the promised reward; and what a legacy of love and consolation they bequeath to their friends in the flesh!

The circumstances attending the final summons of the Christian may be of little or no account on the day of reckoning, but the circumstances environing the life have much to do in shaping the end and determining the Christian's fate. True, the convent enclosure knows not the bustle of the world nor the glamor of its salons, but it holds a peace which the world cannot give and a light that shineth till the dawn. How little they know of true happiness who associate gloom or sadness with conventual life where, in truth, humanity wears its loveliest smile, where the sunshine of hope brightens every prospect, the fervor of faith lightens every labor and the bond of charity sweetens every act. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord" (Ps. cxxi). The humble sister is not clad in fine garments, yet her abode is a kingdom and her beauty is from within. She has none of the world's goods but she has a treasure in heaven: "where rust or moth cannot consume nor thieves break through and steal." Should she not be glad and rejoice? for her reward is very great. Nowhere else on this earthly sphere is life environed with joys so pure, and mortals so well equipped to journey hence.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." How fittingly these words apply to Mother Ursula, whose whole life was a constant preparation for death. Like the rich young man mentioned in the gospel who asked of Christ what he should do to gain life everlasting, she could answer: "All these have I done from my youth, what still is wanting in me?" (Matt. xix). But unlike that same young man who grew sad and refused to follow Christ because of his possessions, she joyfully left everything that was hers by right

of nature for the sake of the heritage which would be hers by the right of grace, so that with Peter she could say: "Behold, I have left all things and followed Thee." In religion her life was a continual example of earnestness and devotion to duty. Never during the thirty years she served the Master in the cloister was she known to absent herself from any of the spiritual exercises, and such was her exactness and promptitude in answering every call that even when sickness and infirmity had confined her to an invalid chair, she never heard the bell summoning the sisters to the chapel without endeavoring to respond. The natural virtues which she inherited from old and honored stock, spiritualized in the tabernacle of religion, were conspicuous in every position of trust and honor which she filled in the community, whether as Mistress of Boarders, Mother of Novices, Superior, or Provincial procurator. The pupils of Villa Maria committed to her charge will long and gratefully remember the care and solicitude she evinced for them in the minutest details, and the sisters trained by her in the novitiate bear eloquent and affectionate testimony to her solid, pious, and fervent instructions and motherly love. Charity, the queen of all three and the crowning glory of the religious, was her darling virtue and characterized her every action, while faith, childlike in its simplicity, but sublime in its intent, wove itself into every concern of body and soul. It would not be difficult to infer that a soul dowered with such graces should be in constant communion with her Lord and Master, the creator and giver of every good and perfect gift: she prayed without ceasing and made every place she visited the temple of God. Every moment snatched from work was spent by her in the sanctuary and every duty, if possible, consecrated by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. We are not surprised therefore to hear her spoken of as the prayerful woman. In the

hospital, in which she underwent an operation some time ago, she is remembered to this day and referred to by non-catholic nurses not as the Ursuline sister, not as Mother Ursula, but as the "Nun of Prayer."

Mother Ursula entered religion when the religious order of Ursulines in the Northwest was in its infancy. Nazareth, Lake City, the house of her profession, was the first and only one of the order yet established. She witnessed the difficulties and struggles of its inception. She braved the perils, shared the labors and endured the hardships incidental to life in a small settlement on the frontier, thirty years ago. Has she not a just claim to be ranked amoung the pioneers of civilization and Christianity in the New World? Since that time the order has branched out and spread far and wide throughout the Northern Province. The comforts and conveniences of life have kept pace with material prosperity. Convents and academies, monuments to the industry and zeal of the order, have sprung up. Among the latter this abode of learning in which the deceased spent the greater part of her religious life, is the noblest, whose lofty tower rising majestically above the banks of the Mississippi proclaims the heights to which the aspirations of the pioneers have mounted, and whose gilded cross reflecting the golden rays of light is an emblem of its mission. The wilderness has blossomed like a garden and the children rejoice, but the glory of the Ursulines in Minnesota dates back to the days that knew the labors of the pioneer band of Sisters who first ate the bread of the stranger in the little home at Nazareth.

Henceforth now she may rest from her labors. Mother Ursula is no longer among us to edify and inspire by her piety and example. She has fought the good fight. She has finished her course. She has gone to receive her reward. Her works follow her,

and the virtues which adorned their discharge will be so many shining jewels in the crown that awaits her. Dear sisters and friends, you have loved her in life. Do not forget her in death. Let us remember that no soul is admitted into the heavenly mansion without having paid the full measure of the temporal debt due to the frailty of fallen nature. Let us, therefore, frequently pray God to pardon any offence that may stand in the way of her entrance to the choir of Angels and Saints. And now in the words of the liturgy we pray:

May the Angels lead thee into Paradise; may the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming and take thee to Jerusalem the Holy City. May the choirs of Angels receive thee, and mayest thou, with Lazarus once a beggar, have rest everlasting.

THE MAKING OF THIS COUNTRY

ADDRESS DELIVERED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY THE RIGHT REV. P. DONAHUE, D.D., BISHOP OF WHEELING, W. VA.

"He will make her desert as a place of pleasure, and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord! Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of praise!"—Isaias, li, 3.

It is fitting that on this solemn occasion we should consider the reasons inducing us to be moved by the spirit of gratitude so appropriate to this day. First, there is the gift of being: we have been brought into this world to the exclusion of infinite millions of other possible creatures. Next, there is a continuing creation, the Divine Conservation, failing which, at any moment we should fall back into our original nothingness. These and other blessings of Divine Providence we enjoy in common with all earth's creatures; what special reason have we as a nation, and as individuals, to render thanks to God?

I think the words of the text may be applied to our past history, our present status and to our future. This fair, broad land has been won from wilderness, desert and swamp. It has enjoyed a development unexampled in world history.

Reclamation, winning the desert and forest, joy and gladness in twenty million homes; thanksgiving and the voice of praise which goes up from every State, city, village, from the stately Cathedral as from the log hut in the mountains. No such unanimity of thanksgiving and praise marks any other day in the calendar.

The making of this country is largely due to the immense advance of scientific agriculture. Under Divine Providence the desert and

forest may be said in large part to have become a garden. Of the 1,900,000,000 acres of our domain we have appropriated to tillage about 873,000,000. Many more millions are gradually being brought into use by comprehensive systems of drainage and irrigation. Our production of foodstuffs has almost kept pace with the increase of our population, but when the improved methods now inaugurated shall have acquired their full momentum, there will be no need for anxiety that any portion of our people may go hungry. I have the highest authority for the statement that there will even be enough and to spare for the two hundred millions of our population in the middle of the present century.

When we consider the terrible famines in India and other countries, when we think of the eight millions of Russia threatened with dire starvation at this present time, surely we have ample cause for joy and gladness within our borders, thanksgiving and the voice of praise!

The story of the farm, and of the mighty and far-reaching activities of our Agricultural Department, when written by some genius yet to arise, will form one of the most thrilling chapters of human progress the world has ever read. As between 1896 and 1911, a short span, the farmer receives from two to three times as much for his produce as he did fifteen years ago! The value of the land in even a lesser interval has increased almost exactly twofold. His avocation is gradually being worked out to an exact science. His social status, his home life, his bank account have all measurably improved; his very name, but recently the jest of the cheap humorist and the unthinking crowd, is now one of dignity and honor. He is the mainstay of the Republic. Others manipulate wealth, he produces it. He, under God, is the prime factor in our material prosperity.

But we have not alone plenty, but peace within our own borders and peace with all the world. In us stands fulfilled the gracious promise of Almighty God: "I will give peace in your coasts; you shall sleep, and there shall be none to make you afraid." We lie down to our rest in this fair land with no fear of the midnight attack, the invasion of our homes, or the shriek of the death-dealing shell, to awaken us rudely from our quiet slumber. Not so in other lands. Even where no actual conflict rages, there is continual unrest and apprehension. Mothers look into the faces of husband and son and think they already hear the drum beat for the war which shall leave their houses unto them desolate. Some of the mightiest powers are said to have been but recently on the verge of a conflict which would draw others into its horrible vortex and drench the nations in blood. But here we sleep and there is none to make us afraid.

We are not only at peace with all the world, but we are strenuously endeavoring to bring about peace.

In this our stand is a glorious one. The imposing edifice in this city, the home and headquarters of the Pan-American Union, is the munificent gift of an American citizen. The stately pile at The Hague, the Palace of Justice, where the International Court of Arbitration holds its session, is also due to his generosity. This Republic has uniformly shown its desire for peace through arbitration as opposed to war.

The famous Conferences on International Arbitration of 1896 and 1904, held here in Washington, clearly showed the bent of mind of the foremost in the country in respect of this great question. Unswayed by party, but by a magnanimous humanity, these gatherings proclaimed to the world their desire for world-wide arbitration. They were the forerunners of many a gathering in the interest of peace.

Eighteen months ago this Republic gave to the civilized world an example of moderation and the spirit of conciliation, when, together with Great Britain, we submitted to the Arbitral Court, at The Hague, the question of Fishery Rights in North America, which for more than a century had produced bitter feeling between two powerful nations and almost precipitated a disastrous war. The moral effect of this action cannot be adequately estimated. It is epoch-making. Before and since, throughout this land, statesmen from our honored President downwards, Secretaries of State, Senators and Representatives, jurists, professors of international law, publicists, and men of good will of all degrees, have labored incessantly, in season and out of season, to further this high endeavor. The aid of the ministers of religion, without regard to party or denomination, has been freely invoked. Among them, in devotion to the cause and in unwearied labor for it, stands pre-eminent the weighty and honored name of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. I repeat it, on this question there is no party, no creed, no race affiliation—we are all Americans in our desire for peace. And we are so providentially situated, so abounding in territory, so full of resources, that our action is not likely to be misconstrued.

A steady change, even if slow, is coming over this country in respect of its attitude towards war. Yet much patient labor will be needed to counteract the habits of thought and modes of action of the long centuries. "Our ancestors," it has been well said, "have bred pugnacity into our bone and marrow." Our histories, our school books, our ballads and songs, our circumscribed and imperfect idea of what constitutes a real hero, all conspire to perpetuate the warlike spirit. No more, as we fondly trust, or rarely, will the one-man power sacrifice many thousands of lives to the gratification of a whim or the enforcement of an unjust claim.

We, in this favored land, incline instinctively to the methods of arbitration. We are on the whole a cool-blooded people, living in a temperate zone. The Supreme Court of the United States is virtually a Court of National Arbitration, a bulwark between the whole citizenship and hasty, unjust or oppressive legislation. Sitting high above the reach of violence and clamor, it has the last word. Any federal statute or law may be submitted to its calm scrutiny.

In these latter days the whole civilized world may, in a broad sense, be said to be a Court of International Arbitration. Any movement of overnight, in the remotest corner of the globe, is detailed and discussed in many hundreds of thousands of morning journals, and the masses are steadily realizing their enormous power. A nation going to war must have its quarrel just, or lose the moral and, what is more important, the physical support of all the other nations. The overwhelming force of world public opinion must be reckoned with as never before. Before the thousands are marched forth to slaughter, humanity, henceforward, will loudly demand, "Is there no other way?"

The United States is for peace. The best and most high-minded in the land are enlisted in the great cause. The pulpit, the press, the rostrum, the voices of the millions, in one thundering chorus, demand the abolition of the old barbarities of blood. We are, however, only one of the twenty-one Republics in this Pan-American Union. What is the attitude of the remaining twenty? Where does Latin America stand on this momentous question? Speaking broadly, it can, I think, with entire truth, be said that they have nobly done their part in the great movement. They may well stand on the record of many a Congress, more especially the Second Congress at The Hague. As far back as 1902, the limitation of

armed forces was already on between Chile and the Argentine Republic, and all through the discussion our sister republics co-operated loyally with the United States in minimizing or abolishing the cruelties, injustices and horrors of war. There was some hesitation or demur at certain points arising mainly from principles of international law. These difficulties may be surmounted by good-will and mutual understandings. In the near future, we look to see these republics closely joined in the bonds of lasting peace, each with the others and all with us. To-day, we extend the hand of fellowship, of fraternal affection. Their seventy millions of people, their nine million square miles of territory—three times that of the United States—their twenty-one hundred million dollars of commerce, with its almost incredible increase of half, in the last decade, all these unerringly point to a great, an almost unexampled destiny. The great Canal, dividing the land, will unite us in closer bonds. The marriage of the Atlantic and Pacific will be the forerunner of fraternal union among these one and twenty Republics. We have no time for war; there is so much to be done in peace. Let us tame the desert, war against disease, disembowel the mine, subdue the sea, even conquer the air, but let our hands never be red with our brothers' blood. Foes enough there are to fight without turning on one another.

We have then, to-day, peace and plenty as a nation: the reign of law, the blessing of order, the desire for continued and extended peace. In a few days our national legislative bodies will assemble. In the higher branch, treaties of peace between this country and Great Britain and France, respectively, are still pending. It should be the prayer of all good men to-day that the Spirit of Wisdom may descend on those in whose hands rest the fate of these great arbitral pacts.

Into all the niceties and subtleties embodying the objections to their confirmation, I have neither the time nor the ability to enter. That has been done over and over again, and with power and eloquence, by the Chief Executive. There will ever be, in complex transactions, room for honest difference of opinion. But it is my hope, in common, I feel sure, with the overwhelming majority of the country, that these present difficulties may be surmounted, that the example of these great and powerful nations will exert an enormous moral force on the civilized world, and that thus the dawn of world peace, which we believe we discern, may grow into the perfect day.

In considering our beloved country, we find, of course, some things which may temper with misgivings our joy and gladness, our thanksgiving and our voice of praise. There are, in part, the conflict between capital and labor, the difficulties involved in business enterprise, the corruption in public office, the lack of honesty in elections, the law's delay. Then there is the attempt on the part of some to relax the sacredness of the marriage bond; to destroy the sanctities of hearth and home; indeed, to uproot the whole social economic and moral order. All these must be reckoned with. Our great hope, under God, is in the saving common sense of the American people. They may for a time swerve from the true path. They may, like the magnetic needle, deflect for awhile on either side of the true North of civic and national rectitude, but never too far or too long.

The shafts of invective, the high debate, the reasonings of the disinterested, the daily reiterated arguments of the press; some great providential voice, some heaven-sent statesman wakes them from the dream or shows them the folly. They resume again the old sane lines of national development.

CAN A CATHOLIC BE A SOCIALIST?

ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY THE REV. P. J. FOOTE, S.J.

Beloved Knights: Often have I desired to be in the midst of you for the purpose of dwelling on a practical question of the day. My desire is at last satisfied, and I thank you for it.

The question is: Can a Catholic be a Socialist? By a Catholic I mean, of course, a Roman Catholic; a Catholic, namely, who believes in Rome, or more plainly in the divine claims of Rome's Bishop. Hence, I mean a Catholic who believes that the Pope is the successor and the heir to him to whom Christ said, "Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I will build my Church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." Consequently, I mean a Catholic who regards the Pope as the divinely infallible guide in matters of Faith and Morals, and who therefore never suffers his mind to be out of accord with the pronouncements of the Holy Father.

This premised, the answer to the question is easily found. One has but to inquire whether or no any Pope has yet spoken definitely either for or against Socialism. If any Pope has spoken definitely against Socialism, then it follows as the night the day that no Catholic can be a Socialist. Now a Pope has spoken in no uncertain terms against Socialism. Pope Leo XIII. has explicitly condemned Socialism in his encyclical letter "Rerum Novarum," otherwise known as the Encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes.

Before giving, however, the very words of the Holy Father as they lie written in the aforesaid encyclical, allow me to call your

attention to a previous question, and to read the same Holy Father's answer to it. I believe you will be astonished on hearing me read it. When the words of the Holy Father will fall on your ear, it will seem to you that Leo XIII. were still living, and living among you here in San Francisco; that he overheard a conversation you had yesterday with some Catholic friend badly posted in the news of his Church, and that he went home and penned these lines to be delivered to-night by me to you. The lines are taken from the encyclical letter "Graves de Communi," commonly called the "Encyclical on Christian Democracy." Here they are: "It is the opinion of some which is caught up by the masses that the 'social question,' as they call it, is merely 'economic.' The precise opposite is the truth. It is first of all moral and religious; and for that reason its solution is to be expected mainly from the moral law and the pronouncements of religion."

Now, truly, are you not for a fact surprised? Do you not remember with what warmth your friend of yesterday contended that the Church had nothing to do with Socialism? Do you not remember his argument? Was it not in substance something such as this: the Church has to do only with religion and morals; but Socialism, being merely a measure for the bettering of the workingman's condition, has nothing to do with religion or morals! Was it not then his undoubted opinion that Socialism is a matter purely economic? The Holy Father teaches, on the contrary, that the social question is first of all a question of morals and religion. Hence, every answer to it pertains to a matter which is not purely economic. Hence, Socialism, which is one of the proposed answers, is not a matter purely economic. The precise opposite is the truth.

It was for this very reason that Pope Leo XIII. wrote his famous Encyclical on the Condition of the Laboring Classes. Remember,

again, that in penning the encyclical he was not trespassing on another's field, that of pure economics; he was taking care of his own, the Christ-given field of Faith and Morals. After setting forth in a few bold lines the deplorable condition of the masses at the present day and hour, he addresses himself first to the refutation of the impracticable and unjust remedy, Socialism. He introduces the refutation thus: "To remedy these wrongs the Socialists, working on the poor man's envy of the rich, are striving to do away with private property, and contend that individual possessions should become the common property of all to be administered by the State or by municipal bodies. They hold that by thus transferring property from private individuals to the community the present mischievous state of things will be set to rights; inasmuch as each citizen will then get his share of whatever there is to enjoy. But their contentions are so clearly powerless to end the controversy that, were they carried into effect, the workingman himself would be among the first to suffer. They are, moreover, emphatically unjust because they would rob the lawful possessor; bring state action into a sphere not within its competence, and create utter confusion in the community." This he follows up by making good each and every accusation forestated against Socialism, and concludes: "Hence, it is clear that the main tenet of Socialism (community of goods) must be utterly rejected, since it only injures those whom it would seem to benefit; is directly contrary to the natural rights of mankind, and would introduce confusion and disorder into the commonweal. The first and most fundamental principle, therefore, if one would undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses must be the inviolability of private property."

From all this, it is as clear as clear can be that Pope Leo XIII. has explicitly in an encyclical letter condemned the main tenet of

Socialism—community of goods. Hence, no man claiming to be and remaining one who hearkens to the Papal voice as the voice of Christ's Vicar on earth, and in consequence to Christ's voice Itself, can give ear to the main tenet of Socialism. In fewer words, no practical Catholic can be a Socialist.

Thus far, beloved Knights, you and I have considered Socialism from the viewpoint of Christian Revelation, and we have reached the conclusion that its main tenet is undoubtedly incompatible with Catholicism, and consequently from that viewpoint a Catholic cannot be a Socialist. I propose that we now regard Socialism from the viewpoint of reason. The question will now read: Can a Catholic listening merely to the voice of reason be a Socialist? Let us see.

It is the voice of reason that the end does not and cannot justify the means. There is no need for a long-drawn-out defence of this clear, rational principle of moral conduct. A single comical anecdote will suffice to illustrate the truth of it. The story has often been told that once upon a time an Irishman persuaded a Jewish friend to become a Christian, and brought him to the edge of a river, where he baptized him. After the completion of the ceremony the thought came to the Irishman that perhaps his friend on returning home might renounce Christianity, die a Jew and go to Hell. The future of his friend indeed looked to him dark and gloomy, till a bright thought dawned on him that dispelled the darkness and the gloom. At once suiting the action to the thought, he roughly took hold of his friend by the scruff of the neck, forcibly plunged him into the river head first, and there held him till he drowned him. The Jew was saved. He passed from earth to Heaven without even being touched by the fires of Purgatory. Now who would defend our Irishman's conduct? Surely none of you.

And why not? Because of the plain dictate of reason that the end cannot and does not justify the means. That which the Irishman would have accomplished is the end of ends, the end for which Christ came into this world; and yet as good and as noble as it is, it did not and could not justify the criminal means by which it was to be accomplished, the murder of his friend.

To apply the aforesaid principle of moral conduct to the present question. It will not do for a Socialist to say that what he would accomplish is the making the condition of the laboring classes a veritable heaven on earth, if the means through which he would bring it about are in themselves excessive and unjust. Even many a Socialist allows this statement in its broad generality. For instance, many of them are heard in defense, denying that Socialism is anarchy. Why their denial? Is it not because anarchy is the destruction of all government, and therefore morally wrong; and for that reason these Socialists do not intend to lead the workingman into a terrestrial paradise over rivers of blood and along roads of chaos and riot? No end, be it ever so glorious and happy, could justify a means so brutal. Again, it is on the same account that many another Socialist denies that Socialism signifies "dividing up" or "confiscation," or any other unjust violation of the rights of private property.

Wherefore, to continue, if Socialism according to its main tenet be an excessive and unjust means, its goal—a chance to work for all who will and to all workers the full value of their products—cannot justify it and the voice of reason is against it. In consequence, a Catholic listening to the voice of reason cannot be a Socialist.

At the risk of tiring your patience, I would bring out here in clearer relief the idea of an excessive and unjust means. Suppose

a man who is suffering from a toothache, in order to rid himself of the pain, would have every tooth in his head pulled out; because, as he thinks, I will thus not only rid myself of the tooth that pains me, but I will rid myself of the possibility of it or any other of my teeth ever again aching. Take notice of the excessiveness. The stupid fellow with his silly remedy goes farther than he needs. To remedy the evil, he not only attacks the offending tooth but the inoffensive ones as well, thus doing more harm than good, since he runs the risk of falling into chronic dyspepsia on account of totally depriving himself of nature's means for the proper mastication of his food.

An instance of an excessive and unjust means for the accomplishment of a good is Prohibition. To remove the blighting curse of drunkenness from off the land, the Prohibitionist would suppress entirely the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Take notice of excessiveness again. To destroy drunkenness, the Prohibitionist attacks not only the offending drinking citizen but the inoffensive sober one as well. Take notice also of manifest injustice. The Prohibitionist would have the State interfere in a matter not within its competence, and deprive the citizen of an independent right, which every man holds from nature and not from the State, to eat and drink what he pleases, so long as he harms neither himself nor another. Little wonder more harm has been done than good wherever Prohibition became a reality. Said Walter J. Young in an address he delivered in Los Angeles, June 22, 1902, to temperance workers: "Prohibition Kansas has her saloons by the score, but her 'blind pigs' by the thousand. And in Maine where the saloons have been shut out for half a lifetime, more and more of the stuff is being imported into the State under the guise of drugs, groceries, vinegar and barnyard produce. But

shall we despair and give up the fight? These facts speak no discouragement to me. They are but the logical conclusions of an illogical fight." And what, you might ask, is the logical fight? For the rest of the lecture, which he titled Rational Prohibition, he urged Socialism.

To close now with Socialism as being an excessive and unjust means to right an evident wrong. We will first hear Mr. Algernon Lee describing Socialism. The quotation is taken from the American Almanac and Year Book for 1903, and is part of a favorable and strong summary of Socialistic doctrine written by the above-named editor of the New York Socialist organ, the *Worker*:

"No word has been more abused and misunderstood than the word Socialist. The Socialist is not an anarchist; they are opposed in theory and practice. The Socialist does not propose to destroy the family, abolish religion, or divide up property; nor does he seek to carry out his ideas by riot or bloodshed. The Socialist maintains that, with the present high development of machinery, the private ownership of the means of production involves the division of society into a possessing and non-producing capitalist class and a producing and non-possessing class of wage workers whose interests are opposed; and that the competitive system of industry naturally leads to monopoly, to the contrasts of extreme wealth and poverty, to class rule and class strife.

"The Socialist appeals to the working class to unite and use their political power to remove these evils by doing away with their cause, private ownership in the means of production.

"In a single phrase, Socialism means public ownership of the means of production and working class control of the government; a chance to work for all who will, and to all workers the full value of their product."

I will add to the above definition the following detailed information as to the manner in which the laborer's troubles arose. It is culled from Comrade A. M. Simon's brochure, "The Man Under the Machine": "Take a look at society about two hundred years ago. The shoemaker had his lapstone, knives and awls; the weaver his simple hand loom, and the ironworker, his forge, anvil and hammer. Each owned his own shop, bought his own material, and fashioned his own product with his own tools. About this time large quantities of goods began to be in demand on account of the newly opened markets in America, India and Africa. The old tools could not cope with the heavy demand. Hence began the study and the high development of machinery, with the fruitful result of our present-day large shoemaking manufactories, great weaving plants and gigantic steel works. To express the change technically, production began to be carried on collectively in place of what was before carried on individually.

"Moreover, great numbers of laborers began to live close together in towns and cities. Hence the origin of the tenement district and the slum.

"Again, it needed little strength and skill to watch and guide the modern machine. Hence, woman and child labor.

"Add to this the law of competition: namely, he only can do or sell who sells or works the cheapest, and we have the further results. First, with regard to the laborer. When all the labor found in the market is not wanted, then only the cheapest will be bought, and hence naturally arises pauper and coolie as well as woman and child wages. Secondly, with respect to the employer. The man who does not own the best machine or who does not own any machine at all, must find some one who will buy his labor power. Hence the surfeiting of the labor market

and the concentration of 'Big Business' into the hands of a few so-called 'Captains of Industry.'

"Finally, no employer can afford to buy labor unless he profit by it. He therefore must sell his goods dearer than they cost him. Besides, neither he nor his class, the capitalists, can consume all the products on the market; he must then sell the bigger portion of them to the great majority, the 'laboring class,' and at a price higher than their wages. Hence the high cost of living with a further contraction in marketable goods, since on account of the high prices the laborer cannot buy up promptly and readily even the necessaries of life. When many employers are brought to such a pass you have what is called a 'Business Crisis.' "

From the two statements of these widely known Socialists one can see plainly what is the distinct feature of their economic plan; that feature, namely, which distinguishes it from any other plan that is at present engaging itself in social reform. For you must remember that Socialism is not, for instance, Labor Unionism. The end, indeed, is common to both—the betterment of the condition of the laboring class; but their respective means are in no way one and the same. Witness, how national Socialist leaders war against Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell, the national leaders of Labor Unionism. Witness the fierce diatribes of Socialist leaders against the leaders of Unionism. So also Leo XIII. mapped out an universally admired economic program likewise for the betterment of the laboring class; but his program is as much opposed to that of Socialism as light to darkness, as truth to error.

The distinctive feature of Socialism is given in the single phrase of Algernon Lee: "Socialism means public ownership of the means of production." Allow me to unfold for you what is wrapped up in this tidy little verbal package, public ownership of the means of

production. What first comes to view are the words "means of production." Oftentimes the single word "capital" is used instead. What, then, is capital? It is any earthly good—land, money or business—when it is made to yield a profit; for instance, rents, interest or income. Such goods alone, according to the Socialistic plan, are amenable to public ownership. Private ownership, on the contrary, in non-productive goods; that is, goods that do not fructify into profit, rent or interest, may be retained by the individual according to the same plan. Examples of these latter goods are food and clothing, dwellings and furniture, if they are not employed for profit getting. Under Socialism a man may own a house and furnish it most luxuriously but he must not rent it.

So far so good. But look closer and see what next comes into view. By "Capital" or the means of production, the Socialist signifies not only great wealth, wide acres and big business, the means of production most abused nowadays by the conscienceless captains of industry, but every means of production, big or small, yielding profit and whether dishonestly or not. In the words of Socialists, the entire system of profit-getting is as intrinsically wrong as highway robbery. Should then there live a widow on Bernal Heights owning a milch cow and daily selling for her support a few quarts of its milk, she would be, Socialistically thinking, a Capitalist, and the cow her capital. According to Socialism, therefore, the private ownership of the cow as a money-getting scheme is economically wrong. It must be taken from her private hands and put into the public hands of the commonweal. Once more, should there dwell south of Market an aged laborer owning a lot and a two-story house on it, living in the lower story himself and renting the upper to a neighbor, he, too, Socialistically speaking, is a Capitalist and the two-story house his capital. According to

Socialism, again, the private ownership of the house as a rent-getting enterprise, being only concealed robbery, must be taken out of his hands and placed into the hands of the true owner, the public commonwealth.

Note again, for a third time, an instance of excessiveness. To remedy the crushingly tyrannical evils begotten by godless trusts and soulless monopolies, the Socialist attacks not only the offending exploiter of the poor and the weak, but likewise the inoffensive widow and laborer. Evidently, he will do more harm than good. As Leo XIII. put it: "The contentions of the Socialists are so clearly powerless to end the controversy that were they carried into effect the workingmen and workingwomen would be the first to suffer."

But look and see what finally comes into view. The would-be owner of all the means of production turns out to be a bullying robber state. It is a distinction which could exist only in a confused idea of ownership that would distinguish in the ownership of anything its ownership as a means of personal consumption and enjoyment and its ownership as a means of profit-getting. Ownership means distinctly the full disposal of what is owned. The widow on Bernal Heights that owns a milch cow may drink its milk herself or treat her neighbors with many a glass of it or sell it to them. She may even kill the cow if she chooses, eat the meat of it herself or have a grand barbecue for the neighborhood or sell it to her neighbors or to the butchers. This is what is meant by saying the cow is hers. For any one, therefore, whether in a public or a private capacity to take from her by law or by force the right to sell her cow or its milk and thus make a little money by the bargain, is to trench on her full disposal of it, to violate her ownership of it, to rob her.

As Leo XIII. wrote in his "Encyclical Concerning Modern

Errors": The Socialists wrongly assume the right of property to be of mere human invention, repugnant to the natural equality of man. Whence on such wrong assumption a Socialist may logically allow the State to usurp the ownership of all means of production. On the contrary, those who are not Socialists and who distinctly see that the right to property is a right from nature and not from the State as logically cannot allow such a wholesale usurpation of a human right.

Is it not clear that Leo XIII. wrote well when he wrote in his refutation of Socialism that the main tenet of Socialism must be utterly rejected since it only injures those whom it would seem to benefit? It is directly contrary to the natural rights of mankind and would introduce confusion and disorder into the commonweal.

Socialism, consequently, is as unjust as excessive, and no Catholic listening to the voice of Reason forbidding harm to be done that good may come from it can be a Socialist.

FUNERAL SERMON PREACHED OVER THE REMAINS OF REV. JAMES MAHON, NEWPORT, R. I

BY THE REV. WM. B. MEENAN, OF NEWPORT, R. I.

"I heard a voice from Heaven saying to me: Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow them."—Apoc. xiv, 13.

Right Reverend Bishop, Monsignor, Reverend Fathers and beloved Brethren: I am called to-day to perform a sad, sweet duty. A sad duty, because I am here to bid an earthly farewell to one who has been my boyhood's companion, my dear friend during life, and my beloved and respected brother in the priesthood. To say also, officially, a sad good-bye for you, his people, and for his priestly brethren. A sweet duty, for I know it was his pleasure that if anything were to be said over his remains I should say it, and it is consoling to me in this sad hour that it is the will of my respected Bishop that I should have the honor of publicly saying our farewell, and of testifying to the respect and esteem in which he was held by brother priests and people in his lifetime. Knowing human life as we do, dear Brethren, we are not disposed to pour out a fulsome eulogy over our dead, for, while the cold body lies before us, the separated soul has gone before its God and has rendered a strict account for every moment of life—for every thought, word and deed of that life. Judgment has been rendered by an all-wise, an all-seeing, a strictly just judge, and the soul of our dear departed friend is now reaping its reward. Nothing we can say is able to change the decree, and perhaps while we would exhaust our words in praising the deceased he would be undergoing the excruciating

torments of the fires of purgation that must consume the slightest stain remaining on a soul even already one of the eternally just. Therefore I say to you that we come here to bid farewell to our friend and father, and, in our love, to supplicate the mercy of God in his behalf. Father Mahon was opposed to a funeral eulogy, but in justice to him and as a duty to his people we must pay our tribute to his worth and present our reasons for the belief that he is one of the Just who have died in the Lord, that he is at rest, and to assure you that he has left works to come after him. There are those (there may be some here present) who have said that Father Mahon had a sharp tongue. So he had, and so had Saint John Chrysostom, who energetically and in unpolished words attacked the same evils that our dead friend combatted, and, as with Chrysostom, it was zeal in God's service and the salvation of souls that prompted him. He was frank and forcible and could not deal in honeyed words: that was *his* nature as we all have ours. He hated hypocrisy. None could be tenderer and kinder than he, to the prodigal, but he hated, if one may with propriety use that strong word, the one who went about with sanctimonious face and inwardly was full of iniquity. Nothing so vexed him and roused his combative nature as the "twaddle," he would call it, of the very nice Catholic who was continually finding fault with the laws of the Church, or weakly endeavoring to make apologies for her. But, though his tongue may have been a scorpion lash for some, there are those who now, perhaps, and later on, will thank God for the caustic of that tongue that burnt off the callous which was choking their conscience—sent new, warm Christian blood coursing through their veins and woke them to a new and better life. He was a good priest. He was pious and learned, and he worked zealously for the honor and

glory of God and for the salvation of souls. Therefore, as far as human judgment can go, we believe he was just and that he is worthy to be at rest. A priest is called by God, and rightly ordained to act as a mediator between God and man, and to offer up a sacrifice of propitiation for the sins of men. For twenty-nine years, day after day, your dead pastor held up in his consecrated hands the Divine Victim for the sins of men, and through the merits of this holy victim has besought God's blessing on you and on all the people among whom he has ever labored. He has also performed, with holy interest, the other duties of the priest. He has poured on the heads of your children the saving waters of Baptism. He has given a kindly welcome to the poor weary, perhaps despairing, penitent in the Confessional, has advised, consoled and strengthened him and sent him away with a heart full of gratitude to a merciful God. He has called down God's blessing on many a union of hearts and hands that has had its effect on the good lives of those whom he united. He has poured out the balm of consolation on the poor frightened soul on the verge of eternity, and with the unction of the holy oil there went out to the poor sufferer the unction of the kindly sympathetic spirit of your now dead priest which gave peace and hope and comfort to the dying one.

Many of your dear ones he has laid away in the grave with reverence and love and has prayed God fervently to give them rest and peace. All these works of the good priest that he has done will follow him and will appeal to the God of all mercy to be kind to him. The prayers and tears of those who have known his generosity will rise eloquently for him before God, and they will be many, for there are in this city to-day many homes into which he has brought comfort and aid: few know of it but those who were the objects of his benevolence. The uncompleted church,

the worries of whose construction no doubt sapped the last drains of his bodily strength, will be a monument to him; the songs of praise and the prayers that will arise therein will be his works; they will follow him and will plead with our heavenly Father for a bounteous reward. For all his works among you, dear Brethren, you owe him your love and gratitude. True gratitude is born in the depths of the heart: then, with all your heart look up to God to-day, raise the voice of your soul, not only to-day but always, begging God to reward your priest for you and to give him the reward of the good and faithful servant. We can judge our neighbor only by the exterior, God alone is the scrutinizer of hearts. He has said that nothing defiled can enter into Heaven, and oh! how hard it is for even the most perfectly disposed amongst us to be as true to God as He would wish us to be. His judgment is unerring, and so what may appear as trifles to us are mountains in His sight. Therefore, while with all confidence in God's mercy we believe that our dear brother and your beloved pastor has been judged one of the just who has died in the Lord, we must fear that perhaps there may have been some temporal punishment yet due to God's justice for past offences. He can no longer help himself, and so out of gratitude for his priestly services—out of respect for the office he has filled—out of love for him who truly loved you all, plead, oh, plead, with all your heart to-day and through the years to come that God may have mercy on his soul. Farewell, dear friend, priestly brother and pastor of this flock. May you already have fared well at the hands of a merciful judge! May your lot be already with the blessed in Heaven, and may we all—when our time comes—fare well, too, before the throne of our loving Redeemer and forgiving Father.

DEDICATION OF NEW FRANCISCAN NOVITIATE AT CALLICOON, N. Y.

SERMON DELIVERED BY THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR HENRY A. BRANN, D.D., NEW YORK

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matt. xvi, 24.
"If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come follow Me."—Matt. xix, 21.
"Take nothing for your journey, neither staff, nor scrip, nor bread, nor money; neither have two coats."—Luke ix, 3.

A supernatural desire, born of supernatural faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ; a consequent supernatural obedience to His commandments and to His counsels, were the proximate causes that made Francis of Assisi a flaming torch of divine love in Europe and in Asia in the thirteenth century. He was born at Assisi, Italy, A. D. 1181, and died in A. D. 1226, five years after the death of his rival in the love of God and of the Holy See, St. Dominic. The three texts which I have culled from the New Testament must have been working in St. Francis' mind from the very beginning of his life, even through the period of his gay and lively adolescence, in the midst of the amusements and of the dangers of a merchant's and of a soldier's life. His faith came out of this ordeal stronger than ever; and his innocence remained unsullied in the midst of popularity and adulation. It took the first twenty-six years of the young saint's life to develop perfectly in his character the full meaning of the call of Christ and the action of the Holy Ghost.

The call of Christ had ever been ringing in St. Francis' ears from the pulpits of Assisi: "If any man will come after Me, let him

deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me." That was hard to do for a young man in the early bloom of youth. "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor"; "take nothing for your journey," not even bread. That was hard for the son of the merchant Bernardone; for the young man brought up in comfort and ease. He had heard the call of the Crib every Christmas Day, and he had heard the call of the Crucifix on every Good Friday; even in his childhood. But at last, after his military service had ceased, the bugle blast of the Captain of captains smote his ear with redoubled force and an intenser meaning. The Voice then sounded to him, as it had sounded for Saul on the road to Damascus; and was followed, as in the case of Saul, by an immediate response. Away went the trappings of wealth, the solicitations of human passion; and the whole intellect and will of Francis bowed in submissive acceptance of the lesson of the Crib and of the Cross. From the Stable, from the Crib, from the Crucifix floods of sanctifying grace poured in on his submissive soul, and lifted it up to the heights of self-sacrifice and sublime sanctity. The man became transformed, and his actions showed the transformation. A church which he saw in ruins his zeal restored; with his own delicate hands, unused to manual labor, he worked on the brick and mortar of restoration. He looked over the world and saw the sloth, and the greed, and the other sins of many even in the service of the Master's House; and his soul burned for reform which would destroy ignorance and revive the faith of the sheep often scandalized by unworthy shepherds. Although not a priest, for he never rose in the hierarchy above the office of deacon, he preached to the priests as well as to the people, with the zeal of an Apostle; and he preached more by example than by precept. Wherever he went, the flames of his eloquence burned

into the hearts of men the lessons of the Gospel; and the seraphic light of his virtues dispelled the ignorance and vice of the multitude. Yet all of his work, from beginning to end, was supernatural in its source, form and effect. The grace of God worked His will in St. Francis' soul. He took the words of Christ literally; his conduct became logical. His poverty was that of the Crib. He put the teaching of Christ's counsels into practice by taking the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. These three follow as logical consequences of the words of Christ: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." The self-denial of the Cross means obedience. Christ was obedient even to the death of the Cross; He gave up His own will to the will of His Father. The way of the Cross is the road of the sacrifice of human passions, pleasures and comforts; it is the way of chastity. And the vow of poverty is a natural consequence of the text: "Go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor; and come follow Me." This vow St. Francis interpreted in the strictest sense, because he saw that the spirit of poverty was, in his century, as it is in ours, the best protest against the prevailing spirit of greed; that "greed" symbolized as Plutus by the pagans, and placed as the "great enemy" in the fourth circle of Dante's "Hell." Certainly greed it was that betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver, and that treason was the infamous crime which immediately led to the crucifixion of the God-Man on Calvary. The Lady Poverty, the Spouse of Christ, who mounted the Cross with Him and died in His arms (to quote the sublime thought of the great Franciscan, Dante), became after Christ's death the spouse of St. Francis; and he, in dying, commended her to his brethren and commanded them as his rightful heirs to love her as Christ loved her.

From beginning to end, the life and actions of Francis were super-

natural, and his wonderful success was due to this fact. Although he was a man of much natural ability and a great poet, as his Ode to the Sun proves, yet his talents were not the cause of his success. He was chosen, as the Apostles were, not on account of social position or great mental attainments; but specially called and equipped by the Master, who chooses whom He pleases, even the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and who sent him as He had sent Peter and the other Apostles to convert and reform the world. The grace of God had made another Christ of St. Francis. The supernatural shines out in all his works. He did not at first set out to establish religious orders and become a great social reformer. It was his personal sanctity that drew towards him the multitude who wished to imitate his virtues and to be near him, under rule. The founding of the Franciscan orders was forced on him by the numbers who, led by his example, wished to follow his guidance. The men came first; after a while, the women, who had witnessed his great zeal and sanctity and had heard his preaching, flocked around him with St. Clare; and the second order, the "Poor Clares," then became a necessity. Although remaining only a deacon, his zeal was sublimely sacerdotal. He venerated the priesthood. He kissed the hands of those who had the power of changing the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. His zeal was universal, and so fruitful that men and women, priests, Bishops and Popes who could not belong to the first two Franciscan orders were gathered into a third, and wore the Franciscan cord. The cord of Francis girt the loins of the Bishop and of the Pope, as well as of the merchant and the soldier, the queen and of the lady of fashion. But—we cannot repeat it too often—the whole transformation was the supernatural effect of supernatural causes of which the saint was the occasion and the instrument. The head of the Church at

length gave form and rule to the three orders founded on the model and the spirit of their Patriarch.

Those writers, therefore, who try to explain the work of St. Francis by natural causes, have not understood either the man or his work. He was not only a wonderful saint, but a great social reformer as well; but he was not a social reformer, such as we know in our days, who works from merely natural motives. He wrote no books; he broached no new theories advocating social amelioration or the destruction of the right of property. The ordinary social reformer, especially in our century, does this kind of work. He attacks the rich, from hate; and does not convert them. He flatters the poor, and tries to destroy in their minds the ideas of justice and charity. His books destroy social order, but enrich the author who never thinks of practising what he preaches, for he never divides the spoils which he has gathered from the fertile fields of hate and sedition which he has sowed. St. Francis respected law and order. He respected also the rights of property. Although he personally owned none from the day when he gave up the very clothes on his back to his angry father who claimed them, until almost naked, he lay dying on the bare ground. St. Francis was no socialist. He held the doctrine regarding the natural right to property taught not only by the Church in his time, but also by the Church in the first ages of faith. The Fathers who lived during the first six centuries of the Christian era, when the property owners of the Roman Empire were a specially privileged, despotic and cruel class under whose rule the poor were oppressed, never preached rebellion or the doctrine of State confiscation without compensation. Salvian, Augustine, Ambrose, Gregory of Nazianzen, Basil and Jerome all treated the social questions of their times, which were then fundamentally the same as now; and always insisted on the distinction between

the right of property and its use. While defending the right, they urged the rich to be generous, kind and charitable, and to use their wealth for the benefit of the poor. Thus Basil, whom some socialists are fond of quoting, denounces the uncharitable rich, but praises the wealthy who share their goods with the poor. Jerome says that wealth will not prevent a rich man's sanctification if he makes good use of his riches, and that poverty will save no man's soul unless he avoids sin.

St. Thomas, who was born about the year that St. Francis died, formulated this doctrine only a short time after St. Francis' death. In the second article of the Secunda Secundae of his "Sum of Theology," the Angelic Doctor asks: "Whether it is lawful for anyone to possess private property?" and answers that private property is necessary to human life because the individual, by owning property, takes better care of it than if it belonged to the community; that the individual, if he did not own the property would shun labor, leaving to others the care of what would be common property, as happens in the case of servants when none of them has the special care of any particular thing; that human affairs are treated more orderly if each man has a special care of some particular thing; that there would be disorder if everyone without distinction should have the care of everything; and that on account of the ownership of private property, peace is preserved among men for everyone is more content with what is exclusively his own. "Hence," concludes the Angelic Doctor, "we see that among those who hold property undividedly in common, quarrels are more frequent" than when each one owns his own private property, the greatest incentive to industry.

But, concludes St. Thomas, ownership must be distinguished from use; and in the use of things, men should act as if they were

not absolute owners, but should use them for the benefit of others in distress; and he quotes St. Paul to Timothy (I. Epistle, v, 17): "Charge the rich of this world to do good, to be rich in good works, to distribute readily, to communicate." There is no socialism in this teaching of St. Thomas which was identical with that of St. Francis. Therefore we see how these non-Christian biographers of St. Francis like Sabatier err, who try to make him out a mere humanitarian or a socialist. They mistake and misrepresent altogether the motives and the nature of his work. While he was always ready to give up even his coat, if he had one, to the coatless tramp, he never said or thought that the State had the right to impose obligations of this kind on any citizen. His primary purpose was the perfect imitation of Jesus Christ, the salvation of the souls of others. He was not a dreamer or a fanatic, but a logical Christian and a saint; while the mere humanitarian and the socialist usually denies the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul, the existence of sin and consequently the necessity of divine atonement, the divinity of Jesus Christ and the meaning of the Sacrifice of Calvary; and limit to this visible world the whole of human life; and consequently hate poverty which Christ and St. Francis loved. Although St. Francis began his religious life by giving up all property, by living in a hut, and by imposing a vow of rigorous poverty on his disciples, under Pontifical guidance, he modified the manner of living, for himself and his religious, to suit the necessities and the conveniences of social life. By his example and his reforms he saved Italy from a successful invasion of the socialistic heresies of his times just as his great countryman, St. Charles Borromeo, by his wonderful zeal and piety stemmed in the sixteenth century the flood of the Lutheran heresy that was pouring over the Alps into the plains of Lombardy.

St. Francis will ever stand beside St. Charles and St. Gregory the Great as the three greatest beacon lights of reform in the history of the Christian Italian people.

The reforms effected by St. Francis saved Italy from the heresy of the Albigenses who overran northern Spain and southern France, causing much ruin in Church and State. It took the soldiers of Simon de Montfort at the battle of Muret, near Toulouse, to destroy the Albigensian hordes in the year 1213, and to restore peace to the Church in France. St. Francis reformed society by reforming consciences.

Not only was Francis a great saint, but a great poet who helped to inspire the genius of Dante. One of the most sublime passages in the "Paradiso" is the panegyric of St. Francis spoken by St. Thomas Aquinas.

Our saint also tried to become a martyr for Christ among the Mohammedans of Asia; but Christ would not let him die by the scimitar of the Sultan, so he martyred himself by fasting, watching, working and praying for eighteen years, until there was so little left of his poor body that his soul seemed to shine through it; and the more it shone through it, the more that body became like Christ's. The mark of the nails appeared on his hands and feet; and the wound showed in his side; and he began to live an ecstatic life. The work of grace was almost done, and glory was rapidly advancing. All nature seemed to know it, and to recognize his power as it did that of Adam before the fall. Wild animals crouched at his feet and obeyed him. The wolf did his bidding, the birds came and sang for him, the fishes swam to the place where they recognized his shadow on the bank of the stream, and all nature honored him. The idea of the Crib and the Crucifix dominated him to the last. "I have done my part," he said to

those around him, when death drew near, "may Christ teach you to do yours." Then taking off his poor, brown habit, he lay down on the bare, cold ground, with a borrowed cloth to cover him, as Christ lay with swaddling clothes in the manger. Then he asked one of the Fathers to read for him the Gospel of the Passion, according to St. John; and as the part of it which tells of the death of Our Lord was read, St. Francis' soul flew to the arms of the Risen Christ. Thus died one of the greatest saints and reformers in the Catholic Church, universally beloved and respected even by the Protestant and the infidel.

Reverend Fathers, it is not recorded as a fact, but I am inclined to believe that, when he died, every flower in Assisi wilted, the trees dropped their leaves, the fishes ceased to swim, the birds sang dirges, and the ripples in the neighboring streams sounded like falling tears. All Italy, and wherever the Franciscan name was known, was filled with sorrow.

To you, especially, he has left his example to imitate, his rule to follow, and his cord to wear. It is a potent weapon. Wear it as the warrior wears his sword. The most illustrious member of the Third Order tells us that he had once thought to take with it the leopard of the painted skin, the leopard who once stopped his way to the ascent of the mountain. In the 16th Canto of the "Inferno," this same illustrious member of your order, Dante, gave his companion that cord who, with it, dragged out of the pit and enslaved Geryon, the demon of dishonesty and fraud, so active and ruinous to souls in this age of enormous wealth and universal avarice.

May that cord, in each of your hands, be a scourge of Christ to drive vice out of the world, and tie Plutus and Geryon in the gloomy caverns of their eternal punishment.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF THE CHURCH OF ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, PHILADELPHIA

ADDRESS BY THE HON. WALTER GEORGE SMITH

The erection of a new parish school building, auspiciously begun in St. Edward's Parish by the laying of the cornerstone to-day, is significant not alone of the devotion to religious truth of the good people who have taxed themselves to build it, but of Catholic thought on the subject of education throughout the world. In our republic it was recognized at all times that a duty rested on the community to afford the opportunity for instruction in the elementary branches of human knowledge. In consequence there has grown up in all of the States a well developed, carefully graded system of schools, and not only is elementary instruction given, but opportunity is afforded for those who have capacity for higher education to receive it in high schools and even universities at the public expense. The system in some of the States had its beginning in colonial days; and after the States threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, it was perfected, until in our own time the expenditure for public education has reached enormous proportions.

As civilization hewed its way by the axe of the pioneer westward through the wilderness, no sooner was the infant state founded than provision was made for education; and so excellent were the facilities even in the earliest times that a large, if not the largest, proportion of our public men, whose native ability had been trained

in the elementary schools that sprang up with each settlement, found in them all that they needed to lay the foundation for their useful careers as leaders in all the avenues of human endeavor.

With a public school system so excellent and so comprehensive the question has naturally been asked, why is it necessary for any one body of citizens to found and support a system of education separate and distinct from that afforded by the State? Cannot the child of any family find in the State's schools all the opportunities for instruction that are needed to give him or her the necessary training for the work of life? Those who can afford to pay for instruction in private schools have a liberty of choice, but why should the man of little or no fortune turn from the gift freely offered him by his State and tax himself doubly by the support of parochial schools? The answer is simple and conclusive. It is because education offered in the public schools is entirely devoid of religion in theory, and such as is taught in practice, because in certain branches religion cannot be entirely separated from secular instruction, is either hostile to the true faith or inadequate for its proper exposition.

In the beginning religious teaching was considered a necessary concomitant of secular teaching. It would have been deemed a strange proposition in the earlier days of the republic that any system of education could have been devised that would have made good citizens of those whose faith in God and a recognition of His over-ruling Providence was not made a branch of instruction, and the spirit of religion made to pervade all subjects of the required course. And probably, notwithstanding the growth of infidelity in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries under the impulse given by the French philosophers, religion would still be taught in the American public schools, were it not for the well

meant but fatal remedy proposed by those who wished to recognize the freedom of religion to all citizens, and at the same time keep all elementary education under the control of the State.

The brave, patriotic and self-sacrificing men to whom we owe the fabric of our political government were almost without exception Christians, though they had inherited from their ancestors through centuries of prejudice false views upon some of the essential dogmas of the Christian faith. In their state papers they constantly give evidence of their faith in Christianity, and no important public work was ever undertaken without an appeal to God to guide, strengthen and prosper it. All honor to those good men who, while not of our faith, we may well believe because of their sincerity were of the spirit of the Church. They would have recoiled from the thought that any worldly success is worth the sacrifice of a living faith in Christianity as they understood it, and all that it implies. So it was that the first public schools were schools of religious as well as secular teaching; but with the growth of population the fundamental differences of belief became accentuated.

While the Catholic parent may well believe that some acceptance of the body of Catholic truth is better than none, he could not see his child breathe an atmosphere charged with hostility to Holy Church, and know that little by little insensibly that child might be weaned from her fold. Even before the Catholic people had grown in numbers and power so as to become a significant part of the community, those whose duty it was to watch over their spiritual well-being saw the danger and sought to provide against it.

At the first Provincial Council held at Baltimore in 1829, when there was but one ecclesiastical province for the entire country, it was decreed that Catholic schools should be erected. When in 1852 the first Plenary Council was held, bishops were exhorted

to have a Catholic school in each parish. At the Second Plenary Council in 1868, it was decreed that schools should be erected in every parish, and finally in the Third Plenary Council in 1884, it was decreed that parish schools should be established in all parishes, unless the conditions were such as to render a school impossible; that new schools should be opened within two years; that a pastor should be removed if a school were not established, if the school were possible; that parents should send their children to the parish school unless the Bishop should decree in particular cases such attendance was not necessary. Thus you will see that the wise, strong men, who under the Providence of God have been designated by the Holy See to be shepherds of the Church, have been mindful of the importance of Catholic education, and by degrees gradually increasing in emphasis until the last expresses a command, have laid the duty upon every parish to provide a school commensurate with its population for the training in secular and religious knowledge of all Catholic children.

The mere fact that such action was taken by the hierarchy is to the Catholic who knows and reverences the Apostolic office of consecrated bishops a sufficient evidence of its necessity, but it is well on such an occasion as this to dwell on the circumstances that made their action imperative. As we have seen, the public schools were not at first unchristian, but in the endeavor to meet the objections of those who felt that injustice was done by teaching antagonistic both to Catholic, to Jew, and to infidel, and under the gravely mistaken notion that education in secular knowledge in and of itself would so strengthen the moral tone that no dogmatic teaching was necessary in public schools, little by little almost every vestige of religious instruction was eliminated, and we behold the portentous spectacle of a vast majority of the children trained to

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use their intellects with no adequate instruction upon the first duty of all men, "to serve God and keep His Commandments." This system has been sufficiently long in practical operation for us to see its consequences. The moral standard of many communities has been lowered. The mad struggle for material wealth has taken possession of some of the most important elements of society. Heresies, religious and political, that threaten the very foundations of society, are advocated with an earnestness that commands attention. The vast complicated framework of modern civilization is subject to attacks that seek to destroy it without any adequate appreciation of the direful consequences that are sure to follow. Nothing is sacred from the pride and self-sufficiency of half educated men and women who think and teach that the precedents set by twenty centuries of a civilization which, notwithstanding defects inseparable from any of the works of men, is immeasurably superior in its ideals and in its practical results to any the world has ever seen, are to be set aside, and a new ideal based upon human wisdom shall supersede the supernatural which comes from God.

The heart of the American people still beats true to the eternal principles of morality. If we needed evidence of this comforting fact, the events of the past few years, showing an awakened conscience in so many ways, would be sufficient; but where shall we find a remedy for acknowledged evil if we lose sight of the pole star of all human endeavor,—obedience to the commands of our Creator. "The cardinal evil of our day and of our country especially," says a learned and careful observer, "is the banishment of dogmatic religion. This is due to four powerfully operating causes: The internal dissolution of Protestantism, the extreme secularism of our press, our Godless schools, and our worldliness,

or that intense pursuit of material life which takes no interest whatever in revealed religion. The result is that the bias of American life is to triturate and dissolve the elements of all creeds into a vague system of ethics which will interfere as little as possible with the machinery of its artificial life. Our Catholic people have no more subtle and domestic evil to contend with than the perverse notion of virtue which prevails in the non-Catholic world. It pervades our life, our literature and our institutions. It is part of every study which is concerned with human arts, energies, aspirations and emotions, and is in every way subversive of our Catholic Standard and practice of virtue. That standard is saintliness of life. Modern society has no positive moral or ascetic theory of its own. If it has, it regards courage, loftiness of spirit, zeal for political liberty, the honor of the flag, love of science, as infinitely higher virtues than humility, purity, charity, mortification, and the fear or love of God." (Rev. James J. Conway, S.J., before the Catholic Educational Association. Proceedings, Vol. III, pp. 72, 73.)

The common experience of all right-thinking men will bear out the truth of this statement. The fact is whatever there be of good, and, thanks be to God, there is much in our American civilization, attains its ends by reason of the impetus received in the days when Christianity was the living principle of all our actions. But if the motive force ceases, what can be expected but a relapse into a Pagan or worse than Pagan, a completely material, world life, accentuated by the many triumphs over the forces of nature, which now minister in so many ways to luxurious tendencies.

To attribute all of the present evils that threaten society to the non-religious education given in the State-supported schools would

be unfair. The system that has brought about the de-Christianizing of colleges and universities both for men and women, which has been intensified by the Carnegie temptation, nobly resisted by at least one non-Catholic institution, Brown University, has had an undeniable effect upon men of higher education. While the wave of rebellion against authority in all spheres of thought following the French Revolution has gained power under the stimulus of the scientific leadership, which, after brilliant triumphs in the fields of exact science, seeks to apply its canons to the study of the supernatural.

Against all these errors, fraught with consequences so dangerous to the welfare of mankind, the only real effective and permanent barrier is the Catholic Church. She is aided, indeed, by every right impulse of natural virtue, directed by well regulated thought, and by all those who preserve among our separated brethren an entire belief in supernatural truth. But four centuries of perversion of history and constant misrepresentation have made many a well intentioned man her bitter enemy, because he accepts as a true portraiture of the Church the abominable caricatures that pass current among the culpably ignorant.

There have been other ages and worse ones when the Church was exposed to persecution and her Divine mission was hindered with a malignancy no less determined than confronts it in our day. She lived through all these as she will live till time has passed into eternity. But how! Because through human instrumentalities personally often weak, sometimes even sinful and, in matters of State, erring, in all that relates to the faith and its preservation, her rulers have been sustained by the presence of the Holy Spirit. Even from a human point of view, however, admitting the mistakes that the verdict of impartial history may

sometimes record, where is there an institution so wisely, patiently and bravely sustained that has stood for two thousand years, the acknowledged refuge for the unfortunate, the stern and relentless enemy of vice in all its forms!

In studying the causes of the strength of Catholicity from a merely human point of view, it is apparent that her care for the education of the young has been one of her most efficient aids. Her enemies know it. They seek by every means ranging from artful misrepresentation of her methods to downright robbery of her property and denial of common rights to her children, to wrest to themselves the control of the schools. With the virgin mind of the child in which to plant their seeds of infidelity, they know well the crop they will reap, or rather they know well that the harvest that should be reaped will never grow there. Did they but realize the deadly weeds that would take its place, even these insensate men would stand aghast.

Therefore it is that the parish school has been established in this parish and in many another in our beloved republic. It is essential, for among the masses of toiling workers there is neither the ability nor the opportunity to give in the family life the constant and reiterated instruction necessary for the formation of Christian character. The influence of the home is and should be the most far-reaching, but it is in the school that the growing child must in most cases receive the lessons of faith, or receive them not at all.

It would be superfluous to urge those considerations upon an audience such as this. The Catholic people of Philadelphia have shown their faith in the wisdom and their obedience to the authority of the hierarchy in a way that no words need exaggerate. There are now enrolled in the diocese not less than 65,000 children, and

as new parishes are created the devoted Sisters open new schools, where all the elements of a good education are given with at least equal success as in the State-supported schools, with the added efficacy of a religious teaching that makes of each generation staunch Christians and necessarily, therefore, good citizens. What is the consequence?

A fortnight ago at the laying of another cornerstone, when the occasion was marked by the presence for the first time at such a ceremony in our city of two Cardinals of the Church, the streets were blocked for squares with a reverent multitude of men and women, rejoicing, not because a monarchy had been overturned midst blood and turmoil, not because nuns and monks, whose only sin was devoting their lives to the good of their fellow men and the glory of God, were deprived of their property and their citizenship because of their vocation, but because a new temple to the ever living God was about to be erected by the free-will offerings of the masses who find in religion the only sure solace for the ills of this life and the only sure hope for the next.

Our separated brethren recognize the strength of our schools while they mourn the loss of religion in their own. This is shown in many expressions of admiration that appear from time to time in their publications, and in the addresses of their leading men, wherever the faith in God has not been quenched by the deadening atmosphere of their surroundings. Let me take from an editorial in the October number of "Men and Women," commenting upon the recent session of the Catholic Educational Association at Detroit. The editor of this excellent Catholic publication quotes from the New England Journal of Education, where, speaking of the Catholic Church as the one Church which makes religion an essential education, goes on to say that it "is the Catholic Church in which

mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs and whose sisterhoods and brotherhoods and priests imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardest glass," and then asks: "Are they wrong? Are they stupid? Are they ignorant, that they found schools, academies, colleges in which religion is taught?" and it makes answer: "Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul—with eternity for duration—is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong. We are no prophets, but it does seem to us that Catholics retaining their religious teaching, and we our heathen schools, will gaze upon Cathedral crosses all over New England, when our meeting houses are turned into barns. Let them go on teaching religion to the children and let us go on educating our children in schools without recognition of God, and they will plant corn and train grape vines on the unknown graves of the Plymouth Pilgrims and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

Let us rejoice then, my brethren of the laity, and you, most reverend, right reverend and reverend clergy, that under Providence your excellent rector has found the means through the generosity of the faithful to erect a new school in this flourishing parish, from whose portals their children and their children's children will go forth to lives of usefulness and honor.

OPENING OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

SERMON PREACHED AT THE CATHEDRAL IN BOSTON
PENTECOST SUNDAY, JUNE 4TH, 1911

BY THE REV. MICHAEL J. SCANLAN

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment, and the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets."—Matthew xxii, 37-40.

Beloved brethren:—To-day on this beautiful feast of Pentecost, Holy Mother Church invites us to honor the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Love, the love of the Father for the Son and of the Son for the Father. According to our human way of speaking, the Most Blessed Trinity was made complete by charity and this Spirit of Charity, of Divine love came down upon earth, again to complete, as it were, the mission of the Divine Son. Charity confirmed in the Church what power and knowledge had established and left among men a perfect work. So we see, God's work is perfected, as it were, by love, by charity. It seems reasonable, then, to say that those among men, who would complete their life work by deeds of charity are perfecting their lives according to the spirit and example of God Himself. Holy Writ holds out no encouragement to the children of men to aspire to the power of God and much less that they pretend to the wisdom of God, but it constantly reminds them that they should strive to be like unto God in love, in charity. Creation is the work of Divine love and to the same attribute the world owes its continued existence.

The Redemption is the fruit of the charity of Heaven—"For God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son: that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting."

It is only uttering the plainest truth, then, to say that the work among men that is dearest to God is the work inspired by charity. For—"God is charity and he that abideth in charity abideth in God and God in him." But true charity includes not only love of God, but love of all God's creatures as well. It places every human being in relationship to ourselves as a brother. It is more generous than justice, for that regards each one alone, apart from all others. It is far above mere philanthrophy, which loves man for man's sake, because it loves man for God's sake. It unites men in the truest fellowship, including all, excepting none. It is not national; it is universal, and has its value in this that it inspires men to love and help one another because all are children of God, redeemed by the precious Blood of Christ. It has had its perfect fulfillment in the Christian law, because from the Heart of Christ it was, that the most perfect charity sprung forth. But for man, sin-burdened as he is, it is proverbially easier to preach charity than to practice it. Other virtues unfortunately suffer for the same reason and yet, withal, God praises the good that men do, despite their frailties. It is not always the great deed that merits most, it is the good will or the motive that prompts it, that gives an act its value. It is the placing of things in their proper relation to God that ennobles life and makes it worth living. The relations of man to man are not due to chance nor are they dependent upon mere circumstance. They are determined by the law of life, which is but an emanation of the eternal law of God. The brotherhood of man is an empty phrase,

indeed, unless we appreciate the Fatherhood of God. In truth, it is not difficult to understand the relations of man to man if we but first understand the relationship between man and God, his maker.

Now charity properly directed covers a multitude of needs, the necessities of the physical life, the necessities of the spiritual life, the things of time and the things of eternity. You cannot disassociate these things, when there is question of the scope of charity, for it must consider the whole man, his temporal mission and his eternal destiny. According to the Catholic point of view, the spiritual nature of man claims first consideration in our dealings with him. He is, first of all, a creature made to the image and likeness of God, with an immortal soul, so, living the life of time that he may finally live the life of eternity with God. His relation to his fellow man is that of brother and according to the law of Christian charity, enmity yields to brotherhood. His career here upon earth is but a sojourn; his possessions he holds not absolutely but as a steward, a distributor for the supreme owner, God. Nor is it the amount that man possesses here that gives him importance or greatness before God. It is rather the use he makes of that which he hath. The Wise Man tells us that sometimes it happens that—"One is, as it were, rich, when he hath nothing and another is, as it were, poor, when he hath great riches."

Certainly the problems of life are manifold. We believe it is the earnest desire of most men to meet them squarely and honestly and to help in their settlement, and by settlement we do not mean the final and absolute elimination of difficulties or of differences, nor do we mean the permanent reign of an harmonious earthly existence among all. That is a dream of what Heaven alone

offers and is has no reality in life to-day nor can it ever have. Before God alone, all men are equal in their claims upon his justice, but according to all other standards, they are unequal. Unequal in the circumstance of birth, unequal in their physical and mental inheritance, unequal in the conditions of life.

To venture upon the solution or adjustment of the social problems without an acknowledgment of these very fundamental truths is the veriest folly. Unless men are taught to admit, to maintain and to defend the high and noble spiritual value of a human being, then charity has no meaning for them, nor has justice either. It's simply then a matter of might, the survival of the strongest, and kindness, if there be any, will be measured by economic standards only. Man is a social being working out God's plans in His behalf among men. By the very nature of things he is dependent upon his neighbor. The strength of one supplies for the weakness of the other; the knowledge of one helps dissipate the ignorance of the other; the abundance of one is intended to relieve the necessities of the other and so through the whole scale of human relations by the designs of God, man is related to man, as brother is to brother. This, beloved brethren, is the Christian, the Catholic idea of human life and of the relationship of man to his fellow-man. Could there be anything more beautiful, anything more inspiring than this mutual dependence among men, the gift of one being but the compliment of another's gift; no two equally possessed of the same powers; no two equally burdened by the same weaknesses; yet each, whether strong or weak, rich or poor, full of knowledge or knowing little, feeling that he may look into the face of Christ with equal faith, with equal hope, with equal love and with confidence feel that God rewards one not according to the

measure of the things he hath, but according to the use that is made of them.

Men have tried to ignore this view of life and have adopted strange methods of adjusting human differences and of settling the social problems, but they have not settled the problems nor have they even approached an adjustment of the differences. They have swung to and fro between the two dread extremes of absolutism and communism, between the deification of man and human slavery, between aristocracy and anarchy, between plutocracy and socialism. Human laws looking to the alleviation of human suffering and the betterment of mankind have been enacted throughout the ages, but where they have ignored the high spiritual value of man they have been powerless to effect good. There are certain conditions among men for which no human law can prescribe. They spring from the soul of man and from a consciousness of the soul's noble and immortal destiny and herein lies the mission of Christian charity. Who does not know that there is some influence other than the mere written law that binds husband and wife, and father and mother to their children, and children to their parents, in a union that the human heart so strongly cherishes and which defies the power of language to describe. What is this influence but charity that unites many in holy kinship where mutual concession and mutual encouragement and mutual self-sacrifice crown the family life? So we say, in the spirit of the Church: "Let the charity of your immediate homes pervade the whole life of the great human family. Honor every human being as a child of God, as one who has an immortal soul. Stand forth with all your might against any and all tendencies to reduce your fellow-man, whether poor or feeble, whether illiterate or ignorant, to the level of a mere economic

unit, or a mere civic entity. For convenience or from the want of a better solution, man's capacity to labor may be sometimes measured in terms of dollars, but not all the wealth of the earth is the equivalent of one human thought put into action. These are truths which we cannot too strongly insist upon. Admitting them the work of charity is clear. We help one as our brother, and because we recognize in him the image of God, we are interested in his spiritual and moral welfare as well as in his physical and material wellbeing.

If he be poor, we help him, if he be sick, we visit him, if he be in sorrow, we comfort him, if in sin, we counsel him, if ignorant we instruct him, if he die we bury him; for through all the vicissitudes of life, he is all the while a child of our common Father and a brother of ours in the Sonship of Jesus Christ.

Oh! it is only when we have a proper conception of the dignity of manhood that we can really expect to exercise true charity, and when we have the true idea, what a vast field opens up before us. The social, the economic, the educational, the religious necessities of our fellow-man become a matter of special concern to us. We throw condescension to the winds, we have not the heart to patronize, our work is too sacred to flaunt before the world and man is helped by man, as brother is by brother. This is the work of Christian Charity, to bring, in the name of God, peace to every heart that has it not; to give to every one his due, to deprive no one of what is rightly his, to soften the asperities of life, so that men who may have much may not excite envy; that those who have little may not cherish discontent, that the worthy poor may not feel that the accident of poverty has made them any the less human, any the less worthy of respect, any

the less entitled to the protection of the law and the good will of their fellow-man.

This, as I understand it, is the glorious mission of the disciples of Ozanam. Under the patronage of the apostle of the poor, St. Vincent de Paul, your society has spread throughout the world and is now co-extensive with the Church itself, numbering over 200,000 members devoting themselves heroically and without stint to this truly Godly work.

You represent before the world the Catholic view of Charity among men and the practice of the same, manifesting in your daily lives a holy interest in the corporal and spiritual welfare of your less fortunate brethren.

Certainly this is an inspiring work, worthy of man's best efforts and not unworthy of the best of men. For—"He that despiseth his neighbor, sinneth." It ill becomes one who may chance to be possessed of much of the world's goods to look askance at him who hath little, for the possession of much or little is but an accident of life, and the Sun that rises upon our bounty may, at the close of the self-same day, set upon our poverty. It is not what our fellow-man hath or hath not that gives him a claim to our kindly interest, but rather because of what he is, a brother with a right equal to our own to be called a child of God. Remember the words of Holy Writ—"Riches are good to him that hath no sin on his conscience . . . and the life of a laborer that is content with what he hath shall be sweet and in it thou shalt find a treasure."

But I believe the work of the disciples of St. Vincent de Paul, great and miraculous as it has been, since its inauguration over three-quarters of a century ago, has really only begun. For centuries before the illustrious Frederick Ozanam drew about him

his small band of noble workers, our great Church, through countless agencies, administered to the necessities of practically all Christian peoples. There was no need physical and temporal or spiritual and eternal that Holy Mother Church did not carefully and generously provide for. She sought simply to represent worthily her Divine Founder who said: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it to me." But time and conditions have changed and while the Church still clings to that precious privilege of helping in the name of Christ all who may need it, the governments of most of the civilized nations have entered, in a public way, by official enactments, into a field at one time given over almost exclusively to religious societies, whose members, for spiritual motives only, dispensed charity.

Whether, in the final working out of our tremendous social problems, this assumption by the state of responsibility for the care of the orphan, the indigent and the sick, shall fulfill the hopes of the ardent advocates of such a course, is a matter which we may very well leave for the future to decide. But of this much there is absolutely no question, whatever obligations in this regard the state as such may assume, every Catholic has still resting upon him the duty of Christian charity and a world-wide field in which to practice it. Charity can enter and honor, where the state, however well meaning, would often intrude and disgrace. Distress, hunger, misfortune, ills of soul and body make men very dependent, indeed, at times, but oh, beneath it all there is usually that delicate and finer sense, the attribute of a being made to the image and likeness of God, that we would not have the heart to offend by the offer of public aid. Then, too, there is the family, blessed institution, the source and the center of nature's noblest traits and of the heart's fondest treasures. Ad-

versity may hamper its course and sadden the lives of its members, but believe me, they are few, under such circumstances, who would prefer the impersonal aid of the state to the sympathetic interest of a charitable friend.

And so we might dwell at even greater length upon the work that is before you, but enough has been said. Your cause is sublime; your purposes Godly; your methods Christlike; the field for your labors the whole world; your reward, God's love and your soul's salvation. What more could the heart of man desire to arouse his interest and to enlist his services. The harvest is great, the laborers are yet too few. Catholic men and women! You are needed more now than ever before in the ranks of charity, not any more to save the bodies of men than to save their souls. Others, without faith, acting according to their lights, are doing untold good for the temporal needs of their neighbors. Shall the children of the faith be less vigilant? Now is the acceptable time.

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so shall you fulfill the law of Christ."

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF CARDINAL GIBBONS

ADDRESS BY HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BLENK

Your Excellency, Venerable Brothers of the Hierarchy, Reverend Fathers of the Clergy, Faithful Children of the Church:

On this soil of Maryland, first refuge of our fathers in the faith; on which they sowed, as a grain of mustard seed, the beginning of Catholicism in our land; which they consecrated as a sanctuary of religious liberty and never, in deed or desire, profaned by intolerance; in this city of Baltimore, the mother see of American churches, whose diocese was once coextensive with the nation; which has watched her children and her children's children rise up around her, till now more than a hundred sees divide her territory; which for a century and more has been the nursery of the priesthood, attracting to herself from near and far generous young souls, the flower of the flock, and sending them forth into all the land as ministers of God; in this Cathedral, whose foundation was laid by the first Bishop of Baltimore, the far-seeing Patriarch of the American Church; in which he reposes, side by side with most of his successors, our noble line of primates, Carroll, Neale, Marechal, Whitfield, Eccleston, Kendrick, Spalding, Bayley; which has so often assembled within its walls the venerable fathers of the American Church; in which provincial and general councils, enlightened from on high, framed those laws which have so wisely guided us and given a model to sister churches in other lands; which has ever been the chair of pure doctrine; which good priests have sanctified by oblations innumerable and devout generations

by their piety, fervent love and penitential tears; which, centering in itself these and a hundred other cherished memories, has long been the most sacred shrine of American Catholicism—here within these hallowed precincts, in this city of our primatial church, on this historic soil, we meet, prelates, priests and people, to do honor to our Primate and your pastor; who was born upon this soil in the shadow of this temple, regenerated at yonder baptismal font, ordained priest half a century ago at the altar of St. Mary's Seminary, so intimately linked with all the story of this Cathedral and this diocese; who in this sanctuary was made Bishop, Archbishop, Prince of the Church; who ministered here as a priest in his youth; and for more than three decades, down into a green and vigorous old age, has ruled a faithful people from this throne of authority; who has uttered here, from this pulpit, those words of wisdom, instinct with faith and love, whose sound has gone forth unto the ends of the earth.

To-night, O brethren, America is a pilgrim to this shrine. She comes from all that mighty land lying between the two oceans and stretching from the Great Lakes down to the waters of the South. She comes laden with a nation's offerings of gratitude and love. She rejoices to join in the double song of Jubilee in honor of the Church's priest and Prince. For these fifty years of priestly life, blameless and godly, rich in deeds of religion and charity; for these five and twenty years of a spiritual influence as wide as the nation, she humbly thanks the Giver of all good gifts; and she begs Him fervently that these years may be lengthened. She will not depart without hope of a pilgrim's blessing; for if to-night there be praise, let it not be for the sake of praise, but for the blessing of wisdom and lasting inspiration. And if, even in his presence, I use that frankness in

speech which the occasion imposes upon me as a duty, His Eminence, I trust, will grant me pardon. No single treasure yielded us by these golden years is more precious, it seems to me, than the revelation of the Cardinal's personality. Rich in varied gifts, it is above all remarkable for a perfect balance of powers, for a happy blending of qualities that meet but rarely in one person. We perceive in him a natural nobility and elevation of soul, an innate dignity of character, a winning simplicity, an unfailing courtesy, an instinctive and almost unerring sense of whatsoever is just, is right, is true and noble; a charity unfeigned, that excludes no man and no class of men; that heeds no prejudice, cherishes no rancor, rises above injury, harbors no resentment, is single-minded in its devotion to the good of others; a faith unclouded and undimmed, that receives the words of the Divine Saviour with the simplicity of a child, penetrates their meaning with the keenness of a sage, and makes their spirit his second nature; a faith that can be sure of itself without impugning the sincerity of others who receive it not; a whole-hearted faith, ardent in its zeal to convince yet never intemperate; a faith that is Catholic in every fibre and absolutely loyal to the Vicar of Christ, reposing undisturbed on that Rock which unbelief, ignorance, hatred and misguided zeal have beat against, age after age, in vain assault; a mind devoid of all pretensions, humble, open and even now, on the verge of four score, willing to learn; intent upon the practical, averse to subtleties, aiming at the heart of a question and reaching it with rare insight; a mind firm in its grasp of ideas and principles, clear in conception and always simple, direct and clear in exposition; faultless in tact and sure in knowledge of the minds it seeks to persuade; conscious of its own rectitude, respectful of adversaries, giving

no cause of offense, yet speaking out the truth with warmth and without tremor of fear; gifted with the supreme endowment of wisdom and good sense, free from illusory schemes, yet ever hopeful and buoyant; in all things a good, true and wise man, a gentleman, a priest of God, a Bishop and Prince of the Church. God meant him for a leader of his people. Looking back over that long life, we can now discern the special Providence that guided his every step and prepared him for his destined work. We see him nurtured in the love of religion and virtue; we see him led by Providence in boyhood to the Isle of Saints, where his spirit waxed strong in the pure air of Catholic faith; we see him deeply impressed in youth by a remarkable man whose ardent missionary zeal was made all the more yearning by admiration and love for his countrymen; we see him pass into that school which stamped forever the ideals of the priesthood upon his very soul. His first years of ministry made him acquainted with the labors, the difficulties and the feelings of the parish priest, the true dispenser of religion, upon whose fidelity and zeal depends, in greatest measure, the vitality of religion.

While still a young priest he was initiated here, in the home of the Archbishop, into affairs of administration; and by his years of daily contact with the great mind and soul of Spalding, by his experiences in the work of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, by his intimacy with many great churchmen of that day, he was made closely acquainted with the situation of the Church in America and trained to meditate upon the problems it had to confront.

The missionary Bishop in the South gained a deeper love for the Southern people; but he learned, too, by personal experience, that many good qualities of mind and heart may co-exist

not only with entire ignorance of Catholic doctrine and life, but with the strongest prejudices against them. There he learned, above all, that not strong language nor scorn nor subtile arguments win souls to God, but a kindly spirit, untiring patience with ignorance and prejudice, forbearance under injury, and the force of truth over minds sincere. When, therefore, in the prime of life, he was called to this seat of authority, the first in the Church of America, he was fully fitted by experience as well as by nature to become a national leader.

Already as a missionary he had begun to reach the popular mind and heart. There was no grandiloquence in his speech, no waste of words; he had a solemn message and he gave it with clearness and simple directness. And when, in the light of his experiences, he wrote his little masterpiece, "The Faith of Our Fathers," it speedily won him friends in all the land. There was a transparent sincerity and sweet reasonableness in its appeal, a gentleness and charity in its tone and a genuine respect for the reader which made him feel at once in touch with the author's personality; he read as if listening to words spoken with the directness and kindly interest of a personal friend.

When the missionary became Archbishop of Baltimore and gained a wider audience, this charm of personality was felt in all his utterances. He did not strive for recognition. He said nothing bold or brilliant, nothing to startle; yet men listened, and gradually the nation came to perceive the serene wisdom of his words and their unmistakable accent of sincerity. And while they were pleased to see his evident good will to all, and to find him a man of his time and country, they noticed none the less his spirituality, his other-worldliness and that perfect faith in which he moved as in his native air. Then came his able

leadership of the Third Plenary Council and his election to the Sacred College of Cardinals; then his discourse at Rome on religious liberty in this country and his masterful championing of the Knights of Labor, which together won him the applause of all America. Since that time, five and twenty years ago, he has been "Our Cardinal"; and there is no doubt that the dignity has added not only a distinction to his personality, but new force to his influence. The Cardinal's robes, it is true, are a trial as well as an honor. In them, the small man appears smaller; but the man of high moral stature, the churchman of wisdom and broad intelligence stands forth in greater vigor and grace. Cardinal Gibbons has stood the test. How long he has held the nation as his audience! Great orators and statesmen have arisen since then and gained the ear of the people; to-day they are heard no more. Presidents have come and gone, and already the memory of some is beginning to grow dim. But all during this quarter century the Cardinal has grown in influence; to-day, as for many years past—can I not truly say?—there is no other speaker upon topics of abiding interest whom the American people hear so gladly. He could not speak as your pastor only, O Catholic people of Maryland; as Cardinal, as Primate of the American Hierarchy, as Bishop of the National Capital, he belongs to the whole country. Many, indeed, outside the Church listen to him as to the Voice of Religion; for prejudice disarms when the Cardinal speaks. He, more than any other amongst us, has directed the course of Catholicism in our land. But, above all, he has expressed most truly and most clearly the Catholic thought and sentiment of America and thereby crystallized them; he has been our representative to this age and nation. His influence, overflowing into all the channels of our

life, cannot be adequately described; but I invite you, my brethren, to consider it in its relation to the national sentiment, to the moral and social betterment of the people and to the religious life of the nation.

Loyalty is a salient characteristic of Cardinal Gibbons. A mind like his, open, teachable and keenly alive to noble influences, was certain to be deeply subject to impressions of patriotism; so his loyalty to America is as natural, as spontaneous, as a good child's love for a tender and noble mother. The spirit of America entered into his soul; and truly, it was the pure and uncorrupted spirit of America, which is, I take it, a real love of liberty, for others as well as for oneself, a deep concern for the public welfare and a high valuation of civic virtue, a hatred of political discrimination against the adherents of any creed, a passion for justice to all, in our legislatures as well as in our courts, a longing to give the fullest opportunities to the great masses of the people, a large-hearted welcome to those who seek American citizenship and a fearless faith in our ability to transform their ideas and spirit; democracy, democratic ways, the habit of valuing a man by his intrinsic worth, optimism, confidence in the substantial integrity, the good sense and fair-mindedness of the people, and a fondness of appealing, not to a select few, but to the whole body of the people. This spirit, the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, is as thoroughly and as evidently the spirit of Gibbons.

His love of country, spontaneous in its origin, has become, through reflection and experience, the fixed principle of a mature mind; and close observation of conditions here and abroad has but intensified his love. Nowhere else has he found liberty and authority more happily balanced, or social conditions that better

permitted the mass of the people to lead a human life, worthy of rational beings. But America's best gift to her children he has held to be religious liberty.

We understand its meaning in this country; at least, most of us do; it is still written on our hearts as well as on our statute books. Nothing is more precious to us, as Americans and as Catholics; and Cardinal Gibbons, who is best known here and abroad for his utterances on religious liberty, speaks not for himself only, but for us all. Religion here is untrammelled, thanks to our separation of Church and State; and whatever the future may bring, we would desire no change here in the relations of Church and State. That is one lesson, surely, taught us by European history and bitterly driven home by the events of our day. No meddling official has a veto power over our preaching. No bureaucrat, more or less hostile to religion, draws up a list of names from which our Bishops are chosen. The Holy Father's counsel or legislative acts need no endorsement of potentate before they may cross our borders. Our pastors are supported by the love and generosity of believing congregations, not by the stipends of a government. The civic rights of the Church are entrenched in our Constitution and upheld by the power of the State. Men or women who, in obedience to the highest aspirations of their souls, enter religious orders, do not thereby forfeit the rights of human beings, nor are they hunted like outlaws. Separation here is a real separation, not spoliation nor conspiracy to lessen the Church's influence, nor restriction upon her liberty of action and liberty of teaching, nor tyrannical denial of the ministrations of religion to those who leave home to serve their country in the army and navy. It means perfect freedom for Church and State, each in its own sphere; but here,

as there has been no divorce, there is no legacy of bitterness. On the friendliest of terms, neither has any desire for a closer union. The Church here knows it can better do its work apart; it is freer and therefore more powerful, and being unpaid by the State and independent, it can uphold law and order without giving to anyone an excuse to suspect its motives. It renders greater services to the Republic than all statesmen and soldiers, for it keeps the foundations sound, without which there is no stable government. And the State, though united to no church, freely acknowledges the power of religion and through its chief magistrate, through its courts and national assemblies, makes public profession of divine dependence.

This is the happy situation of religion among us, which Cardinal Gibbons has so often described and lauded; it has delighted him as a churchman and increased his love of country as a citizen. In this, as in all things, his spirit is unerringly American, with the certainty of instinct. It is a grand thing for any nation when a man, thoroughly possessed of its true genius, is put in a position of national prominence; and Cardinal Gibbons, simply by being the thorough American that he is, has been one of the strongest forces for true Americanism in our land. But he has spoken and acted as well, and his influence is incalculably great. He has put bigotry to shame and made it skulk in dark corners. He has done more than any other to break down barriers of prejudice. He has set the standard for his co-religionists of courtesy and fair dealing to all. He has been, as it were, our ambassador to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, bearing to them sincere expression of our good will. We are divided from them in religion, in what is most intimate and sacred; we cannot unite unless our brethren return to the fold from which their fathers

strayed. Meanwhile, we are men, with the common feelings of decent folk; we are Americans, sharing a heritage only less dear to us than our religion. Here, then, are elements of union and friendly cooperation. The Cardinal has been foremost in utilizing them freely. He has opened up channels of sympathy and mutual comprehension which but for him would have been closed. We Americans of this generation do not know the bitterness of religious strife; and I think it is true to say that no one in our generation, churchman or statesman, has done more than Cardinal Gibbons to prevent and remove occasions of strife, and to promote among our citizens those sentiments of good will which add sweetness and pleasantness to daily life.

The interests of patriotism lie close to the heart of a priest, for a good government is the best ally of morality and religion; they cannot flourish without peace, liberty, order and the reign of the law. To labor for these ends is the work of a patriot; but a real churchman regards them also in the light of a religious duty. Such a one is a man of vision; he sees the necessity of religion for good government, and he sees as well that there is a work to be done for religion outside the round of sacred ministrations. Narrow-minded men may not recognize the value of his work. They may think he heeds too much the popular voices. Zeal may sharpen their censure. But, after all, their eyes are holden so that they see not a master-builder in Israel. Cardinal Gibbons, while he has allowed nothing to obscure in his mind the chief aim of the Church, which is the sanctification and salvation of souls, has by word and example shown the conviction that here, in this age and country, religion should actively exert its influence for the civic and social betterment of the people.

Civic righteousness, accordingly, has been a favorite topic with

him. Wisely avoiding questions of party politics, he has rightly regarded civic duties as a matter of morality and therefore of religion.

He has put renewed life into the old Catholic ideal of public service; for if it is a blessed thing to give a cup of cold water in Christ's name to one stranger, how inexpressibly blessed it is, and how pleasing to God, when a man renders honest and faithful service to a whole city or state or nation! From dusty tomes and sermon-books he has brought out into the light of the daily press the grand Catholic doctrine that a public official is invested with divine authority and a public office is a divine trust. Political corruption, therefore, is most hateful to him; for it is a betrayal of a sacred trust. A prolific breeder of vice, it taints with its turpitude the whole moral atmosphere of the community which it infests. He has tried to rouse the conscience of men, otherwise good, who have a soft-natured toleration for public dishonesty; and he has vigorously denounced our wide deflections from the true ideals of citizenship.

Brethren, I may not delay to tell how he has contended for the purity of the home, which is the foundation of society; how he has been foremost among the Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church whose constant preaching of her doctrine has brought other churches back almost to the Christian standard of marriage; how at last this seems to be making America ashamed of her foulest disgrace, the divorce evil, and to promise a diminution. Nor shall I attempt to enumerate the many good causes which the Cardinal has aided. He has been constantly besieged, in this age of social reform, to give his help to countless movements; the marvellous thing is that he has supported so many and yet chosen so wisely. The most pressing, the most difficult

problems which have confronted Cardinal Gibbons concerned social justice.

His masterly paper on the Knights of Labor, written a quarter century ago, shows his firm control of the chief elements of the general problem, and the attitude which he considered imposed by the situation upon the Church and her clergy. He noted "the heartless avarice," as he called it, "which pitilessly grinds not only the men but even the children in various employments." He noted not only the insufficient wages, but the wretched surroundings in which multitudes must work, with inevitable injury to health, morals and religion. He noted the dangers of monopolies, which not only crushed the poor, but by reason of the bribery which they practised, willingly or unwillingly, threatened the stability of the State itself.

He noted the vast accumulations of wealth in the hands of a few and the immense power of which they thus became possessed. In the face of this new situation, he asked himself, what should be the attitude of the Church, what was his own line of duty?

He did not hesitate. The Church is the friend of the people; and if ever or anywhere she be not that, then is she, in so far, faithless to her Master's spirit. Her representatives must not by timidity, aloofness, indifference or ignorance allow grave social injustice to exist unrebuked at their doors. But he declares at the same time that the multitudes are easily excited and always prone to extremes; and if power comes to them, they are apt, smarting under the sense of age-long injustice and exulting in new strength, to inflict injustice themselves in their turn.

The Cardinal, then, held that he would be an unworthy Catholic Bishop if his sympathies were not warm for the people;

and a cowardly one if he dared not uphold their rights and declare, as well, their duties. But modern economic difficulties, so various, so complicated, so changing, are the hardest of problems. A Bishop cannot, like a professor, advance minute solutions; interminable wrangling would be the outcome and his inference would work more harm than good. His office, as the Cardinal conceived it, was to mediate between the classes by tracing the main lines of the solution and by fostering the temper in which differences may be calmly and amicably discussed. Accordingly, he contended, energetically for the right of labor to organize; this was essential in view of the organization of capital and was the only means of obtaining justice. Skilled labor has been completely organized since that time; to-day we have the two great organized powers, which hold us all at their mercy, confronting each other. The Cardinal long ago foresaw the situation and was one of the first and strongest advocates of the only possible solution, which is compulsory arbitration. Skilled labor in this country to-day is in general able to obtain justice, and sometimes, no doubt, oversteps the line. It is in the humble ranks of labor that there are still crying injustices; and the Cardinal, while carefully avoiding agitation, which frequently merely intensifies discontent, has pointed out the evils and endeavored to foster a spirit of justice and charity.

When we consider these various activities of the Cardinal and the influence he has exerted by his personality, his wisdom and his energy upon so many movements for the public welfare, we do not wonder that he received from the nation, in this year of his Jubilee, a tribute which is in strict truth unparalleled in our history.

Forever memorable in our annals will be that scene when our President and former President, our Chief Justice, many of the foremost men of the country, of this State and this city, and a vast concourse of citizens, from all ranks of society and all religious creeds, assembled together to testify their enthusiastic appreciation of Cardinal Gibbons' civic and social services to his fellow-countrymen.

Love of country, love of one's fellows ennoble a man and enrich the world; but the supreme thing is love of God. They know Cardinal Gibbons but very imperfectly who have not realized that love of God is the supreme interest of his life and, next to that, love of souls, the desire to bring men to God. So true a man of God is he, so absorbing is his concern about religion, that one cannot think of him except as a priest. It is not for us to venture into the sanctuary of his soul; but the secret of his life cannot be hid. Long ago in the days of his youth, he learned the one ideal of the priest, the character of Jesus Christ; and his fifty years of priesthood, what have they been but a daily study of that character in the Gospel and a daily effort to reach that unattainable ideal in whose light all are but sinners? This it is which, in spite of the praises of men, has kept him humble and formed in him the mind and heart of a priest. Men feel it; and they yield to the priest an instinctive reverence which neither genius nor high position could evoke.

The intimate mind of the Cardinal, the unveiling of his deepest interests, is not to be sought in the public press, but rather in his books, which are the work of a priest and Bishop. Four in all, they were written, one to bring men to a belief in Christ and His Gospel; a second, to lead them into the Catholic Church, which alone has the fullness of Christ's truth, is its appointed

guardian and the ordinary channel of divine grace; a third, to instruct his Catholic people in the truths of faith and in their duties to God and their fellow-men; and the fourth, a book for priests, to fill them with a realization of their sublime vocation and to hold up before them the sanctity, unselfishness and zeal, the knowledge and wisdom and prudence which are demanded of the Christian minister. In these books stands revealed the man of God, anxious above all for the sanctification of his flock and the salvation of souls. Eternal interests are committed to his charge; how paltry, then, are the passing things of time? To establish the kingdom of God on earth, to prepare men for eternal happiness, to rescue them from eternal woe, this, the proper work of a priest, has been the aim of his life and the soul of all his labors.

As a churchman, nearly every movement tending to strengthen the Church of God in this country has solicited and obtained his active interest. Catholics all over the land have been accustomed to turn to him as to the wise leader who knows what is best for the Church's welfare. He has had the happy gift of attaching to himself men of divergent ideas and of originating or discerning the view or measure which collective wisdom ultimately recognized as the best. History will tell of his great share in guiding the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to those wise and far-seeing regulations which are praised by churchmen throughout the world. In matters of great moment, he has throughout all pursued one unvarying policy, and in different crises he has taken a most decided stand; but he is best known and most revered among us as a man above parties, as the spokesman of American Catholicism, as a great churchman who works for the good of the entire Church.

The causes which he fostered are manifold; but I will speak here of one, the child of his heart and the center of his strongest hopes, the Catholic University of America. To another, a man of brilliant mind and large ideas, is due the impulse which led to its creation; but from its inception to the present moment, its most powerful, most efficient supporter has been the University's Chancellor, the Archbishop of Baltimore. Like all great works which endure in the Catholic Church, it has been hardened in the school of adversity; dark days fell which took the sunshine out of brave souls and to the faint-hearted foreboded doom. Some who should have been its warmest friends looked on with indifference. They saw secular universities attract our Catholic youth in thousands; but while with impotent sorrow or anger they deplored this new and grave danger to faith, they neither lifted up a voice, nor turned a hand nor opened a purse in aid of our Catholic University. Cardinal Gibbons never lost heart. He knew it could not fail, this work founded by the act of the whole American Hierarchy, and blessed not simply with the benign approval, but with the energetic interest of Leo the Thirteenth and Pius the Tenth. It was too necessary, too important to fail or to be allowed to remain a mere higher school of theology. It must send forth generations of young men who in all the higher ranks of society, in business, in engineering, in professional and public life, in journalism and in literature, shall stand forth as men of mark and staunch adherents of Catholic principles.

This is the broad-minded and large-hearted purpose which sustained Cardinal Gibbons and his fellows. They never faltered; and to-day, thanks to their unwavering efforts, to the magnificent support of the Holy See, to the excellent work of

an able faculty and to the loyal cooperation of clergy and laity, the Catholic University lives, flourishes and before our very eyes grows rapidly. Faculties are expanding, new courses are being opened year after year. Its lay colleges are filled; and clerical students are there in goodly numbers from many dioceses and from the homes of the religious societies and orders which have clustered around the University. No longer can its future be doubted. And truly, in this day when intellectual anarchy prevails in our homes of learning, there is a place in this country for a university that holds a stable teaching about the foundations of our moral, social and religious life; and the nation will discover that it also, as well as the Church, owes much to Cardinal Gibbons for his unswerving devotion to the Catholic University of America.

This enduring work was wrought in the aim of all his churchmanship; which has been not only to strengthen the spirit of Catholicism in this land, but to prepare the way for the conversion of his countrymen. The problem has long since been for him very far-reaching and very grave; he has regarded it not merely as a missionary seeking the salvation of individual souls, but as a churchman surveying the field with its difficulties and promises. He sees in the mass of the American people a genuine religious sense and a deep respect for Christianity; but he watches also, with deep regret, and certainly in no spirit of exultation, the unchurching of the masses which still claim the Protestant name and the disintegrating of that religion, which, amid the multiplicity of sects and their babel of discordant doctrines, still preserves some Christian beliefs. Their reunion is a dream; or rather the trend of development among the sects points to ultimate union only in the common grave of rejected beliefs.

There is here a problem of greater import than any of mere statesmanship; it involves the salvation of multitudes and the religious future of the nation. It is the intimate conviction of Cardinal Gibbons, which he has preached unceasingly, that the Catholic Church is the one divinely appointed remedy for the ills of nations as of individuals. He has never been content to be merely the shepherd of his own flock and the administrator of his diocese.

In the spirit of a St. Francis de Sales, he has thrown himself into the work of converting America. Controversy turns on his lips to a message of peace. Strong convictions are declared with no tone of bitterness nor accent of scorn. Without weakness, without trace of unreal sentiment, there is over all the spirit of gentleness and sweetness. He does not aim to conquer an opponent, but speaks only to those who seek the truth with a good will. He prefers to expound rather than to argue, for he has discovered that ignorance of Catholic truth is the chief obstacle to its progress; and when he does argue, he chooses his reasons among those which are plain and solid, and level to the common mind. His spirit and his method are seen at their best in his admirable little book, "The Faith of Our Fathers." We have works of controversy a plenty which make a richer display of learning and intellectual power; but I doubt if there is one better suited to the plain inquirer, or one that has led so many into the Catholic Church.

The perfect poise of the Cardinal's mind, the complete absence of anything which may be called bigotry, have only made him see all the more clearly a snare of the Evil One in that spirit which vaunts itself as liberalism, the easy indifference to dogma, the boastful superiority to creeds. It is spreading like a poison-

ous vapor and withering definite beliefs, which are the life of religion. To this spirit he has always, in book, in sermon, in discourse opposed the Catholic creed and the Catholic Church.

On the one hand, there is a religious philosophy which boasts its love of truth, yet in despair of attaining it, has concluded with placid resignation that truth does not matter; which has no fixed doctrines or principles, and changes with every genius who appears among men; and yet, though it suffers a thousand changes and assumes a thousand forms, always contrives to regard itself, in every change and form, as the one true enlightenment. On the other hand is the Church which so dearly loves truth and principle that it has literally preferred them before kingdoms and prospects of earthly success; which knows its own mind and dares to speak it; whose doctrines are fixed and unalterable, yet marvellously adaptable to the intellect of every age and nation. In a word, modern liberalism has ever appeared to Cardinal Gibbons as nought but the ever-changing views of men; and in its stead he has offered to America, so subject to its spell, the unchanging revelation of God declared unfalteringly to every age by the Church of Rome. Non-Catholic America, we know full well, would welcome a Catholicism divorced from Rome, but our union with the Church of the unfailing promises is our glory and our strength.

The Church of America, through this union, is a living member of that body whose head is Christ; without it, like any other church, she would resolve into a swarm of contradictory and mutually destructive factions. American Catholicism, then, is unalterably Catholic and Roman; and, as the Cardinal has loved to repeat, there exists always the most perfect harmony between loyalty to our country and loyalty to our Church.

My brethren, if, in concluding, I may seek to leave you an image of Cardinal Gibbons' influence, I would say it has descended upon the Church of America like the rain of spring, refreshing all the land and mingling with the waters of every stream. In a few years, his kindly voice will be stilled and his gentle hands laid to rest; but his influence will be part of all our life, the less traceable, perhaps, because it will be so pervading. It has been sent us in God's own time, which, if signs speak true, is our early spring as a nation and a church. All things are in God's hands; but, truly, it seems, the prophecy of greatness is writ plain on the face of America.

Surely, upon this vast continent, between the old world of Europe and the old but newly opened world of Asia, Providence is preparing a nation, more energetic, more masterful than has yet appeared. We believe that the Almighty has committed to our keeping, in a greater measure than to any other people, the cause of peace, and the fortunes of civil and social justice, of civil and religious liberty among men. Here in great part, the destiny of the human race will be worked out; and the result will not only shape our character and greatness as a nation, but it will likewise influence deeply all the nations of earth. And here, too, my brethren, in great measure also will be wrought out the destiny of religion itself. Grave and inspiring idea! Catholics of America, our work in our generation will determine the religion of our children; and since nobody lives to itself alone, we shall, if we are faithful, be a source of inspiration and encouragement to the Christian Church throughout the world. Our influence, we devoutly trust, has only begun to well up; it shall flow down in blessings upon the whole nation, upon all the Church and all the world. Of our coming greatness in numbers,

in intelligence and education, in wealth and in public influence, all the prophetic voices are telling; but these, my brethren, are things of earth.

Where shall we find our true greatness but in humble fidelity to the spirit of Mother Church? It lies in a strong and uncorrupted faith, in a piety sincere and unashamed, in loyalty to the Holy See, in the purity of our family life, in the chastity of our sons as well as of our daughters, in upright dealing, in honest fulfillment of our obligations, in courage to stand by our convictions, in good will to all men. Each of us, in his own humble station in life, may be a witness of truth. Ah, my brethren, if we be true, if we be true, America shall come to know, as we know, the loveliness and force of divine truth, the sweetness and strength of divine grace.

This is the grand hope which shall inspire us. Your Eminence, it has been your inspiration; it has fortified you to work wonders. And we trust that our Father in heaven may still leave you among us for many years, with that alertness of mind, that brightness of eye, that clearness and force of voice and that quickness of step which are still at this day so happily yours; and thus you will long remain a tower of strength in the Church, and a kindly light to good souls that seek the truth, till at the end there dawn upon your soul that Eternal Light whose rays have so marvelously guided you in your pilgrimage on earth.

OBSEQUIES OF REV. C. J. VANDEGRIFT

SERMON BY THE VERY REV. JAMES F. TRAINOR, V.G., OF PHILADELPHIA

"Be thou faithful until death: and I will give thee the crown of life."—Apocalypse ii, 10.

The occasion that brings us together to-day is a sad one. Priests and people have assembled in this church with sad hearts. Thousands have passed around this bier with tear-bedimmed eyes to pay the last tribute of respect to the faithful priest, the faithful pastor. In the death of Father Vandegrift we feel a common loss. The priests of this diocese feel that they have lost a friend, a hard-working colaborer in the vineyard of the Lord, a brother priest whose life and labors have contributed much to the glory of God and God's holy Church in this diocese. The people of this parish have lost a pastor, a tender, loving father, who never forgot, never neglected his spiritual children. In this hour of sorrow the words of my text should bring consolation to every heart. "Be thou faithful until death; and I will give thee the crown of life." O sweet faith, that throws around us the mantle of her consolation, that takes us, as it were, by the hand to the very portals of Heaven and gives us a glimpse of the crown of life, that awaits those who are faithful until death! He who now lies cold in death before us was faithful throughout his life, was faithful unto death. He was faithful to his people; he was faithful to his God.

Ever since the day of his ordination to the priesthood, more than thirty-six years ago, as assistant in St. Francis' and St. Patrick's Churches, as pastor in St. Mark's, Bristol, and here in St. Edward's, he was the same zealous priest, working for God and for God's

Church. What graces and blessings did he bring to the people during all these years! He took the child from its mother's arms and sanctified it with the waters of Baptism. He prepared the little ones for their First Holy Communion. He turned from the sinner the thunderbolts of God's anger in the tribunal of penance. He went to the bedside of the dying, whispering to them words of consolation, preparing them for their awful journey to eternity. From the altar of God he broke the Bread of Life. How often and how earnestly did he exhort the people to serve their God, to forsake sin and practice virtue! "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity, except to love God and serve Him alone." From this bier, from his cold lips, you can learn the awful truthfulness of his teaching. Pause and reflect! Your pastor is dead. His tongue is hushed. His lips are still. Learn from him the lessons that he taught during life and now more forcibly teaches in death. "Be you also ready, for at what hour you think not, the Son of man will come." "Be thou faithful until death." He was ready for the dread summons, because he was faithful until death. During all the years of his life, but especially during the thirty-six years of his priestly life, he bore an unblemished character. His life was before the world. It was ever edifying. It was ever priestly, true to his calling. It was a model for both priests and people.

Is it any wonder that such a life bore great fruit? Is it any wonder that wherever he labored the people gathered around him, supported him in his every undertaking, stood by him in his every difficulty, and thus he was able to accomplish much during his priestly career. With this support, his courage, his zeal, his faith knew no bounds. He believed, and put his belief into practice, that the best on earth should be given to Almighty God.

It is not necessary to go over the different stages of his useful

and practical life. They are written largely in stone and marble. They are indelibly traced on the hearts of a faithful people. Passing over the other places where he successfully labored, consider for a moment what he planned and achieved in this parish. He was sixteen years your pastor. From the very first day he was with you until the last day of his life he was planning, working, achieving for God and for your and your children's salvation.

Sixteen years ago there was here virtually nothing of what we see to-day. Behold this great temple erected to the Living God; that parochial residence; that school of which he was so proud. They are all his work, monuments to his zeal and to his faith. This magnificent church of cathedral proportions and beauty, the pride of the Catholics of Northern Philadelphia, grew up as from the little grain of mustard seed of a few years ago into its beauty and grandeur of to-day through the genius, the determination, the labor, the faith of him who now lies cold in death before you.

A few years ago his health failed, but not his spirit. He was told that he had but a short time to live. With wonderful courage he continued his work. He saw the necessity of a new school in this parish. He immediately proceeded to collect the necessary funds and to erect the building. As a result of what may be called his dying labors you have one of the finest school buildings in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. O! the courage, the determination, the zeal of this good priest. Like the Good Shepherd, he gave his life for his sheep. His heart was here, in this church, in this parish. He loved his people. He spent himself for them. They were his joy and his crown. He finished his work. When on last Monday morning he gave his soul back to his Maker he could have said with St. Paul, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; as to the rest, there is laid up to me a crown

of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, shall render to me." O God, grant him that crown! Grant it as a reward of faithfulness to duty, to his God, to his people.

To-day this sacred edifice is draped in deepest mourning. The wail of the "Miserere" resounds within its hallowed walls. And well should it be so. You mourn the loss of a friend, a benefactor, a father, who has so plentifully provided for you, his spiritual children. In a few minutes you will carry him forth and tenderly place his remains within the shadow of the church he loved. His tomb should be to you a sacred place. As often as you pass that tomb you should remember your devoted pastor, you should pray for his soul. Teach your children to do the same. It is the last and best tribute of love you can give him. Remember that he appears in the presence of that awful sanctity before which the very angels tremble. Bear in mind that the just man falls seven times and that no flesh is spotless in the sight of the everlasting God. As a parting word, as a fitting farewell to a good priest, a true friend, a faithful pastor, I again ask you to remember him where he would wish you to remember him, in your prayers. "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon him." May his soul rest in peace.

WHAT SOCIALISM STANDS FOR

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MT. CARMEL, ILLS., MAY 7TH, 1912, BY THE REV. J. B. HENKEN, OLNEY, ILLS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The local Council of the Knights of Columbus extended to me some time ago the kind invitation to address the people of Mt. Carmel on the subject of Socialism. This explains my presence here this evening. My acquaintance with this subject is not a passing one. About twelve years ago a rabid Socialist boarded with me for about six months. During that time we had frequent discussions on his favorite theme. It was a splendid occasion to learn what dreams and hopes the rank and file of Socialists indulge in, the ideal state they hope to realize by the introduction of their phantastic schemes. Ever since then a kindly interest in the charitable motives of the average Socialists has induced me to study this subject more in detail. It may then well be said that in the present instance the first rule of rhetoric is complied with which says that a speaker should be full of his subject, except when he talks on liquor. But the more one studies the proposals of Socialism, the doctrines of its leaders and the tactics of its promoters, the more one becomes convinced that it is not all gold that glitters, that behind the sweet perfume of the Socialistic flower there lurks a most deadly moral poison.

The study of Socialism is a very comprehensive one. It may be compared to a large volume containing many chapters. Now when we start to read a book we invariably turn to the title page and the preface. The title indicates in a general way the subject to be considered. In the preface the author states the motives which actu-

ated him to publish the work and reveals the scope of its contents. The present address is like the preface to the study of Socialism. In a general outline we shall consider the aim and pretensions of Socialism without entering into any argument as to the value of the remedies proposed.

Moreover, your chairman stated in his introductory remarks that perhaps a great many people had no definite knowledge of Socialism. It is like a new book to them. There is undoubtedly a local reason for this want of information. Socialism pretends to better social conditions. You are, however, fortunate to live in a community of more or less satisfied people. Most of your men make fair wages. They do not come into immediate contact with corporations. Your laboring class is not directly employed by predatory wealth, as is the case, for instance, in manufacturing centers, such as mining towns, steel and textile industries. Neither are you harassed by the extreme demands of radical unionism. This condition accounts no doubt in a large measure for the lack of knowledge on Socialistic theories. Nevertheless, it is well to acquaint ourselves with the tenets and proposals of Socialism. It is an insidious element. Under the guise of social reform it quickly absorbs the interest of the unwary and unsuspecting. The purpose of these occasional addresses, then, is to explain the true nature of Socialism and its logical effects on social conditions. Forewarned is forearmed. The present address is like a preface acquainting us in a general way with the demands and theories of Socialism.

Socialism of to-day has its origin in the social question. A great many people are not aware of its existence even at this time. Not more than forty years ago Gambetta rose in the Italian Parliament to state that "the social question does not exist at all"; but to-day it is the burning question of the hour. "Wise men," says Pope Leo

in his Encyclical Rerum Novarum, "are discussing it; practical men are proposing schemes, popular meetings, legislators, and rulers of nations are busied with it; there is no question which has taken a deeper hold on the public mind."

However, not only sociologists and philanthropists are aware of the existence of a social question; in a more or less definite way we are all thinking and talking about it. The strange part of it all is, that people who write and speak on "The Social Question" differ widely and often radically as to what that question is. To the quiet observer of affairs it is plain that the question is one of social unrest. This unrest is plainly visible in the economic, moral, and religious phases of society. Confined to its economic aspect it is the industrial question; the question of organization and remuneration of labor, the relation of employer and employee, the problem of the distribution of the products of labor.

From the moral point of view the social question looks for a proper adjustment of the duties and rights of those in authority; of the relation between superiors and inferiors; of the domestic relation between husband and wife, parents and children.

As to the religious side the social question demands an answer as to what creed we shall embrace as the foundation of our moral and social life; whether we shall accept infidelity or Christianity; whether we are responsible to a Supreme Being or whether every man is his own absolute master; is this life the sum and substance of our existence or only a preparation for a better world beyond.

Socialism tells us that the industrial question has its origin in the different ills which are harrassing every section of society and particularly the working class. The laborer's complaint, Socialists tell us, is, that under the present industrial system, labor is continually wronged; that wages are inadequate; working hours too

long; that there is no fair division of profits accruing from the laborer's toil and skill; that, in consequence, there is no sufficient rest and recreation, good enough clothing, food, and housing, nor fair enough chance of advancement for the laborer and his family. Nobody, it is true, can deny that the present industrial system has conferred many blessings upon human society. It has extended the control of man over the resources of nature; it has given us railroads, the electric telegraph, the steam engine, gas, and efficient water supply, and a thousand other appliances of a higher and better civilization. It has solved the problem of production, and has created an abundance sufficient for all; it has elevated the standard of living; it has multiplied wealth, and thereby given a mighty impetus to education, science, art, architecture, and to all refinements of the civilized world.

All this it has done in a marvelous degree. But on the other hand it is attended by evils of scarcely less magnitude. It tends to divide society into two opposing classes—a small number of wealthy capitalists, and an immense multitude of laborers—classes, which are usually designated, respectively, as Capital and Labor. Of these two classes that of the laborer has to contend with the greater share of ills and misgivings. Says Thomas Kirkup, in his "An Inquiry Into Socialism," page 75: "The most conspicuous evil of the (present industrial) system, however, is the insecurity of the workingman's position. Continual fluctuations of trade force him to move from place to place. He has no control, or only a very partial control, over the economic and social conditions under which he must work. A settled home, a piece of land for a garden, a fixed outlook for his family, and a reasonable prospect of a happy and comfortable old age, untroubled by the horror of losing, through want of employment, such savings as he may have made,

and of ending his days in a workhouse—these for a large portion of the workmen in the industrial centers are unattainable blessings. Yet they are unquestionably such as every decent and honorable workingman has a right to expect."

Answer of Socialism

This preamble gives you in a brief form the general idea of the industrial question pressing for a solution. The question naturally arises whether something is not radically wrong with our modern industrial system. The Socialists readily answer that it is a system of exploitation, since it permits the capitalists to make profit of the land, tools, and machinery which all people must use in order to live; that it makes the people dependent on the few private owners, who can use this great power for every means of oppression and tyranny; that there can be no possible basis for peace, for individual freedom, for mental and moral harmony, except in the conscious and complete triumph of the working class as the only class "that has the right and power to be." And the natural conclusion drawn by the Socialists from this is, that the workers must organize "to seize the whole powers of government, in order that thereby they may lay hold of the whole system of industry, and thus come into their rightful inheritance." Having constituted themselves the ruling class and got all political power into their hands, they will abolish all distinction of class, seize all private capital, and transfer it to the whole people, who will administer it in the equal interest of the community. More than that: all labor will be put on an equal basis; nobody can accumulate riches, as labor alone will be considered the source of wealth. Briefly stated, the principles of Socialism as to the industrial question may be classified under three heads:

1. Public ownership of land and capital, including the means of production and distribution.
2. Uniform rate of wages for labor, both skilled and unskilled.
3. Labor is to be the only source of wealth.

It is of the greatest importance that we arrive at a correct understanding of these three pillars of Socialism. For that reason we shall consider each singly and in detail.

Public Ownership

A little over thirty years ago Karl Marx, the German Socialist leader and author, formulated the underlying principle of Socialism. It is the collective ownership of all land and capital including the means of production and distribution. Let me explain by an example.

A great many of you older people no doubt remember the time when shoemakers could be found in almost every town and village. Each shoemaker had his own shop, his own tools, his own leather. Each of them made and sold shoes. To-day you will find very few individual shoemakers. Shoes are now manufactured in big factories in large cities. There are several combinations of these factories or trusts which furnish all the shoes in the country. Now Socialists want to combine the comparatively few firms into one big trust, into one large company. This one firm is to make all the shoes in the whole country. However, this one big firm is not to be owned and controlled by any private citizen. Nor will it be controlled by a few citizens. It will be owned by the inhabitants of the country at large. As it is with shoes, so it is to be with the manufacture of hats, clothes, sugar, salt, groceries. Even the land is to be owned by all together. No individual will own

anything, the country as such, the government owns everything. No acre of ground will be the property of the farmer; all land will belong to the State. The State, moreover, will distribute the produce.

What Socialism Is Not

To arrive at a still clearer understanding of this principle it is well to mention here certain kinds of propositions which may in no way be classed as Socialistic, although they bear at first sight some resemblance to the same or are mistaken for Socialism. It should be stated, in the first place, that the State control of public utilities is not Socialism in any shape or form. Public utilities are those enterprises which require a governmental function, such as the distribution of water, gas, electricity, the public highways, etc. If the government owns and controls the postal and telegraph service, the railway traffic, the telephone business and all such public commodities it does not overstep the bounds of our constitution nor does it commit itself in any way to Socialism, because Socialism does not strive after the common ownership of a few public utilities, but it means the abolition of all private property, private capital and enterprise, an ultimate complete centralization. Several years ago Socialistic papers, notably among them the "Appeal to Reason," would raise the cry of *Socialism* whenever any State or municipality would take over from private hands the control of certain public commodities. This method was employed to develop "Socialistic minds," to make people believe that Socialism stood for such public enterprises only. The real object was either wilfully ignored or deftly veiled from public view to gather recruits for the cause.

Time was, too, when people considered Socialism as a proposition

to divide all property equally among the citizens of a country. But this plan is so ridiculous in practice that we may well pass it by. It was some such notion about Socialism which Mike had when he told Pat that he had become a Socialist. "And pray," says Pat, "what is Socialism?" "It means," says Mike, "that all goods will be equally divided among the people. If you, for instance, have a thousand dollars, you are to give me five hundred." "Very well," says Pat. "And if you have a hundred acres," continued Mike, "you are to turn fifty over to me." "Yes," says Pat. "And if you have a pig," says Mike, "you must give me half of that." "Ah, Mike," says Pat, "now you know I have a pig." When it came to the division of actual property, Pat could not be coaxed into Socialism. Modern Socialism, however, would not even give us half of Paddy's pig. Nobody is to possess anything whatsoever.

Again, it should be borne in mind that Socialism is not a reform of existing conditions. Professor Peabody says: "The social question of the present age is not a question of mitigating the evils of the existing order, but a question whether the existing order itself shall last. It is not so much a question of social amelioration, which occupies the modern mind, as a problem of social transformation and reconstruction. . . . The time is wasted which is given to lopping off occasional branches of social wrongs when the social question cuts at the root from which the branches grew." Socialism means a complete revolution of present conditions. Revolution does not necessarily mean war or bloodshed, but an overthrow, a fundamental upsetting of present economic conditions. Socialists are not united as to the manner in which they intend to bring about their ideal. The extremists, and there are not a few of them, think that ultimately there must come an open revolt and that only streams of blood, shed in most horrible civil wars, can pro-effect the realization

of their dreams. Still, the saner leaders of the present day shrink from such brutalities. They call themselves *Scientific Socialists,* and want to inaugurate their socialistic state in the civilized manner of legislation. They would have people vote for socialistic candidates until they posses such a majority of members in the various legislative bodies that they can pass laws expropriating the capitalists and establish the collective ownership of the commonwealth. The more liberal leaders would even grant some remuneration to the present owners of manufacturing plants, whose establishments are annexed. They would grant these men certain annuities for a certain length of time, consisting of labor certificates, since money, as we shall see later, has no value in the new era. These certificates would allow the former millionaires to live in luxury for, perhaps, twenty or thirty years, but after that they would have to come down and work like all other mortals, there would be no privileges of any kind.

To bring about this condition gradually, Socialists, for the time being, favor trusts. They are opposed to all laws against trusts. The reason is apparent. The trusts are accomplishing to a great extent what Socialism demands: centralization of the means of production. Once all coal mines are in one hand, and all the oil in one hand, and all the sugar refineries in one hand, etc., etc., and to this the trusts trend—then it will be easy to unite the oil trust with the sugar trust, and tobacco trust, and land trust, etc., into one general trust, and that will be the socialistic state.

So much for the idea of Socialism as to public ownership, what it means and what it does not mean. We now come to consider the second principle of the uniform rate of wages.

The Uniform Wage

After the state of collective ownership of land and capital, of the means of production, such as tools, factories, industries, has been inaugurated, everybody will be obliged to work for a living. The learned and illiterates, the skilled and unskilled, the rich and poor—all will alike be compelled to labor. The working hours will be limited to four a day. Socialists have figured out somehow that a man can earn a comfortable living by four hours' work. For every hour's work the citizen will receive a labor-scrip, or workhour-certificate. He will not be paid in money. Money as an exchange value will be discarded to prevent the accumulation of riches. With these certificates the individual may buy food, clothing, books, and the like. When meal time comes he simply goes to one of Uncle Sam's hotels where he will be served a square meal. When he needs a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes, all he has to do is, to present his certificates at one of Uncle Sam's stores or department houses. These certificates, however, will not buy any real estate, no houses, factories, railroads, automobiles—all these are owned and controlled and furnished by the government.

Labor the Only Source of Wealth

The reason of this arrangement is the socialistic idea that labor is the only source of wealth (which is the third principle of Socialism). In other words, every man who works should have the full benefit, the full value of the product of what he produces. Let us take an example.

A coal miner digs coal for the owner of the mine. He gets wages for his work. But his work is worth more than his wages. What the work is worth over the pay goes to the owner of the mine. The

owner does not, perhaps, work at all. Yet he gets rich from the work of his employees, getting that portion of the value of the work which is over and above the wages he pays to the miner. The latter, let us say, digs $6 worth of coal a day. One dollar, perhaps, is the cost of putting the coal on the market. Now the wages of the miner are, say, $4 a day. The remaining $1 goes to the non-working boss. This, Socialists say, is wrong. The remaining dollar ought to belong to the working man. This grievance is aggravated thus: The boss would like to make as much as he can. Therefore he will try to squeeze as much work out of his employee as he can and screw down the pay as much as possible. The fate of the coal miner is shared by all employed in the various trades, professions and occupations. The boss has it easy and the workingman leads a hard life. Conditions have to-day come to point. Socialists would have us believe that the lot of the working class is unbearable. By establishing the socialistic state with its compulsory labor for everybody and the uniform rate of wages, they tell us, all things will be put in first-class, satisfactory condition. Nobody is to possess anything except what he works for, but nobody works more than sufficient to keep him well fed and clothed. Hence the accumulation of riches, the source of so much injustice, will be entirely rooted out.

The Moral Aspect

Socialism and the Family

What has been said so far relates chiefly to the economic side of the social question. Socialism, however, does not confine itself to mere industrial revolution, it also reaches out its destructive hand into the domain of morality. One may well ask: How can a purely economic proposition entangle questions of morality? This

will presently appear. The revolution as to ownership and labor concern men chiefly and primarily. But the question arises: What is the position of woman in the new state? In the present industrial system, Socialists tell us, woman is dependent upon man for her material comforts, for her livelihood. Man must make of necessity provision for his wife, a provision she can even legally enforce. With the introduction of economic freedom, however, this basis of support would disappear. No binding contract would be required between the parties as to livelihood, since the State is to provide for all its citizens. Property in children would cease to exist as every infant would be born into full citizenship. A new development of the family would take place, an association simply, terminable at the need or will of either party. Marriage, in the new socialistic state, is no longer recognized by law; parental care and responsibility are entirely abrogated if the individual so selects, because the State, abolishing the present system of property, assumes all those responsibilities.

Socialism, however, goes still further. According to their leaders, neither the State nor organized religion should in any way control the family or the sexual relation of men and women. Socialism would make love supreme. They would have it unfettered by any tie whatever. Socialism argues that compulsory love is not love; that marriage, save from love, is sin; that when love ends, marriage ends. For these statements we have the important testimony of acknowledged socialistic leaders and authors.

Engels, in his "Origin of the Family," page 91, writes, "Three great obstacles block the path of reform, private property, religion, and the present form of marriage." And on page 99: "With the transformation of the means of production into collective property, the monogamic marriage ceases to be the common unit of society.

The private household changes to a social industry. The care and education of children become a public matter. Society cares equally for all children, legal and illegal."

From this it is evident that Socialism stands for the complete abolition of the sacred ties of marriage, of fatherhood and motherhood; maternity becomes a stock in trade. Children have no parents but the State. Marriage is replaced by free love and all that such a principle involves. For the present we shall not go further into detail, as this matter will form the subject of a separate address.

Materialistic Basis

The serious thinker may well ask upon what principle, if any, Socialism is based when it proposes to set aside all laws and institutions hallowed by custom immemorial, sanctioned by the Divine and natural law, by the civilized nations throughout the ages.

Karl Marx gives us a clear and unmistakable answer. About fifty-five years ago he formulated the origin and basis of Socialism by saying "that Socialism is founded upon the materialistic conception of history," or in a shorter form, "upon economic determinism." This phrase contains certain terms which admit of a definition and explanation for a better understanding.

Materialism is a theory or doctrine which believes in matter only to the exclusion of any spiritual or supernatural existence. Materialism, therefore, denies the existence of a soul, of spirits, and of God Himself.

Conception in this instance means view-point.

History may be taken as the record of human achievements and facts in general. The phrase, "materialistic conception of history," then, means that all evolutions in our social and moral life, in our

beliefs, laws, customs are the result of matter only. Any soul or spiritual influence is denied.

Economic relates to the means of living, the resources and wealth of a country. Determinism is a doctrine which declares that a man's will is not free, but is inevitably and invincibly settled or determined by motives from outside.

Economic determinism, then, means that all our social, moral, religious, political, and legal practices are the outcome of natural evolution in no way fixed, or guided, by the will of man or a higher power. Socialism rejects all belief in a God, in the supernatural, and is opposed, in every particular, to any form of religion. Bebel says very clearly, "that Socialism and Christianity are opposed to each other as fire and water." Much more might be said on this subject, but I refrain as this matter also will be considered more in detail in a subsequent lecture.

Here, then, you have what Socialism stands for: the complete abolition of private property by the introduction of the public ownership of land and capital and the control of all means of production together with the distribution of the products of labor; secondly, the desecration of woman's virtue opening an avenue of moral decay too dreadful to contemplate; thirdly, a denial of God, of a future life of reward or punishment. Socialism thus takes away from man the very foundation upon which dignity as man is built and caters to all his lower instincts and passion. Socialism destroys the ambition to work for advancement, destroys the sacred ties of family life, robs man of the idea of a Supreme Being. What is the consequence? Certainly not a society, much less a state, of men, but an aggregation of human brutes. Socialism puts man down the level of the brute creation. Socialism fosters his lower instincts without cultivating the higher, noble aspirations of the soul.

Indifference.

In spite of these facts we find the American people woefully indifferent in their position towards Socialism. The reason for this condition is to be explained only by the ignorance of the dangerous tendencies of Socialism. If the average American is asked what Socialism really is, he will probably reply that it is a mad scheme for making all men equal, a scheme so plainly impossible of being put into execution that it is not worth wasting one's time over in study. If you tell him of the rapid rise of the socialistic party in all parts of the country, of the alarming increase it is daily making, he will probably answer that there are always malcontents to be found and that, if left to its fate the party will die a natural death. It will prove very hard to shake him out of his security into the realization of the magnitude of the impending evil. He thinks that in a Christian country, such as this, a country so enlightened and so democratic, it is well nigh impossible that any such scheme of revolution will ever get hold. The feeling of peace and security is strong within him, the skies are bright, the nation still seems to be normal and healthy, the children play happily on the street, the country is prosperous, and, above all, we are no longer in the "dark ages," the horrors of revolution are not to be thought of except in the light of the historic past. Such is the blindness, the criminal apathy of the vast majority of people to-day. Such, too, is the manner in which they unconsciously help to upset the very order and quiet of which they boast, harm the very cause which they mean to espouse, promote the spread of the cancerous growth they so disdain, invite the very forces of revolution and bloody strife which they fondly think to be mummies of the past.

Not the least cause of this lamentable misapprehension of the

real importance of the great issue of the times arises from the inability of our people to profit from the lessons and mistakes of the past. Has human nature changed so radically that the pages of history may never again be written in blood? Is our boasted enlightenment a safeguard against such a possibility? Isn't it a fact that exactly this vainglorious boast has been the precursor of the greatest tragedies in the world's history? The "enlightened" period of the Renaissance was followed by the "reform" of Luther with its horrors of the thirty years' war that left Europe reeking with blood from one extremity to the other. After a time of rest and recreation we are ushered into the blaze of another epoch of so-called "enlightenment," that has not even to our present day lost its glamor. Yet we are still trembling from the deadly, paralyzing blow of the frightful Revolution. And to-day? Once more the world proclaims that we are living in an "enlightened" age; every day we hear of new and astounding discoveries in the realm of science, we hear of new systems of Godless philosophy, new "discoveries" in the world of atheism and irreligion; and now the spectre of Marxian Socialism with all its phantoms of materialism, class hatred, immorality, blasphemy, and blind judgment, its struggle against all constituted authority looms upon the horizon of our vaunted enlightenment to complete the picture. Socialism comes like another Rousseau, forerunner of the Revolution. Are we to suppose that human nature has changed so that it is immune against all these combined forces, the unmistakable warnings of the inevitable storm? Should we continue to be blindfolded by self-confidence, by an overweening sense of security, by unwillingness even to investigate the root of these evils, which are the cause of the ever growing unrest and dissatisfaction? The question seems to answer itself. The path not only of right, but of positive duty

as well can lead but in one direction. We must awaken to a realization of our duty, to an understanding of the evils around us, to a knowledge of this dread disease of society, that creeps upon us like a snake, unperceived until at hand.

And yet if that be our duty, why the deadly apathy that hangs like a pall over our actions, why his criminal indifference to the forces that are rapidly undermining the very foundations of Christianity, of the sacred precincts of home, of morality, and justice? It is high time for every loyal Catholic to take up the cause of Christ, to go forth bravely into the field as His soldier to fight with the weapons of peace, love and harmony to fight for the hearts of men. Cast aside indifference; cast aside petty personal quarrels; remove the scales of ignorance from your eyes, and with combined efforts let us meet the common enemy to insure a decisive victory for the cause of God and fellowman.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS WHICH THE CHURCH SHOULD MEET

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FIRST NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES AT WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1910.

BY THE VERY REV. MGR. WILLIAM J. WHITE, D.D.

"You, who day by day, offer up the Immaculate Lamb of God, —you, who hold in your hands the Incarnate Word, under the visible token which He has ordained,—you, who again and again, drain the Chalice of the Great Victim,—who is to make you fear? What is to startle you? What is to seduce you? Who is to stop you? whether you are to suffer or to do; whether to lay the foundation of the Church in tears, or to put the crown upon the work in jubilation."

Thus wrote John Henry Newman, in his famous sermon on "The Second Spring," preached in 1852, in St. Mary's, Oscott, on the occasion of the first Provincial Synod of Westminster. His gaze was fixed upon the future; his eye scanned the horizon to see from what quarter opposition to the Church would come. In the light of the past, he analyzed the present, and forecasted the future. He paints a beautiful picture, but the reality was different from the dream of the great Cardinal.

Opposition to the work of the zealous English priesthood came from an unexpected quarter. Neither the ravings of Exeter Hall, nor the power of the Established Church, has impeded their work, but the overwhelming nature of the slum problem, the dire poverty of so many thousands, in large cities, has been the giant standing in the way of the onward march of the gospel. This, at least, is the opinion of the London correspondent of the

New York *Evening Post,* who, on the occasion of the consecration of the new Westminster Cathedral, in May, reviews the history of the Catholic Church in England since the restoration of the hierarchy.

The point of view here presented is worth considering. It is not new, although it is only in recent years that it has received adequate recognition. Economic motives, and economic institutions exert a wide and profound influence, both upon the individual and upon society. "Before everything else," says the German Jesuit, Father Cathrein, "man must find nourishment, clothing, and comfortable shelter, therefore economic activity will ever be of paramount importance in human life."

Our political problems, our civil legislation, the trend of democracy itself, are economic. And it depends upon the teachers of religion, says Dr. John Ryan, "whether this developed and expanded democracy, this industrial democracy, shall be converted or corrupted into Socialism, or be confined within the limits of reasonable social reform."

The development of industry, in the United States, has been along the line of development of industry in England. The large factory and the congested district are as familiar parts of the landscape of New York and Chicago as they are of London or Manchester. In the light of this development, and of the resulting problems, it seems important to consider how the work of the Church is affected.

Is there any relation between the full dinner-pail and the full church? Does the whirr of machinery get into the very soul of the man who tends it, until he becomes part and parcel of it, and is in danger of losing all sense of the spiritual,—all relish for the things of God?

In other words, does the manner in which a very large number of Catholic men and women in the United States earn their living, affect their attitude to the Church? Are industrial conditions and the environment created by them, favorable to the preaching of the gospel or not? Do any special problems confront the Church in large industrial centres, that are not found in farming districts?

Assuming that there are problems peculiar to the crowded city and to modern industrial life, which makes the work of the priest, in preaching the gospel, harder than it would otherwise be, how is the Church to solve these problems? At first sight, it would seem that, even to hint at the possibility of hard work or poverty, consequent on low wages, being conditions that create an unfavorable environment for religion, is to run counter to the plain teachings of the gospel, and to contradict the lessons of history.

"In much experience of tribulation," says St. Paul, of the Macedonians, "they have had abundance of joy; and their very deep poverty hath abounded unto the riches of their simplicity." "Blessed are ye poor," says our Divine Saviour, "for yours is the kingdom of heaven." Poverty would seem to be a most important factor in keeping man mindful of his obligations to his Creator. "The poor and needy shall praise Thy name," says the Psalmist. Riches, on the contrary, are a stumbling block and a snare to the feet of them that seek them. "Many have been brought to fall for gold, and the beauty thereof hath been their ruin."

What is so clearly proclaimed in Holy Writ, history confirms. The poor have always heard the gospel gladly, while the deceitfulness of riches has choked the word.

But a little closer consideration of the question will teach us to distinguish between the poverty that ennobles and the poverty that demoralizes; between tribulation that develops character, and destitution that crushes to earth; between work that is a blessing and work that is a curse.

An examination of some facts of recent industrial history will help us to see what kind of poverty exists in the United States, and what effect this poverty has upon religion.

In the early part of the present year a strike occurred at the Bethlehem Steel Works, Pa., which continued for months, and led to a governmental investigation of the conditions under which the employees of this great corporation worked, the hours of labor, the nature of the work, and the wages paid. In Senate document No. 521 are found the facts I here adduce. Of the total number of employees appearing on the January pay-roll, 9,184, 2,322 worked in occupations regularly requiring 12 hours a day for the seven days of the week; and 2,233 worked in occupations requiring 12 hours a day for six days in the week. That is, 51 per cent. of the employees worked regularly 12 hours a day, and 29 per cent. worked regularly seven days in the week. There were ten departments which operated continuously 168 hours a week, with two crews, thus employing men seven days of twelve hours each. Of the 9,184 men on the pay-roll last January, 2,640, or 28 per cent., were working for twelve, and under fourteen cents an hour; 1,528, or 16 per cent., for fourteen, and under sixteen cents an hour; and 61 per cent. were getting less than eighteen cents an hour.

Putting aside, for the present, the consideration of the problem of poverty involved in the miserable wages received by these men, and remembering that a large number of them are Catholics,

let us see if the Church is not interested in the twelve-hour workday, seven days in the week. Her mission is to preach Christ and Him crucified; to point out to men their solemn duty to worship their Creator. One day in the week has been set aside and sanctified, that they might do this,—"Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." Now what chance have these men to worship God, to keep holy the Sabbath, to hear Mass? What is their physical condition after such long hours of labor? Are they in a receptive mood to hear the preaching of the gospel? Even though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. It has its limitations. It demands time for recuperation, so that the weary round of tasks may be gone through without ceasing.

Here are thousands of men who are regularly losing Sunday Mass, with all that that connotes. The habit of worship is lost, the Sacraments are neglected, and interest even in the secular activities of the parish grows weak. Further, many of these men are married, and have families. What time have they, working 84 hours a week, or even 72 hours a week, to give to the education of their children, or even to get properly acquainted with their own sons and daughters? Surely the Church has some interest in the problem created by the situation just described.

Long hours and Sunday work are not confined to the Bethlehem Steel Works. All over the country thousands of Catholic men and women, because of industrial conditions, are losing Mass on Sunday; and, for many of them, this means, in the long run, loss of faith.

Let us look at another set of facts, and the problem it creates:

In 1906, in Allegheny County, Pa., out of 355 cases of men killed in industrial accidents,—all of whom were contributing to the support of others, and two-thirds of whom were married,—

80 of the families left received not one dollar of compensation from the employer; 113 received not more than funeral expenses, and 61 families received amounts of from $100 to $500. In other words, 57 per cent. of these families were left to bear the entire income loss. In the same year, out of 288 injury cases, 56 per cent. of the married men and 60 per cent. of the single men received no compensation. It is not at all unlikely that the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Allegheny County will be called upon to put its meagre treasury at the disposal of a number of these families; and that some of the permanently injured will become chronic applicants for relief.

It is no light thing, that able-bodied men, who have lost an arm or a leg, with consequent loss of wage-earning capacity, should have to turn either to the Church or the municipality for help. Are such men in a condition to listen gladly to the gospel message, while their whole endeavor is to keep body and soul together?

If we turn to the record of the wages paid to the industrial worker, we get facts that contain, in themselves, all the elements of an acute social problem.

Dr. John A. Ryan—author of "The Living Wage"—in the *Catholic World* for July, 1909, from an examination of Census Bulletin No. 93, "Earnings of Wage Earners," says: "There are between four and seven million adult males in America who receive less than the lowest wage required for decent family life." That is to say, in a land rich in natural resources, and where the wheels of industry are ever turning, there are hundreds of thousands of homes where the mother or the children must add their slender earnings to the wages of the natural breadwinner, if that decent and frugal comfort, which Leo XIII. called

the natural right of every man, is to be had. Does not the struggle for existence, which such a condition demands, affect the attitude of these underfed workers towards religion? Does not the average Pastor in a large city meet, time and time again, boys who feel that they have a vocation to the priesthood, but who are compelled to leave school at a tender age because their meagre earnings are needed to swell the family budget? Is not a man living near the 'bread-line" apt to be anxious about many things, and to forget the one thing necessary? All his thought and energy are taken up in getting a subsistence for himself and his family. He is obliged to live in a crowded neighborhood because the rents there are low; he must be content to gather his growing family of boys and girls into a few rooms. The privacy of family life, and the sacredness of home, are to him beautiful myths of a golden age, before the advent of the double-decker or the slum.

Of course, there will be those who will indignantly protest against implications of this description, and I shall be accused of slandering the character of the boys and girls of the tenements. But, when all has been said, it will be evident that proper family life, which is such a necessary condition for the permanence of our institutions, and the only healthy medium for the diffusion of spiritual ideals, is impossible in congested districts.

If the Church has been able to keep young factory girls pure and modest, and young men loyal to God, it has been *in spite* of these conditions, and because of the self-sacrificing work of the priests and nuns who labor amongst them.

There are conditions in the United States which are not ideal, and which are widespread, unnecessary and removable. The Church, in her mission to lead souls to God, is hampered by

them. In the solution of the problems which these conditions produce, she is vitally interested. What part will she take in their solution? What is her attitude towards the solution offered? Has she a remedy of her own, and, if so, why does she not apply it?

Perhaps the best way to find out the probable course of action which the Church should pursue is to look at the past and see what has been her historic attitude; and to study her activity along social lines in the countries of Europe at the present day.

To even the most casual reader of history it must be apparent that the Church never confined herself to the mere preaching of the gospel. Christianity is a vital principle that elevates the soul of man to the Creator, and overflows into the material world, changing art and architecture,—law and social customs. The Church has never been content merely to save souls. Christ died for men, and men have bodies as well as souls. Hence, in carrying out the solemn commission given to her, she broke the shackles of the slave; she eased the burden of the serf, while the spirit of religion always permeated the Guilds. She created a style of architecture that would express, in stone, her teaching and aspiration; and sanctified painting, to make it a medium of instruction, in an age when the printing-press was unknown.

Before the preaching of the gospel can be effective, a certain degree of civilization is necessary.

When the wandering nations of the North swept down on the countries washed by the Mediterranean, the bishops and priests of Italy, Spain and France became lawyers, judges and schoolmasters, as well as being dispensers of the mysteries of God; just as the modern missionary is farmer, physician and carpenter, as well as priest.

The Church, therefore, as we see her in history, has always been deeply interested in the material welfare of her children. She has been distinctly favorable to movements that in our day are called social reform movements. Indeed, she has initiated these movements, blessed them, and surrounded them with the mantle of her powerful protection. The great Franciscan movement of the XIII. century not only brought about a social revolution, by the restoration of the Christian spirit and the emancipation of the serf, but it led to sanitary reforms in the treatment of leprosy,—that scourge of the Middle Ages,—and paved the way for those beneficent "monte di Pieta," which were organized two centuries later by the Franciscans, and particularly by the Blessed Bernardino of Feltre.

But it is not necessary to turn back the pages of history to learn that social reform is no new force in the Church.

"In the domain of social activity and social reform, Catholic Germany to-day sets us a model worthy of our attention and emulation." Thus writes the Bishop of Salford, in his preface to Father Plater's "Catholic Social Work in Germany." These stirring pages, descriptive and historical, are a trumpet call to action. In the United States we have not even begun to wonder where to begin; while in Germany we see the most difficult social problems in a fair way to solution.

The pre-eminent position of Catholic Germany in social work is in a large measure due to the energy, courage and far-sightedness of one man—Bishop Von Ketteler. He read the signs of the times. He understood that to know the age he had to fathom the social question. "The man who does not understand it," he once said, "finds the present and the future an enigma." Hence we are not surprised to find the Bishops of Germany in confer-

ence at Fulda, in 1869, and making the following recommendations:

"The Church must awaken an interest in the conditions of the working class, especially among the clergy. These are often little interested in the matter, because they are not convinced of the existence and magnitude of social evils. They do not grasp the nature and extent of the social question, and they are entirely in the dark as to the method of helping towards a solution. The social question, therefore, must no longer be neglected in the training of the clergy in philosophy and pastoral theology. It is much to be desired that individual priests should be induced to take up the study of Political Economy, and should be furnished with traveling expenses, in order that they may learn, from personal observation, both the needs of the working class and the institutions which help to meet them."

These suggestions were acted on, with the result that the Catholic forces have been identified with the best interests in the country. "It has come about," says Father Plater, "that the Catholics of Germany are not an isolated community, standing aloof from the aspirations of the people. They, at least, have no need to be told to go to the people. *They are the people,* and their vivid Christian consciousness has led them to expend that thought and care on social problems which true charity, in these days, demands of us."

What is true of Germany is true of the other countries of Europe. France, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland have recognized that the future welfare of the Church is bound up with the welfare of the people,—of the *common people,*—and the Catholics of these countries have thrown themselves into the work with an ardor which we might well imitate.

Indeed, it would seem that we are not left free in the matter. Leo XIII., in his Encyclical *Graves de Communi,* says:

"The path of improvement is better assured, and more quickly traversed, the more we have the co-operation of leading men, with their opportunities of effectual aid. We would have them consider, for themselves, that they are not free to choose whether they will take up the cause of the poor or not; it is a matter of simple duty." The Pope is not speaking here of mere almsgiving, but of the endeavor to make the lives of the laborers and artisans more tolerable; and gradually to give them the opportunities of self-culture; so that, at home, and in the world, they may freely fulfil the obligations of virtue and religion,—may feel themselves to be men, and not mere animals,—Christian men and not Pagans,—and so strive, with more facility and earnestness, to attain that "one thing needful"—that final good for which we came into the world.

We have, therefore, our task marked out for us. Priest and layman, we must study, we must work, we must apply our Christianity to the conditions that surround us.

What are the social conditions in the United States, that demand reform? We have already seen some of them. Long hours, unsanitary surroundings, low wages, congestion, industrial diseases, sweatshop industries, these are some of them.

Here is a description of the evils that afflict society; drawn, not by a muck-raking magazine writer, or by a socialist orator, but by an old man, who from his watch-tower scanned the horizon and saw from what quarter danger was most likely to come.

"The elements of the conflict," wrote Leo XIII., in masterful fashion, in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum,* "are unmistakable in the vast expansion of industrial pursuits and the marvels of

science; in the changed relations of masters and workmen; in the enormous fortunes of some few individuals and the utter poverty of the masses; in the increased self-reliance and the closer mutual combination of the working classes; as also in the prevailing moral degeneracy. The momentous gravity of the state of things now prevailing fills every mind with painful apprehension. Wise men are discussing it; practical men are proposing schemes; popular meetings, legislature, and the rulers of nations are busied with it; and actually there is no question which has taken deeper hold on the public mind. All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment upon the vast majority of the working class. It has come to pass that a small number of very rich men has been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

It must, in truth, be said that, until now we have not taken the solemn words of the great Pontiff seriously. We have been busied about other things—important, necessary things—like the immigration problem, the crowding of many of the brethren of the faith into large cities, the building of churches and schools, and the question of church finances.

But, recently, we have become alive to the need of missionary effort, if we are to save to the faith those Catholics who live in isolation in distant parts of the South and West. It is time for us to awake to the fact that if we wish to keep our workingmen practical Catholics we must give them some tangible proof that the Church is alive to the struggle they are making to better

their material condition. We must sympathize with their legitimate aspirations and champion their cause.

What Father Plater, S. J., says of the need in England is just as true of conditions on this side of the water. "We ought to have representative Catholic men and women on the committees formed to cope with the sweating system, child-labor and housing problems; so that our fellow-citizens may see that Catholics really do listen to the bitter cry of the poor." It is sad to think that all the great humanitarian movements of the day are inaugurated outside the Church, and that the names of prominent Catholics, with one or two exceptions, are conspicuous by their absence from the committee lists.

We are allowing the Socialists to penetrate the Labor Unions, and are not training our workingmen to answer their arguments. Is it any wonder that we find, among the Socialists of New York, such names as Walsh, Cassidy, Flynn, Kelly and Reilly?

In the presence of these problems, what must the Church do? What can *she do?* How far can she go towards their solution? Has she specific remedies, or must she be content to proclaim general principles?

The Church, as a divine organization, has no definite social program, but she can proclaim the principles that underlie modern social questions. These principles are old. They were taught by St. Thomas Aquinas. In his *Summa Theologica* are defined the principles of interest and usury; of property and labor; of justice and charity; law and government. What is needed is the application of these principles to the conditions of modern life. Our text-books must be brought up to date.

Among Catholics much of the apathy towards social reform is

due, not to lack of sympathy, but to *ignorance* of Catholic teaching on the questions of property rights or human rights.

Indeed, many priests and laymen, under the impression that they are defending the Church, and acting in harmony with her teaching, shout loudly for free competition—for the untrammeled action of the law of supply and demand—and for the non-interference of the State in the affairs of industry, except to prevent fraud, violence and theft. Nothing could be less true of historical precedent than this attitude of mind. The present "laissez-faire" system is an innovation. It was born at the end of the eighteenth century, and is the child of a philosophy which, as Dr. Ryan says, "regarded men as equal—not only juridically and politically—but as approximately equal physically and intellectually."

The first great need, therefore, is to study.

It is impossible to know what is just or unjust, in the social question, if we do not apply ourselves to the serious examination of Catholic social principles. Fortunately, there are a number of books and pamphlets on the subject. Most of them are written by English Catholics, who seem to be more alive to the need of specific social knowledge than we are. There is a wide field for pamphlets, written in popular style, on the questions of the relation of capital and labor, on Socialism in America, on various periods of Church history from an economic standpoint, on the function of the State, and the importance of the family.

It is flung in our face, time and again, that the great Fathers of the Church condemned the institution of private property. Herr Bebel, in "Die Frau," marshals a number of quotations that seem to prove his contention. Where is there a refutation, on the part of Catholics, to this charge? Dr. John Ryan wrote

an article some years ago on the subject for the *International Journal of Ethics*, but it is difficult to obtain. It ought to be republished in pamphlet form.

What Father Plater says of England is true of us in the United States:

"We need text-books, monographs and pamphlets dealing with the various sides of social theory and practice. We want to know what Catholic social workers are doing in other countries. We want well-written and readable books on property and labor from the Catholic point of view, such as those of Père Carriquot. We want books on economics, such as those of Fr. Heinrich Pesch. We want careful studies of modern social conditions, such as those published by "l'Action Populaire." We want a Catholic Social Year-book, like the *Guide Social.*"

Since Father Plater wrote those words, in a paper read at the Catholic Conference at Manchester, September 21st, 1909, some of the needs have been supplied. The Catholic School of Social Science, founded in 1908, is doing splendid work; and the Catholic Social Year-Book for 1910 is an evidence that our English brethren are alive to the seriousness of the social question and are trying to solve it.

Our first need, therefore, is study; our second is action. And our action will be efficient in proportion as our study has been intelligent.

In the *Catholic World* for July and August, 1909, Dr. Ryan, of St. Paul Seminary, offers a program of social reform by legislation, which is worth considering.

It embraces a legal minimum wage, an eight-hour law, relief for the unemployed, provision against accidents, illness and

old age; the housing of working-people, public ownership of public utilities; adequate control of monopolies; taxation of the future increase of land values, and prohibition of speculation on the exchange. The reverend author, who has given much thought to his subject, claims that, if the program were put into operation, "it would probably cause the social problem, upon which so much precious thought, energy and apprehension are now expended, to assume comparatively insignificant proportions."

If we could substitute for the glittering generalities on the glories of the Church, or the beauty of religion, heard at various times, in the course of each year, from the lips of Catholic orators, an intelligent discussion on any or all of the topics mentioned by Dr. Ryan, and the relation of the Church to these problems, we would not have to be mere followers in the social movement, but *leaders*.

We may disagree with the reverend author of this program as to the efficacy of the proposed legislation; but, at least, we must admit that it is a *constructive program*, and, as such, has distinct value. We have been training our guns, big and little, on Socialism, and crying out with delight when we have seemed to show its impracticability and its irreligious character.

Criticism has its function. It is necessary to show our Catholic workmen that Socialism is more than an economic program; that it is an ethical movement, and, by some, is considered a substitute for religion. We must be ready with a more practical program of reform; one that "does not imply any excessive trust in human nature, nor contradict the laws of economies or the lessons of history."

In industrial centres we could establish Catholic Social Reform

Clubs for workingmen, and for others, if we could induce them to attend. Workingmen who belong to Labor Unions take great interest in economic questions. They have a stock of information on social subjects which would astonish those who are not familiar with the Labor movement. These clubs would thus be an excellent point of contact between the Church and organized labor; and at the same time they would be training schools where Catholic workingmen could be prepared to defend their economic views when attacked by Socialists. If professional men—business men and employers—could be induced to join these clubs, it would help them to get the point of view of organized labor. The chasm that yawns between the two classes of society would be bridged over; and men who ought to be brothers would no longer be arrayed against each other. Is it impossible to bring about this union?

In Germany the nobility, bourgeoisie and workingmen have united on a program of social reform. Can we not do the same in this land of democracy?

"In this commercial age," we read in *Catholic Social Work in Germany*, "men will answer the summons to a Christian crusade. The apathy which prevails among so many Catholics is due to a temporary atrophy of the imagination, and to traditions of inaction, rather than to any deep-rooted selfishness or sourness of mind."

To-day in the United States the Catholic Church is the Church of the workingman, the Church of the common people, whom Our Saviour loved. If she will continue to receive the loving allegiance of those whose hands are horny with toil, whose brows are wrinkled with care, and whose only happiness is in the promise of a life with Jesus Christ through eternity, then we who have some little knowledge of social conditions and some

little influence in our respective communities, must initiate or take part in movements that have for their object the material well-being of the workingman. We must create for them a human environment, the while we teach them that "the greatest fact of that environment is man's right relation to God."

LAYING OF CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE

SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. C. F. THOMAS, S.T.L., J.C.D., LL.D., CATONSVILLE, MARYLAND, JUNE 2, 1912

"What mean these stones?"—Josue iv, 6.

This historic day, this act—the laying of the corner-stone for the new College of St. Charles—must be taken as a forcible renewal of the spirit, or an emphatic reaffirming of the principles; a strong desire to perpetuate the ambition which underlay and permeated a similar act, July 11, 1831, for the original St. Charles' College, some five miles above Ellicott City, which, according to the expectations of Archbishop Whitfield as he wrote to the Propaganda, "once opened, rendered good service to religion"; or better still and truer, an heroic determination to continue the aims and purposes which led to the foundation, July, 1791, in Baltimore, of St. Mary's Seminary, which event Bishop Carroll then characterized as "great and auspicious."

This Seminary, the records of the time attest, was "admirably conducted by priests of St. Sulpice who also had charge of St. Mary's College." Besides these two institutions, the same company of priests had founded at Emmitsburg, Maryland, what has since been known as Mt. St. Mary's College, and which they inaugurated in 1808. But when after some twenty years this College and Seminary passed from under the control of the Sulpician Fathers, the movement began to erect another classical department in connection with St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and culminated in the building of

St. Charles' College, near Ellicott City, which was opened 1848, and St. Mary's College, which had become practically a lay college in conjunction with the Baltimore Seminary, was eventually closed in 1852. Thus from the beginning of the efforts to impart ecclesiastical training in this country there have been two departments, one for philosophical and theological branches, and the other for the classics which include all that is usually taught in grammar and high schools and advanced colleges of all degrees and kinds.

But these colleges and seminaries, classical and theological, like St. Charles' and St. Mary's, whether they be conducted by the Fathers of St. Sulpice or by the religious of other orders and congregations, are distinctly ecclesiastical; and while they aim and labor to teach and instruct in secular knowledge and to encourage students to the attainment of proficiency in every branch or many branches of human learning, they are constantly if not mainly intent on the higher purpose, to instil the principles and practice of piety and Christian virtue, and to equip with spirit and faculties, with ambition and zeal, with ardor and enthusiasm, that the work entrusted by Christ to His Church, of preaching the Gospel to the whole world, of carrying the Blessed Saviour's saving truth and redeeming grace to all men, may be accomplished and perpetuated. And the boys and men who enter here and pursue the course of studies have some idea and hope that they have been called from on high to be invested with Christ's powers, to participate in His mission, and to labor for God's glory, the spread and exaltation of Christ's Church and the salvation of men.

The training which has been judged necessary to make men fit "ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God," selects, as soon as possible, the boys who manifest special aptitude, disposition and inclination, or who give promise by their talents and conduct for spiritual life and religious work and ecclesiastical career; and

during ten years and more impresses upon them the grandeur and importance, the honor and beautifulness, the needs and requirements of the Church's mission and the world's or mankind's interests and betterment—imparts to them power, intellectual and moral, qualities of mind and heart, habits of thought and life, forces and attributes of character which will enable them to go and bring forth fruit—their fruit to remain.

Every avocation in life, every department of human endeavor, every separate kind of business needs a peculiar and special training and education. The soldier, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman, the various distinctions of the mercantile profession require, for success, aptitude, powers, talents, knowledge, habits, character, which shall be special, adequate, congenial, fit and proportionate. And unless a man be thus trained in special preparation he cannot expect to acquit himself of the duties devolving on him or to attain any high degree of perfection and proficiency in his profession or trade, and as the vocation to preach the Gospel of Christ to every creature and to be witnesses of Christ in Judea, Samaria, and the uttermost parts of the earth, to bear to all men the ministry of reconciliation and to carry to them the benefits of Christ's coming and sacrifice, is essentially and manifestly superior to any and all the efforts that can and do engage the attention and enlist the energies of human beings, so must peculiar care be exercised and exceptional and adequate education and training be imparted to those who may be selected or who may offer themselves for the world-wide mission and the superhuman ministry conferred upon the Apostles. The Catholic Church has never lost sight of the momentous and pregnant injunction of St. Paul—"to impose hands lightly on no man." She has constantly borne in mind that her priests should "present themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed,

rightly handling the word of truth"; that they should be "vessels unto honor, sanctified and profitable to the Lord, prepared unto every good work"; that "they should flee youthful desires, and pursue justice, faith, charity, and peace with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart"; that they "be mild towards all men, apt to teach, patient, with modesty admonishing them that resist the truth"; that every minister of hers should be one

> "Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
> But who if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover, and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
> And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
> Or if an unexpected call succeed,
> Come when it will, is equal to the need."

Who

> "Is placable — because occasions arise
> So often that demand such sacrifice;
> More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
> As tempted more; more able to endure,
> As more exposed to suffering and distress;
> Thence also, more alive to tenderness." —

Men or knights whom "no earthly passion but the sweet vision of the Holy Grail drives from all vainglories, rivalries, and earthly heats that spring and sparkle out in other pursuits, and from noiseful arms and acts of prowess should pass into the silent life of prayer and praise, fast and alms."

Her clergy are to go before kings and princes and demand their acceptance of supernatural revelation: to appear among the people and raise them to the reception of an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled. They are sent to confer upon men the highest possible

degree of perfection here obtainable, to impart to the various faculties of mind and heart the greatest possible development, to lead to the enjoyment of serenest peace and the attainment of a life in many of its elements truly divine; because "as all things of His divine power which appertain to life and godliness are given to us, through the knowledge of Him who hath called us by His own proper glory and virtue." They are to give men what statesmen have vainly tried to establish, what scientists have failed to discover, what monarchs have not been able to accomplish—to surround them with conditions, to furnish noblest ideals, to infuse strength of mind and will—that the mind rest in truth and heart in peace, and men reach a height which their powers and capabilities demand, whereon they might be supremely conscious of the honor and glory with which God has encircled them; to be a great moral force and factor among the nations which from them are to draw inspiration for their customs, spirit for their laws, the perfection of their morality and the exemplar of their justice; "to give knowledge of salvation to the people, to illumine them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to direct their feet in the way of peace."

The priesthood stands for the uplifting of men—for whatever is, in the highest sense, "true, modest, just, holy, lovely, of good fame, of virtue and discipline." The teachings it proclaims, because divine, are intended to place the human intellect above the vagaries of natural sciences, the uncertainties of human conjectures, the instabilities of worldly conclusions, the vagueness of earth's manifestations—thus to furnish it with a working knowledge, sure, definite and infallible, through which it can erect as on an unshakable foundation the edifice of a true and noble life. The forces which it supplies to the heart, and which are found nowhere else than in the Christian economy which it preaches, give him strength that he might conquer in

the battle ever raging intensely within, and overcome the perversity of his heart which ever drags to evil deeds and evil living; and direct and urge him on and above the low plane of merely human desires and human aspirations. The influences with which it surrounds the will counteract the seductions of pleasure, make him forego the satisfaction of natural and animal instincts, check the ideas, impulses and motives by which men are usually led and are of the earth earthly, and start and steady him on the ascent to the holiness, purity, honesty and prayerfulness inseparable from the Christian life; and secure for him and in him the triumph of reason, enterprise, courage, faith and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity and distrust. It would direct all the forces of civilization to wrest from wrong, to warn of danger, to dissuade from imprudence, to lead to right; to accomplish, that the spirit and teachings of the Gospel which contain the principles of brightest enlightenment, the most thorough evolution, the truest progress, the materials of the most advanced civilization be accepted and observed as the rule of effort and the standard of judgment and the means of emancipation from the galling effects of sin-slavery and of enjoyment of the freedom of the children of God.

The men on whom this priesthood falls, to whom this magnificent and divine work is entrusted, need assuredly and do receive a very special and unique training. For a period three and four times longer and more severe than that required for any other calling in human life, they are taught and trained. They are given to understand that as they are selected by some special vocation on high to manifest Christ to the world that the world may live by Him, so must they, before they set forth on their mission, succeed in engrafting on themselves and their conduct somewhat of the purposes and spirit and virtues and holiness of Jesus Christ Himself, so that they

may be able to say in a very particular sense: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." The effort is to make them the first and leading men of their times and country—to have them to excel in theology, philosophy, science, and all the learning of the Egyptians, and to possess principally and markedly a high degree of Christian perfection and virtue. Their minds are stored with secular and earthly knowledge, their intellects are developed beyond that degree which is usual in the professions among men, and the Catholic clergy have always and everywhere been recognized as equal, if not superior, to the first and most prominent in every walk of life. But over and above that—over and above all endeavors to excel or to become efficient and proficient in human knowledge, has been and is the ambition to attain moral perfection. The ascetic or religious aspect of Christianity (without which the religion of Christ would be an absolute failure) is instilled into the Church's ministers, and the aim begotten and pursued—to make oneself as Christ was, "the most brilliant copy of that supreme beauty which is seated on the throne of heaven. Pure and sanctified as the tabernacle of the Lord, breathing naught but the love of God and man, infinitely superior by the elevation of his soul to the vain glory of the world,—he prosecuted, amid sufferings of every kind, the great business of our salvation, constraining men, by the ascendency of his virtues, to embrace his doctrine and to imitate a life which they were compelled to admire."

That the clergy of these United States might at home receive the training which should make them "patterns of the flock from the heart," that they on whom the burden should fall to propagate the faith of Christ in these lands be not without adequate preparation for their work, there came to Baltimore in 1791 men who had for years been engaged in the preparation and education of aspirants to the sacerdotal office. They came from a community founded in

Paris in 1642, with the chief object of directing ecclesiastical seminaries and training candidates for the priesthood. They were men noted and respected among their contemporaries for earnest purpose and indomitable courage, for intense devotion and ardent piety, for singleness of aim and deep self-sacrifice; —

> "Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
> Whose loves in higher love endure;
> What souls possess themselves so pure,
> Or is there blessedness like theirs?" —

men in some sense driven providentially by circumstances from their native heaths, unwilling to accede to hard and compromising edicts;

> "Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject,
> Those unconforming; whom one rigorous day
> Drives from their Curés, a voluntary prey
> To poverty, and grief and disrespect,
> And some to want — as if by tempests wrecked
> On a wild coast how destitute; did they
> Feel not what Conscience never can betray,
> That peace of mind is virtue's sure effect.
> Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
> Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
> And cast their future upon Providence;
> As men the dictate of whose inward sense
> Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
> Lures not from what they deem the cause of God." —

men—priests and scholars and gentlemen—whom generous sentiments of the day did not hesitate to describe as a "company of humble, pious, disinterested and unambitious ecclesiastics"; these men known as the Fathers of St. Sulpice built, maintained and administered St. Mary's Seminary and College, Mt. St. Mary's College and Seminary from 1808 to about 1826, and St. Charles' College; and in recent years their successors have had the direction of seminaries in New York, Boston and San Francisco.

From 1791, when the Catholic Hierarchy in this great Republic

of the West had just been organized, and with the establishment of the first ecclesiastical and theological seminary and College, young men have now for one hundred and twenty-one years been educated and trained;—into them have been imparted sacerdotal zeal and perfection by the Sulpician Fathers, and sent forth from these Baltimore Seminaries into various parts of this glorious Church of ours to labor for the good of souls and the exaltation of Christ's holy religion. They have not been the only educators of priests and all the priests of our land have not been trained by them. There have arisen many similar institutions of recognized power and undoubted worth, conducted by the different religious organizations of the Church, whose sphere of influence has been wide and whose harvest has been full and great. These nurseries of piety, houses of prayer, homes of learning, arsenals of the strongest and treasuries of the purest in religious life and sacerdotal spirit have formed a body of clergy of which the Church in this country is proud. For the priesthood of these United States is and has ever been staunch, loyal and true, hard-working and zealous, intelligent and active, bright and enterprising, refined and cultured, pious and learned, patriotic and Catholic. Respect and esteem, homage and reverence, trust and friendship have been rendered in every section to our priests, who have won a snug place even in the hearts and affection of their Protestant brethren; and they have been recognized to be men of practical sense and human sympathies, of sincere faith and earnest purpose, of exceptional ability and indomitable courage, of unaffected piety and strong virtue—very notable men in every way in their respective communities. They have indefatigably brought into action their best energies and high powers of intellect and will, devoted all the faculties which nature gave them, and taken advantage of every opportunity which earth afforded, to advance the Church's interests, to extend

her glory, secure her stability, strengthen her hold on human affections, perpetuate the light and truth within her and raise human conduct to the sublime heights of virtue and religion. By intense exertion they have caused the knowledge of divine truth and the flow of supernatural grace to be transmitted into millions of souls; and the Catholic population here found are imbued with a lofty appreciation and deep understanding of Christ's revelation, redolent of the sweetest graces of Christian righteousness, and animated by ardent love for their country—thanks to the labors of the men who in our seminaries and colleges have imbibed the true spirit of the sacerdotal vocation. By their fruits you can know them.

The graduates of the Baltimore seminaries—classical and theological—form no insignificant part of that clerical body. They exist in almost every diocese and state of the country; and they have yielded not to their fellow-workers in the Gospel, in the loftiness of their ideas of the priestly office, in their devotion to their priestly duties, in their study of divine truth, loyalty to the centre of Catholic unity, eagerness to appreciate the opportunities and to supply the needs of our times and land, the ardor of their enthusiasm for whatever tends to the moral and spiritual uplifting, the material and intellectual development of Christian kings and people. They may not always be willing to admit it, but unconsciously and unavoidably they have caught somewhat of the spirit and example of their teachers and have uniformly been found to be humble, modest, disinterested and unambitious ecclesiastics. They who have gone forth from St. Charles' College, and have reached the dignity and been invested with the burdens of the ministry, have meritoriously acquitted themselves of their mission and attained some greater or less prominence in their various positions assigned. Their Alma Mater is and has been proud of the success achieved and the honor-

able place acquired by them both in matters of obedience and self-sacrifice and in affairs of glorious moment both intellectual and material. She has beheld them building or sustaining, maintaining or strengthening the priceless inheritance bequeathed from the past; emulating in no mean degree the character, the energy, the zeal, faith and piety of the pioneers in this favored land, and making themselves worthy imitators of the best and most saintly. She has seen them keeping their eyes steadily on Him who first exercised the ministry of reconciliation when on the wood of the Cross He drew all things to Himself and caused to flow into human souls the love and life of God; rescuing mankind from woe and death, placing them in the warm embrace of their heavenly Father; opening to them treasures of pardon and grace; leading them on to higher thoughts and better life; "still living to make intercession for us."

Behind Him, in Him, with Him, St. Charles' College joyously perceives her sons, strong and mighty, shoulder to shoulder, never flinching, with the bravest and stoutest in the fray; ever zealous, energetic, active; spreading on earth the radiance of heavenly fervor, extending the reign of peace, mercy, joy; winning souls from misery, sin, error; imparting the holy sense of sin forgiven and reconciliation effected; accentuating the notes of gladness and triumph which from the Cross of Jesus reverberates throughout the world in the Redemption purchased at such great price; and causing saint and sinner to be carried upward on the wings of assured hope to the possession of endless happiness which the Redeemer promised.

St. Charles' still lives; the material results of eighty years of struggle were a year ago reduced to ashes in a moment; but her spirit died not and her work was not interrupted; and she immediately resumed on this spot her immemorial and perpetual ministry.

To-day witnesses the beginnings of a new foundation—of build-

ings to take the place of the destroyed, but still the old and self-same St. Charles'; because these buildings will embody the same old spirit and teachings which cannot well change, since they rest on and are founded in Catholic truth and piety. Within these walls will be treasured and imparted the same ideals, and around these stones will cluster the same traditions which have served to form and fashion some thousands of priests good and true; and future generations of the clergy will find numbered among the most zealous and fervent, among the most prominent and honored, among the most cultured and educated, the graduates of this St. Charles' College.

THE DIGNITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD

SERMON PREACHED AT THE FIRST MASS OF REV. PETER NOLAN BY THE REV. J. J. B. FEELEY AT ST. MARK'S CHURCH, INKERMAN

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God." — Romans xv, 30.

Dearly Beloved Brethren.—As faithful Catholics of this congregation you witness in this holy sanctuary during the course of the ecclesiastical year scenes that must fill your soul with thoughts and desires of one day beholding that heavenly Jerusalem, that Holy Sanctuary where there is a tabernacle not made with hands. The memory of the early Christmas morning Mass with its angelic song, "Glory be to God on High, and Peace on Earth, to Men of Good Will." Easter Sunday, with its sweet and consoling assurance, "He is risen; He is not here." Those bright, sunny June mornings, and your little ones with tender souls, so pure that Jesus, the Hidden God of the Eucharist, longs to enter them. Three weeks ago you were thrilled with spiritual pleasure on beholding your little ones presented to the Right Rev. Bishop for confirmation, the Sacrament through which they received the Holy Ghost, with His seven gifts, wisdom, understanding, knowledge, counsel, fortitude, piety, and the fear of the Lord. Surely they were fitting temples of the Holy Spirit. All these occasions have often filled your heart with heavenly joy. So, to-day, you are privileged to be present at and take part in a service which, though not materially different from other Sundays of the year, yet, because it is the first solemn Mass of this young priest, the first-born of this little parish, must be

for you, and especially for his relatives and friends in the priesthood, an occasion of joy and spiritual gladness. It is an occasion calculated to inspire you and them with the highest and holiest thoughts. Wherefore it is with fear and trembling I attempt to speak or explain the theme that fills your souls to-day. Would that to one more advanced and riper in wisdom and more eloquent in speech had been entrusted this task, so high, so holy, so wonderful, so solemn.

One who comprehends so imperfectly the breadth and height of its powers and offices cannot expect to do justice to the subject which is naturally the matter of your thoughts to-day.

The priesthood of the Catholic Church, the ministry of Jesus Christ suggested by this holy Mass—what mind can comprehend it, what tongue can describe the honors and prerogatives of this exalted vocation? Scholars, doctors and saints of the Universal Church have acknowledged their utter inability to express the sublime dignity of the priesthood. In the words of St. Ephrem, I must exclaim, "O, glorious miracle, O, ineffable power, O, tremendous mystery of the holy and sublime priesthood, most venerable and without blemish, with which Christ coming into this world has vouchsafed to clothe His creatures! On bended knees, with sighs and tears, I should beg grace to comprehend this celestial gift, a treasure indeed to those who guard it worthily and holily." If such be the language of a saint, where can I expect to find words and thoughts to speak fittingly of this sublime Sacrament?

You, yourselves, wonder at the priest, and sometimes ask yourselves, "What has caused the deference and respect of all ages for the good Catholic priest?" There must be something more than natural in this universal tribute from every age and from every people. Why does the world everywhere instinctively place him apart from men—yet above men—even those who class their min-

istry with the rest of the race? "I do not know any man of a more lofty character than your loyal and faithful Catholic priest," said ex-President Roosevelt to the Archbishop of New Orleans.

It is useless to deny that the priest when most disguised is always known. He cannot be hidden, he cannot mingle intimately with men; that priestly character which was impressed on his soul by holy orders reveals his presence to men intuitively and checks towards the priest the easy familiarity of man with man. Men will not forget, even though the priest may, what was said of a less sacred ministry: "He that touches you toucheth the apple of My eye." Nature and God separate the priest from other men as an ideal, and a cry of horror escapes the lips when it is discovered that he is not all that he was set apart for.

In describing to you why the priest is so exalted, so honored, let the Holy Scripture, the Saints of the Church and men of all ages and climes be my guides and my teachers. "What is man," says the Psalmist, "that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels, thou hast crowned him with honor and set him over the works of thy hand."

But think of the priest; how much is this earthly dominion of men excelled by his spiritual powers? May we not exclaim in joyous wonder: "What is the priest, O Lord, that Thou art mindful of him, or Thy anointed that Thou visitest him? Thou hast invested him with prerogatives not given to Thy angels; Thou hast made him the custodian and dispenser, not of Thy earthly, but of Thy heavenly treasures." In no better way can we learn of the dignity and honor of the Catholic priest than by considering his relationship with Jesus Christ and His heavenly Father, for in ordinary life we learn the honor and dignity of men by the positions they fill, the titles they acquire and the relationship they bear to the people or nation. Almost every

chapter of Sacred Scripture speaks of some title of the priest, some office he fulfils, some relation he bears to his Divine Master.

"I will not now," says Christ, "call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth; but I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father I have made known to you." Now you know, my dear friends, that nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold or silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity. If such is the value of an earthly friend, what is the privilege of the priest to be, like John the Baptist, the friend of the Bridegroom? Friends disclose to one another the secrets of their hearts. This is one of the characteristics of true friendship. Hence our Lord manifested His love and attachment for His apostles, and also afterwards for His priests, by revealing to them the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven, which had been locked in His own breast, or only partially disclosed to others in parables. After His resurrection our Divine Lord sent by Mary Magdalen this gracious message to His apostles: "Go to my brothers and say to them, I ascend to my Father and to your Father; to my God and your God." Here, my dear brethren, we are addressed as the brothers of Jesus; what term of endearment could be dearer than that for the priest? But that is not yet all; for He has another title which He shares with Christ's Eternal Father in Heaven. "For if you have ten thousand instructors," says St. Paul, "yet not many fathers, for in Jesus Christ, by the Gospel, I have begotten you." Herein, then, the priest acquires the name of Father. He may receive from the world and its fountains of honor many names, from the schools of learning many degrees, from the ecclesiastical law many dignities, but none has so deep and so high a sense as this term Father, and none of these earthly titles but this spiritual Fatherhood will pass with him into eternity.

All these terms and titles of friendship tell us, my dear friends, in how many ways the priest is related to Jesus Christ. But he is still further called by Him "the light of the world," "the salt of the earth," "the dispenser of the mysteries of God," "the minister of reconciliation," "the physician of the soul," "the ambassador of Christ," "the colaborer with God." Reflection on all these titles and offices would teach us the excellence and dignity of the Catholic priest. But for you, above all of them, is the title best known to you, namely, that of simple priest. You believe it without doubt or argument, that when Jesus Christ, at the Last Supper, said to His apostles, "Do this in commemoration of Me," He ordained them priests, and hence as successors of the apostles the priests of the Catholic Church to-day, by this ordination, are united to the Master as were those first apostles. This union of the Catholic priest with Jesus is the most sublime thought connected with the Christian priesthood. Who can express the intimate union? Language will fail us. It is beyond the touch of words, beyond almost the reach of thought. The priest, one predestined, one chosen from all mankind by a special love of Almighty God to the honors of His ministry. From the first moment of his existence, at his mother's knee, he is made the recipient of particular graces to befit him for his high vocation. Consider this young priest to-day vested with those surpassing powers of absolution and sacrifice. The forgiveness of sin is beyond the power of created beings, beyond the power of angels, beyond the power of Mary—born Immaculate, full of grace, and Mother of God; it is a power belonging to God alone, and He has invested with it His priests alone.

Thus it is that this young priest, this anointed one of the Saviour, and all other priests, are above all earthly creatures, above the angels, in one sense above Mary, the Queen of the Angels, for Christ has

said to them alone, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." And the power of sacrifice, the power this young priest will exercise to-day for the first time, it is above even that of absolution. The angels veil their faces as they enter into the presence of the all Holy One; Mary was allowed to bring forth the Immaculate Lamb but once, but the priest how often, how boldly, yet with reverence, may he present himself before his Master; how often can he call down the Incarnate Lamb upon the altar; how often may he raise the oblation of the Holy One of Israel for the sins of man; and with power above all power may he not command the Son of Man to be present before him? Thus it is he is again above all creatures, above the angels, above Mary, nay, even above Christ Himself, for the Saviour has promised to bow submissive to his will. Nay, the guardianship of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is his, for he it is who keeps the key of the tabernacle. It may be said of him as of his Master, "He openeth and no man shutteth; he shutteth and no man openeth." How wondrous, then, are the powers of the priesthood; how sublime its dignity; how close its union with the Master and with God!

Again, dearly beloved brethren, how closely our Lord in His gracious condescension associates us with Himself as partners and colleagues in the work of the Apostolate. It is by virtue of this co-operation that the merits of the sacrifice of Calvary are applied to your souls, and the light of His gospel is diffused throughout the world. What an honor, then, our Lord has conferred on this young priest!

His Church is an army, figuratively speaking; he is now appointed one of its captains; if it is a sheep fold, he is a shepherd to lead the flock to healthy pastures and refreshing streams. If the Church is a city, he is appointed one of its magistrates; if it is named

the holy city of Jerusalem, he is placed as guardian and defender of its watch towers. For the Psalmist says: "Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen all the day and all the night; they shall never hold their peace." If the missionary world is a sea, he is now one of its fishermen; if it is a field, it is his duty to sow the good seed, without whose labor the land would be a barren waste. If Christ compares His Church to a kingdom, he is now one of His viceregents, to govern His people according to the laws of God, and enforce obedience by religious and moral sanctions. "Thou hast made us a kingdom and priests to our God, and we shall reign upon earth."

Consider, then, dearly beloved brethren, how glorious is the message that the Catholic priest, the minister of Heaven, has to communicate to his fellowmen. The priest, in his office of preaching, is charged with the most vital and momentous themes that man has ever been commissioned to announce. Unlike those outside the Catholic Church who lay claim to preach, he does not discuss from the altar or pulpit subjects of a political or transitory nature unless some moral issue is involved in them. The same decalogue that Moses gave to the Hebrew people on Mount Sinai; the same solemn warning that the Prophets uttered on the hills and plains of Judea; the same Gospel that Christ preached on the Mount and along the coasts of Galilee; the same evangelical precepts that the apostles proclaimed throughout the Roman Empire—this will be his message, as a Catholic priest, the shepherd of the Lord, to declare to his future congregation.

Is it any wonder, then, that I proclaim the dignity of the priesthood a great and surpassing honor, when we consider the relationship of the priest with Jesus, with Almighty God Himself? You can realize now, my dear friends, to some extent, why it is we are

so anxious for your prayers. You can judge why Father Nolan has had placed on the little mementos of his ordination day the text from St. Paul, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God." You wonder why we ask them, why I ask you to-day to pray for this young priest, but do you not realize now what graces are necessary for the proper fulfilment of his divine office? The priest realizes his human weakness, knows that the graces that God gives him do not interfere with the freedom of his own will, and if Satan be anxious to ensnare the souls of the weak and unwary how much more so will he be anxious for him upon whose stewardship depends the salvation of so many. He sees what science, what knowledge he requires for the performance of his sublime duties. With St. Paul, he may well ask, "For these things who is sufficient?" To stand in such close relationship with the Word made flesh; to be set over the souls for whom He shed His precious Blood; to be charged with their salvation, so that if he be unfaithful their blood will be required at his hands—all this surely demands personal sanctity commensurate with the work of guiding souls from sin to penance, from penance to perfection. For this high and holy office is required the science of God, the science of the Saints, the science of self-knowledge, and a character which, though it will not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax, will never be silent when there is sickness unto death, or when venial sin may pass into mortal, and the disease of the soul into death.

Hence, dearly beloved brethren and friends of Father Nolan, while I do not censure you to-day for being proud, no, rather do I join with you with all my soul in congratulating him on the honor and sublime dignity of his station, yet I ask you to pray that God may

give him and all of us graces sufficient to be worthy of our relationship with Jesus, that we may leave nothing undone to correspond with His graces, to perform the duties of our priesthood in the manner worthy of Him; to save the souls confided to our care, so that we may one day be worthy, with you all, to hear the sweet Master's voice calling: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over little things, I will place thee over much. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

And now, dear Father Nolan, my younger brother in the priesthood, I beg you to forgive me for interrupting your Holy Sacrifice so long. Yesterday in the Cathedral the Right Rev. Bishop asked the Archdeacon if you and your companions were worthy to be promoted to this holy office, and he answered him: "As far as human frailty permits us to know and I know, I testify that they are worthy to be promoted." To-day, in the presence of your friends and this congregation, I testify that as far as I know you for ten years you are worthy of this high office. But you must remember that after the consecration by the bishop of your hands yesterday they were bound fast with the handkerchief lest they might even touch anything profane. That handkerchief will be a revered keepsake forever in your family. Notwithstanding the sanctity of your hands since yesterday, to-day, before you put on these sacred vestments, you went first to the lavabo and, washing them, recited the prayer which you will repeat before every Mass you live to celebrate: "Da Domine, virtutem manibus meis ad abstergendam omnem maculam ut sine pollutione corporis et mentis tibi valeam servire." God has heard your prayer to-day, I am certain, so now come and offer up the all Holy One for yourself, your dear parents, brothers and sisters, relations and benefactors, living and dead, the members of this little parish, and, may I ask in the last place, also myself.

TEMPERANCE SERMON

DELIVERED ON OCCASION OF THE TEMPERANCE PARADE AT NEW BEDFORD, JULY 23, 1912, BY THE REV. J. F. DOWNING

My dear Men.—As I look down from this pulpit into what the poet would aptly style a little "sea of upturned faces" to be calmed or convulsed by each wave of sound that may flow from my lips, the true meaning of an old, proverbial saw steals upon my mind, "Some are born great; others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them." How the force of that time-honored dictum is exemplified in the stern reality of my present position, I need not tell you, suffice it to say, that I find myself actually clothed in the little "brief authority" ascribed to that last category.

I yielded, perhaps a wee bit reluctantly, to the sweet suggestion of my reverend brother, pastor of this parish, who requested poor humble me to be present at this very hour and to offer a word in season in keeping with the spirit of the day. And why, somebody may anxiously ask, why did you yield? Oh—simply and solely because I believe in the cheap luxury of making myself agreeable, especially during this period of festivity, when I may benefit by the occasion presented to offer, with the good woman in the Temple, my "Widow's Mite" of assistance in a cause that bears a Divine seal.

The wiseacres of this up-to-date age may wag their hoary locks at our unbridled effrontery, taking refuge behind the fact that "Conceit in weakest bodies will often strongly wax." Our so-called Catholic will often air his worldly wisdom at our expense, none the less it has fallen to my happy lot to stand before you this moment,

not to tickle your ear with all the delicacies of studied language —not to unbosom myself in rhetorical flourishes or sweetly flowing rhetorical periods—not to clothe my humble ideas in all the flowing garb of queenly English—not to call down from the sunny slopes of Mt. Parnassus the timely assistance of the gods of poetical genius—no! I am here as a priest to preach the Word of God —with St. Paul to preach "Christ and Him Crucified" by the deadly Sin of Intemperance. I am here to administer, doctor-like, the bitter medicine of Truth to this chronic disease of body and soul—yet, I feel like a boy sent on a man's mission, an humble Lilliputian, pitted dwarf-like against a sky-shouldering Goliath in his tower of strength, dooming those who are manly and big enough to rally round me to a cruel disappointment for the outcome of the fray.

Still, my dear men, your sweet indulgence I fondly crave, while we trip good-naturedly down along one tiny thoroughfare of thought, stopping occasionally by the side of some quiet stream, wherein we may see reflected the noble cause we should espouse, your sacred cause of Temperance—Temperance, which to my mind is the silken cord running through the pearl-chain of all virtue. I shall try to show you how the opposing vice offsets the Divine work of Redemption by destroying our humanity, by disfiguring God's image in His Creatures, and by robbing us of a princely heritage —Manhood and Womanhood.

Ages agone, ere the peace-bearing dawn of Christ's coming had dispelled the inky clouds of unbelief by warming into life the fulfilment of a Divine promise, this world of ours was a sun-bereft landscape, for Adam had eaten of sorrow's bitter fruit, and posterity was paying the wages of his sin. Mother Earth, once clothed in a silken garb of lusty fruitfulness, and richly laden with an exquisite dowry of heavenly gifts, was obliged to bow her head in

shame, for the tell-tale blush of Eve mantled her fair countenance, and the curse of Adam breathed, poison-like, on her every offspring. People groped mid the lingering clouds of darkness and nations dwelt in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Mankind set up a cry, a pitiful, yea, wondrous pitiful cry, "Oh for the touch of a helping hand, for the sound of a voice that is still." Mother Earth awoke from that lethargic sleep, "scarfed up the tender eyes of her pitiful day," and, 'neath her cloak of darkness, ushered in a new-born King. Faith opened Heaven's golden gates, and brought a God to helpless man. Hope stirred the loftiest aspirations in the human heart. Charity laid a consecrating hand on each feverish brow and "Peace was on earth to men of good will." Mankind was redeemed! The true image of God, once blasted by sin, was again abroad. The power of Satan received a telling blow. "Enmity had been placed between the seed of the serpent and the seed of a Woman." His kingdom was shattered, crushed 'neath her heel, yea, but not razed to the ground like the Temple of Jerusalem, with not a "stone left upon a stone," for to-day, despite the fact that, lending a sympathetic ear to the wail of humanity, a God left the calm beatitude of Heaven and yoked himself like a galley slave to the misery of earth that He might be scourged, thorn-crowned, and pour out the crimson drops of Blood Divine in the awful tragedy of our Redemption, man, ungrateful man, the only blot on the face of God's creation, a child of wrath conceived in iniquity, a mere pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear—man in his sinful littleness has dared to pay back in the cold unfeeling coin of ingratitude, man has dared to raise his impious right hand in defiance, belching forth like Lucifer "Non Serviam—I will not serve." Man has dared to spit in the face of the Crucified; man, ungrateful man, a renegade to his Creator, his Redeemer, his Sovereign Lord, man has linked arms with Satan,

the satanic nature has taken the living form of our human nature, the demon, the avowed enemy of Jesus Christ, the despoiler of souls, the fiend incarnate, the devil is abroad in human garb, and his name, my dear men, is Intemperance.

Intemperance it is that, in the person of a drunkard, has laid down reason and intellect on the blood-besmeared altar of sin to pay hero-worship to that pet idol—Drink. Intemperance it is that openly defies God, the Creator, by victimizing and then brutally destroying His created image—man. God, the Father, spokesman of the Divine Council of Three, has said and said it wisely, "Let us make man to our own image and likeness," to which the poet might justly add, "Noble in intellect, upright in bearing, in action so like an angel, in apprehension so like a God." Intemperance has said, Let us make man lower than the brute beast of the field, a companion for the swine, feeding upon the husks of inordinate passion, grovelling in his instinct, filthy in body and soul. Intemperance it is that basely outrages our elder brother, Christ, for it degrades that humanity which Jesus rendered so sacred in the virgin womb of Mary, the spotless. Intemperance it is that rudely shatters this bodily edifice of ours, which, though a "Tenement of Clay," has been aptly termed by St. Paul "The living temple of the Holy Ghost," purified by the seven Sacramental Streams that flow from the Fountain Head of Grace Divine. Jesus, the Paschal Lamb, led submissive to the slaughter, respected so much our nature that He joyfully cast off the very livery of Heaven, took it upon Himself and bore it for thirty-three years like a milk-white Lamb, untainted and undefiled, pure and immaculate as a baptismal robe of snowy whiteness, and then became so mysteriously wedded to it that He hid His divinity beneath it and placed it in triumph over the grave, glorious and immortal, on a Royal Throne above.

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Intemperance disrespects our nature, tramples it on the very ground, rolls it over in the seething mire of sinful indulgence, and leaves the mind that in its created majesty should gaze eternally beyond, to wobble in the foul ignorance of a more than brutish animal coarseness.

Christ, my dear men, has died the death! He has died the death on Calvary's heights. He has poured out with lavish hand the pearly drops of Blood Divine to wash away an Original Debt and to give us back the three-fold faculty of our soul—Memory, Will and Understanding—Memory, that we might be eternally and gratefully mindful of benefits received—Will, that we might grapple defiantly with the demon of sin—Understanding, that we might realize "forever and a day" that we have been bought with a "Pearl without price," and that the wondrous meaning, the secret of it all, is "Love." Intemperance, as if by one sweep of a venom-tainted magic wand, dashes all three to the ground—Memory, Will and Understanding—and makes us feel that even Christ, the God-Man, has died in vain. Oh! no wonder that the poet mind of Shakespeare should cry out, "Oh God, that men should put an enemy into their mouth to steal away their brains, that we should with joy, pleasance and revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts—for every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is the devil." It robs us of our memory, our saintly memory. Through its accursed influence friends, husband, wife, children, father, mother, God Himself, all are forgotten—drowned in Lethe's wave, relegated to the dark and dismal shades of oblivion in that one cup that inebriates. It robs us of our will, our boasted iron will, and the devil with the Rod of Empire in his hand browbeats us into slavish submission and then mercilessly and tyrannically spurs and goads us onward to deeds of blackest night. It robs us of our understanding, for we

prate incoherently, polluting the air with the filthy refuse of a disordered mind to such a marked degree that even the dumb beast, conscious of his own dignity, turns away disgusted from the infection of our contaminating breath. The work of Jesus Christ dying on the Cross to uplift a fallen humanity is therefore partially offset and becomes "Love's Labor Lost" by the counter work of that unfortunate wretch lying in the gutter, who, like a wounded snake, drags his slow length along the mire of utter degradation, turning into scorn and ridicule our fondly cherished hopes, when, considering the divine scheme of a Creator and a Redeemer, we must sadly air our boasted valuation by pointing the index finger of disgust to that pitiable object—our fellow creature—that the polished world still deigns to call "man"—endowed with a Memory, an Understanding and a free Will. Oh! great God, what a cruel mockery! Oh! great God, what a living lie! Oh! great God, what a shameful travesty on Truth! Made to the image and likeness of God—a being composed of a body and soul! Ah—if such he be, go mark him well! Let him be sent back to nature's mint and there refashioned and hammered into shape on the anvil of a new creation, for, as he lies, he is naught else but a cheap article of sham fabric with his muddy vesture of decay, a coin mutilated beyond recognition, that will not pass in the currency of the Clearing House of the world to come. He is naught else but a counterfeit, spurious, and an impostor, a counterfeit of humanity, a flesh and blood caricature of the Divine model, the great masterpiece, Jesus Christ.

Need I expatiate, brethren, on the evils of Intemperance? Need I with artistic skill conjure up before your mind's eye a vivid picture of this "Egyptian Plague" that lays a sickening hand on the budding youth, oftentimes the very flower of our flock? Need I tell you how vulture-like it swoops down upon its prey and digs its venomous

fangs into body, mind and soul, robbing us of our womanhood and manhood—those precious gems studded jewel-like in the crown of each Christian life; marring the beauty of youth and making unholy the death-bed of old age, ringing out a funeral knell for everything that savors of true nobility in thought, word or deed? Oh! come with me as your guide and let us wander stealthily into the cemeteries of the past, where care with wrinkled hand has traced the graveyard story of many a golden-tinted promise, where, lone mourners of their baffled zeal, we may watch many a broken-hearted being pining over lost hopes and wasted years, sitting like "grieving Love" amongst the crumbling ruins of a once proud career, while a warning angel stands guard at the tomb of departed errors to point out the awful horrors of a drunkard's grave. Yea! go ask her, that woman once looked upon as a vision of loveliness here below—go ask her, who truly symbolized the words of the poet "When she had passed it was like the ceasing of exquisite music"—go ask her who sits, druid-like, in her widow's weeds of sorrow—her who swore away her youth, her beauty, her very life itself on some drunken sot, and received in return for those queenly gifts poverty, misery, premature old age, yea, hell itself—go ask the white-haired mother, who keeps her lonely watch night after night for that ungrateful, worthless son in whom she sees her fondest hopes decay—go ask that fair-haired sister why the blush of shame should mantle her sweet countenance—oh! yes, go ask the drunken wretch himself what has robbed him of health, wealth, reputation, family peace, joy, happiness, and trailed him in the very muck of sin—yes, go ask them every one, and all, giving vent to the pent-up misery of a broken heart, will paint the cause in the glaring colors of Reality and bitterly answer—Drink.

Gaze, then, my dear men, on the world around you—on this

bloody field of carnage, the ruined home, the neglected child, the brawling husband, the trembling wife, the tear-stained sister, the broken-hearted mother—gaze on this, our boasted greatness, our loud-mouthed civilization, our national glory, and then pardon all Total Abstainers if they glory in the cause they have espoused. The world in a certain measure—if you will allow me the bold comparison, for they say "comparisons are odious"—the world of to-day is not unlike the world before the coming of Christ. Families grope mid the lingering clouds of darkness, and the drunkard staggers blindly onward in the "valley of the shadow of Death." Some gray-haired mother whose love was boundless as the ocean that hath no limits is tottering low-spirited toward the brink of a grave. Some sweet-faced sister whose maiden smile lighted up the inky darkness of a desolate home cries out more piteously than is the wail of the dying swan, "Oh! for the touch of some helping hand! Oh! for some young-eyed champion to fell this 'demon of Intemperance,' this dragon of the hundred heads, and restore to our heart's embrace that son in whom we built our eerie castles of delight, that brother whose guileless past gave rosy-tinted promise of a ripe and ruddy future"—for oh! great God! even here in our very midst, there may be some, young and old, manly in the sight of the world, beastly in the sight of God, who, in their selfish blindness, are like the winged horse, Pegasus, rushing madly along the sporting road of life to their well-deserved and inevitable doom, deaf to the bell-tone entreaties of religion, love and honor, hurling defiance, by their graft and palm greasing, into the face of law and order, trampling out the life-blood in some poor mother's heart, crying out in their fiendish glee and in their unholy thirst, as did the Jews in the days of Christ's passion, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Only give us our pet-idol—give us our Barabbas—Drink."

To you, young men, young women, in this very church to-day, to you the scions of a noble race banded together 'neath the all-flowing, the all-protecting rôle of Catholicity, to you each grief-stricken heart appeals. As a Total Abstainer, a young disciple of the immortal Theobald Mathew, thou wouldst be another Christ hearkening to the piteous cry of an outraged humanity in distress. Christ elevated our corrupted nature, but, ah me! sin-tainted, it still falls. The voice of Jesus comes stealing noiselessly down the silent vista of years, calling on each one of us to be His Cross Bearer, and to espouse His sacred cause. Ah! what a glorious mission is thine! A priest of the Most High—another Simon of Cyrene, tottering with a Divinity, helping the God-Man in the peerless work of salvation, ready, if needs be, to crucify thyself by self-abnegation, self-denial and self-sacrifice, aye, even on Calvary's heights, in order to save some ship-wrecked mortal from a drunkard's grave. Young men, young women, be Total Abstainers, and you raise a standard beyond this world's standard. Fail you cannot, though you needs must die, for Christ-like they never fail who die in a great cause. Your names would stand out on the emblazoned roll of Fame in the red-lettering of goodly deeds as a living monument to cry down the evils of intemperance that run riot in your midst. The glory of our humanity is restored only by the angel of sobriety and Total Abstinence. The glory of Christ is snatched from the dishonor heaped upon it by the drunkard, the glory of Christian womanhood is retrieved and honored, the glory of Christian manhood is enhanced by something more "exquisite still," the glory of the family is sweetly blended into domestic peace, hope and love, while the glory of the soul—"that vital spark of heavenly flame"—is immortalized throughout all the endless ages of Eternity.

In conclusion, then, let me appeal to the young men and to the young women to help on in the good work of each society. Young ladies, you were intended to serve as ministering angels in smoothing out the rougher elements of this vast creation. You have received from nature's bounteous storehouse a goodly share of delicate fibres destined each to do its share of good. Stand not idle in the market place. The girlish charms and God-given talent you possess, ah! do not wrap them up in the winding sheet of idleness, do not lull back in the cold unfeeling arms of indifference. You, too, are your brother's keeper. As woman, you were not taken from man's head that you might dominate over him and browbeat him into meek submission — not from his feet that he in turn might trample upon you—but from the very region of his heart that you might love him and with one touch of that magic wand, called affection, that you might assert the dignity of your womanhood and help him to sustain his manhood by "lifting his better nature up to best."

Therefore, brethren, be not satisfied with sobriety—Total Abstinence is good for all men and necessary for some, for, as St. Augustine clearly put it, "The man who knows how to drink is the man who knows how to let it alone." As total abstainers, you can bring many a wayward youth under the pale of your peace-bearing influence, learning thereby and teaching to pity rather than to condemn. In a word, you can be priests, lay-priests, enjoying the Christ-like luxury of doing good to others, using an ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure. When it is a question of Penance or Holy Eucharist, it is for us, your priests, to teach and impose it on you; but when it is a question of the virtue necessary to our common humanity, to the rich and poor, to the young and old alike, when it is a question of crushing out the

dragon of sin that robs your fellowman of his sanctified nature and Godly manhood, you, dear friends, can administer nature's sacraments from the outstretched hand of a good and powerful example.

We are the priests, the official priests, of the Gospel, and you, as well as we, are priests of humanity, both working for the same glorious end—sowing the seed from our modest horn of plenty, smiling gratefully, one to another, yea, even through the blinding mists of tears—for, "We can all minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the written trouble of the brain and, with our sweet peace-bearing antidote of Total Abstinence, we can cleanse each stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart."

To-day you have come forth with your "light from under a bushel" and have given public manifestation of the faith that is in you, and all to do honor to the memory of Father Mathew! Ah! what a rare life was his! An open book, wherein he who runs may read the preface of innocent childhood, the following chapters of youth and noble manhood, the story of high ideals, of lofty aims, of priestly devotions in the sacred cause of Temperance; Irish in mind, Irish in body, Irish in soul, he knew the Irish people as the "Soggarth Aroon" knows that "Pride of the Flock" with its glittering genius irradiating both hemispheres. He knew their faults and their foibles, their virtues and their vices; knowing them, he loved them, loving he served them, and the service rendered to the people of his choice was a service rendered to the world at large, a service to God and to man. Where did he find them? Whence did he lead them? Whither did he bring them? He found them rioting in the lion clutch of Idolatry, their god a brazen image, a cup of inebriety. He led them out of the night of

darkness, out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, out of the valley of the shadow of death. He brought them to a sense of shame; he brought them to a Promised Land flowing with milk and honey; he brought them to the realms of total abstinence.

Mathew was a reformer, not of the blatant type of "words, words, idle words," for he lives, he breathes in the good work still being done under the magic spell of his priestly name and in the language of the poet we might well say:

> What needs our Mathew for his honored bones?
> The labor of an age in piléd stones?
> Or that his saintly reliques should be hid
> Under a starry pointed pyramid?
> Dear priest of Erin — true heir to fame,
> What needs thou such witness of thy name?
> Thou in our loyalty and astonishment,
> Hast built thyself a life-long monument.
> For thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
> Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
> And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

This, then, is your day of rejoicing, of glorying in the cause he had espoused; a day when, linked as brothers side by side, you cluster round the family fireside warmed into life by the Sacramental Presence of Jesus, our household God of Love, to pledge united efforts, youthful vigor and unswerving zeal. We meet then, my dear men, to-day, some of us perhaps for the last time, as Jesus and the apostles may have met before the hour of His ascension, when He withdrew the sunshine of His physical presence from out their midst; and oh! without any flight of fancy on my part, even now I seem to catch up the message with its divine assurance coming from the spirit of Father Mathew—a message not unlike the message given by Jesus to the chosen few—"Young

men, young women, Apostles of Holy Temperance, go ye into the world universal, preach ye the Gospel of Total Abstinence to every living creature—teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you in my Sacred Pledge, and behold! I, whom you have honored this day by the humble name of Theobald Mathew, I am with you all days even to the consummation thereof."

SOME PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY

ADDRESS BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AT THE GRANT BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN GALENA, ILL., APRIL 27, 1912

To Americans American democracy is dear and precious. It is their pride, their idol. The guardian it is of their liberties; the firm support it is of their hopes and ambitions. To it, in large share at least, they attribute the marvellous prosperity with which their country has been blest, the unparalleled social felicity and national grandeur of which they have been the bounteous heirs as citizens of the great republic of the United States of America. To American democracy, its maintenance and fairest blossomings, Americans are pledged in plenitude of thought, in plenitude of love, unto sacrifice most heroic.

In this devotion of Americans to American democracy lies our confidence that it is born to endure adown the ages, whatever the circumstances unto which its destinies lead, whatever the perils bestriding the pathway of its onward course. I have in mind for the nonce perils within America's own borders, begotten of discord and contest amid America's own people. Among our own selves, differences there are, differences there will be, whether as to the meaning of certain principles of democracy or as to the fittest and best methods through which those principles should be put into every-day practice; and at times, as the result from those differences, fierce may be the conflict, darkening the presages scattered amid the skies. But of ultimate death or dissolution there need be no fear. At the crucial moment let the appeal be to the flag of America, to the safety of

American democracy: the waves of turbulent passion will be stilled; peace and security again will reign. In the permanency of American democracy I have steadiest faith, because steadiest faith I have in the patriotism and the good sense of the people of America.

But confidence, however well justified, in the abiding ability of American democracy to pass safely through every storm, to bid defiance to every peril, must not beguile us into somnolence and apathy while the storm circles above its brow and the peril digs pitfalls beneath its feet. The conflict may not doom to wreckage the ship of state; it may, however, shatter its sails, disfigure and weaken its masts and keel; and, so doing, both mar its beauteousness and set fatal bounds to the swiftness of its racings. Furthermore, if the sequence of conflict is too long continued, of power and serviceableness even partially shortened, the world's confidence in democracy is disastrously impaired. Let Americans know and feel that with democracy in America democracy the world rises or falls. As in no other country, as in no other age, democracy is on trial to-day in America; our land to-day is a spectacle to all nations. The acclaim to America is universal; America proves or disproves the beneficence, the vitality of democracy at all times and in all places.

Think what we will, say what we will, the question is still unsolved in the eyes of nations. Is democracy a government befitting men as men are, or, as Rousseau once wrote, only befitting men transformed upon earth into angels or gods? Rapturous as it is in theory and promise, does not democracy in practice and fact spell anarchy and social chaos, or, if not this, despotism as the final means to escape from disruption and death? Upon America weighs the mighty responsibility to solve for aye the problem, by demonstrating in unmistakable clearness that democracy is not the mere dream of social doctrinaires. Even Americans themselves, amid their ardent

clingings to democracy, confess that it is beyond the reach of some people less enlightened and less self-controlled than they believe themselves to be. It is for Americans to prove that they are not mistaken in their estimate of themselves, that they are capable of democracy, that other countries, too, are capable of it, if those are so fortunate as to be equally intelligent and equally self-controlled.

I will advert to two perils confronting at the present time American democracy: one, the economic peril; the other, the political peril.

The economic peril is well within our doors; care is needed that it do not penetrate further into the interior of the household. It is seen in the lawless ambition of those who have less to have more, of those who have nothing to have something. I say the lawless ambition. For, far be it from me to set brakes upon ambition rightly ordered to win for oneself a fair portion of earth's possessions and of earth's honors, upon efforts rightly ordered to turn that ambition into actual ownership. The earth is given by its Maker to the children of men, to all the children of men, that all may live of it, that all may enjoy the perfume of its flowers, the nutriment of its fruits. But He who made the gift laid down laws, prescribed conditions under which alone ambition to possess and actuality of possession make for the greater good of the whole human race, under which alone men, singly and collectively, are to be allowed to plan and to act.

The welfare of the individual man—yes. But above the welfare of the individual man, whoever he be, primes the welfare of the social organism. Man is born into the social organism; he is bound by ties of nature, by exigencies of soul and of body, to fellowmen, whether within the circle of the family, or within the wider confines

of an aggregation of families, civil society. The rights of others each individual man must respect and guard no less than his own; upon the salvation and welfare of the collectivity, family or civil society, each individual man must put a higher price than upon the salvation and welfare of his own personality. Were it otherwise, the collectivity perishes, and with it the individual himself perishes.

Whatever leads to the disruption of the social organism is forbidden; that also is forbidden which ruins private property—the foundation-stone upon which rests the social structure, the very core of life in human effort and human aggrandizement, whether in the individual or in the collectivity. Eliminate private property, destroy or minimize unduly its rights, make it insecure or profitless—you have ruled that labor is not worth the fatigue, that indolence and improvidence are privileges to be sought for; you have stilled personal and national progress; you have driven back the human race to the chaos of barbarism and savagery.

All men are born equal: democracy is the government of the people for the people. Therefore—say some—there should be equality of possession and the office of government is to lend its authority to the enforcement of this equality—a fatal misconception of the meaning of the Declaration of American Independence, of the meaning of American democracy!

All men, indeed, are born equal—equal in the meaning of the American Declaration of Independence, equal so far as the laws of the land may reach, equal in rights derived from government, equal in such opportunities as government creates or is enabled to create. But all men are not equal in nature's gifts, physical or moral: equality of this kind no government can create, no government is allowed to presuppose.

In the battle for the possession of earth the essential factors are

strength of limb, perspicacity of mind, perseverance in toil, self-control in winning the prize, in holding it when it is won. In all those endowments men, by nature or willing choice, are utterly unequal; in those endowments no constitution, no law will ever make them equal. And so, say what we will, do what we will, men will never share alike in the ownership of the things of earth. Equal in ownership to-day, to-morrow they will be unequal; for the possession of the things of earth is the reward of things in which they are necessarily unequal—personal talent and personal energy. Democracy has this value over other forms of government; it increases to the individual the field of opportunity; with good reason it may be named opportunity, opportunity given equally to all. But opportunity to all is not success to all. In this regard no one has more fittingly defined democracy than one who, himself a despot, willed democracy for all others—the first Napoleon. "Democracy," said Napoleon, "is a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind." But the merit must be at hand, that the pathway, however open and clear of barrier, may lead to the goal of success. And so, necessarily, there will be the poorer and the richer; necessarily some will have much, and some little or nothing. Theorize as we may on what this world of men ought to be, fashion in dream as we may Utopias of governments and commonwealths, in the hard matter-of-fact field in which we live and work there always will be the man who can purchase out of his store the labor of other men, and the man who, to enjoy a livelihood, must be the toiler in the service of other men; there always will be the employer and the employee, the capitalist and the laborer.

To attempt the use of powers of a government, be that government the freest of democracies, in order to make the world of men other than what nature has willed it, is the most futile of tasks, doomed

by nature to failure, sure, if long pursued, to destroy the government itself and the social organism in whose behalf it was instituted.

Does all this, however, signify that no duties devolve to a government in the economic field, that no room is open to the individual citizen with a view to make more fortunate than it is the lot of the poorer, to repress excesses such as cupidity may suggest in the richer, and thus, in some measure, to soften the asperities of inequality, guard better than at times they are guarded the natural and industrial rights of the poorer, and take from the richer the power to enlarge his opportunities into fraud and unrighteous oppression? By no manner of means. To government and to individual effort, under the sway of God's eternal justice, much is allowed along the lines of economic betterment, much is counselled, much too is commanded.

God forbid that I rejoice not over the transformation wrought in past days in the condition of the toiler, lifting him from the slave to the serf, from the serf to the freeman, from the mere freeman to the fully endowed citizen. God forbid that to-day I do not lend a sympathetic heart and a helping hand to all movements tending to broaden among men the brotherhood of all towards all—the brotherhood of the divine sonship granted to all by Him who is the Creator and the Father of all, and to hasten, so far as human shortcomings permit, the reign among all of charity to all, of justice to all. Were I to think and do otherwise, I were not myself the child of the Almighty God, certainly not the disciple and the minister of the Redeemer of Galilee. To the poorer of my fellowmen, to those who wearily toil for daily bread, I say, as I should say, seek by all legitimate methods to improve your lot, to lift yourselves to a higher plane of manly independence and material comfort, to secure to yourselves the full reward that justice should measure out to talent and in-

dustry. Effort to this end, personal or combined, is praiseworthy; it is a duty you owe to yourselves and to those who are dependent upon you for maintenance in life. And with this end in view it is your right to invoke serviceable legislation, and in securing it to make use of your political privileges as citizens and voters. This may well be said to the honor of the people of America—it is no wish of theirs that those who are the poorer shall be held to their poverty, that honest toil shall be barred from sufficient and adequate remuneration. None in America will resent efforts put forth in fair play towards the social betterment of any class in the population, especially when that class are those upon whom weighs most heavily the burden of human life, and without whose earnest and willing concourse the talent of others is doomed to idleness, and industry and enterprise are put out of commission.

If this were the meaning and intent of the heterogeneous and many-sided combination of plannings and activities calling itself socialism, welcome it we should—welcome it we would. Forward, we should say, in aspiration and design; forward, provided always the one restriction be observed, that social order be maintained in safety, that rights to property, won by talent and toil, secured by the just laws of the social organism, be held in honor and reverence.

But what not unusually are the theories and the methods of socialism? Here it is the absolute denial of the right to private property; "property" we are told "is theft." There it is impediments to private property, such control and limitation that few or none will toil to acquire it, few or none will be able to retain it. If reward of toil is allowed, the reward, it is declared, must go to the one class of toilers—to those whose hand is the sole arm of power; while those who toil otherwise, who bring to the task appliances of industry, talent of mind, grasp of forethought, wearisome fatigue of soul, are

to be treated as outcasts, entitled to little or nothing in the distribution of the prize, which without them never should have come into form. Property—yes; but it must not last; it must not be stored away, added unto, although property in this shape is that alone which will put in motion the wheels of industry and enterprise; capital, as stored property is termed, is the enemy whose destruction is imposed. So the everyday preachers of socialism. Capital, we should all agree, growing into measureless bounds through fraud and oppression, ought to be repressed; but not this, the theory of socialism. Capital, however gathered, socialism preaches, must be minimized, if not absolutely annihilated, even although, through the absence of large capital, large plannings so vital to a great nation be made impossible and, in consequence, the whole people be reduced to mediocrity of effort and success.

Those are the theories of socialism, and the theories are preached broadcast. It is the bitter hatred of one class of citizens towards another; it is the reckless jealousy that pulls down and destroys; it is the defiance of law and social order; it is the menace of war even unto the spilling of blood.

Socialism, unprincipled in theory, wild and violent in method, is to-day the peril of all lands, whatsoever their form of government. Especially it is the peril of democracies; there wider social liberty is allowed to its preachings; there political rights are more easily swayed into its service. Socialism to-day is the peril of America; they are blind who see not its workings; they are reckless of the country's welfare who take no alarm from its advancing tidal wave.

The appeal is to the toilers of America to think and act in opposition to the erroneous theories of socialism, to its unreasoning and destructive methods. The appeal is proper. Much depends upon the toilers of America; none others would suffer more than they from

the permanent, or even temporary triumph of socialism. But to the richer, also, to the employers of labor, to the capitalists of America should the appeal be made, and made most forcibly. Too often the rich are thoughtless of our social perils, doing nothing to avert them, so bearing themselves as to widen and intensify them.

I have in mind the extravagance, the recklessness in expenditure, in the service of pride and selfishness, so often indulged in by richer Americans. The question among them is, who can make the most lavish display of wealth, who can spend the most money for purposes the most senseless? Extravagance has become one of our national characteristics; it is the scandal of America, at home and abroad; it is one of the most potent causes in the growth of our economic perils.

That large fortunes will be amassed, that large fortunes are indispensable in a rich and prosperous country, I freely admit; and this too, I admit, that large fortunes, wisely and generously made use of, are a blessing to a country, a matter of pride to its citizens, inasmuch as thereby great enterprises are possible, and great works, otherwise unrealizable, are done for national grandeur, for social and philanthropic weal. But ill used, made to minister only to vanity and selfish indulgence, large fortunes are a mighty peril to social peace and national contentment.

At the bottom of the unreasoning socialism, of which I speak as a peril to American democracy, lies a deep and widespread irritation, begotten of the belief that something is wrong in present social conditions, that things are upside down, and that they who ought to have something have little or nothing, while those who deserve little or nothing have so much that the problem for them is how to throw away or misuse their abundance. Across the turbulent waters of unrest and protest the sowers of socialism spread reports of extrava-

gance of the richer classes, afforded by the columns of the public press, and a storm rises that sweeps through the land in destruction and death. Let us beware of the breeders of socialism and anarchy. But at the same time let us know that the breeders of socialism are not only the dissatisfied denizens of the impoverished cellar and garret, the fiery orators of socialistic rostrums; among them we must number also the opulent spendthrifts—the gilded youth of yacht and clubroom, who seemingly has the one task before him, to waste in rare viand and costly liquor the savings of a self-contained ancestry; the vain dame whose boast is the quarter or half-million dollars strung in gold and pearl over arm and neck; the folly-stricken host or hostess intent on dazzling guests with precious plate upon the table, while exotic roses, telling of remote tropical climes, deaden their senses. The fashion of extravagance is limitless in its absurd behests; Crœsus and Caligula are distanced by their American imitators. Meanwhile, near by, men and women suffer the pangs of hunger; and toilers sweat out their life-blood in noisome factory and death-dealing mine that they and their families may at all be enabled to live. Meanwhile, too, the spirit of extravagance is let loose among all classes; the middle-rich, following, though from afar, in the footsteps of richer neighbors, must spend their money away beyond needs and means; even the poorer must ply the knee to the idol of the times, and in worship to pride and sensualism, scorn befitting moderation, and eat and drink and dress, until naught is left behind in provision for the morrow, as a safeguard against days of industrial depression, such as surely now and then will darken their pathways; and, as the result, the most wealth-creating country in the world is thrown into the throes of poverty, and even from America the clamor goes out that all is wrong in the present social organism, and the time has come to decree its death and extinction.

Yes—if ever the wildest form of socialism prevails in America, the rich men and women will have done their ample share in hastening its triumphs.

The economic problem threatens American democracy; and so, also, the political problem. With the kaleidoscopic features of the political problem present-day discussions have made you familiar. I need not tarry long to describe them.

I accept Lincoln's definition of American democracy: A government of the people, for the people, by the people. The founders of the Republic, the patriots of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitutional convention set no other meaning to the work Providence had entrusted them with in the building up of a government which, more than any other the world had heretofore witnessed, at least upon the scale of such significant magnitude, should recognize the powers of the people, subserve their social interests and guard in perpetuity their God-given freedom. The founders of the Republic decreed that its government should be, in very truth, a government of the people, for the people, by the people.

But the question imposed itself: How are the people to govern? Directly and immediately, or indirectly and through representatives chosen by the people acting under constitutional limitations enacted by the people? In either case the Republic were a government of the people by the people.

Grave considerations confronted the framers of the Constitution: Would the people, in their scattered units, take the time to give adequate thought to the weighty matters that should claim their attention—laws to be enacted, judgments to be pronounced; and otherwise should it be expected that the prudent reflection and the

knowledge of a high order ordinarily arrived at through deep study would be within the reach of the multitude? Might it not be the wiser policy in the people to remit to special agents the immediate authority to enact laws, to put them into execution, to declare, as need might be, their intent and meaning? And, when such agents are duly installed in office, must there not be accorded to them that stability of tenure without which no room is had for necessary thought, no opportunity for wise devising and effective execution? And finally, with the responsibility to measure action and decision exclusively in view of the general welfare, and solely under the pressure of the dictates of right and justice, must there not be given to law-makers, magistrates and judges that guarantee of personal and official independence that will place them above clamor and favor, and bid them do their duty, calmly and disinterestedly, for duty's sole sake?

The framers of the Constitution decided in favor of a representative democracy, with the popular will sufficiently entrenched within the foundations of the administrative structure to compel it to be ever a democracy, with checks and balances sufficiently welded into foundations and walls to save it from incapacity and fickleness and endow it with firm and lasting vigor. As the framers of the Constitution bade the Republic of America to be, so has she been to this day, ever strong, ever beauteous, ever diffusive of peace and prosperity—to-day the fairest and best of nations.

And now all is to be changed; the threatening words have been spoken—the initiative, the referendum, the recall.

The framers of the Federal Constitution, the men who copied the provisions of that noble charter of our liberties into the several state constitutions, were right. If we alter Federal and State Constitutions from a representative to a pure democracy, we are wrong. The

people—yes; the rights of the people—yes. But let the people be the people in the manner which reason dictates, in the manner to be guarded from their own passing ebullitions of emotion, in the manner to bring out through due reflection and adequate knowledge what is best in them, what is best for them. None can ignore the fact that minorities easily work up in the community such temporary excitement as sways, for the time being, majorities into resolves that in no way reflect the abiding purpose of the people, that in no way reflect their sober thought or lead to their lasting welfare. Instances abound in the history of nations; instances are not absent from our own history. Crises, political or economic, arise when calm judgment based on large vision of cause and effect is scarcely possible. Are the masses to be bidden to legislate and execute while mind is perturbed and eye is blinded? At best, are the masses so well instructed in social and political problems that they are able always to judge and act by themselves as to what is required of a great and potent commonwealth? In most of their affairs, legal, sanitary, commercial, the people choose men to study, think and act for them; why depart from the rule, when the tremendous civil and social interests of state and nation are at stake?

I made mention of the economic problem with which we are confronted. The partisans of wildest socialism are the most ardent partisans of radical changes in our political organization. They count on the success of their economic projects if an appeal to the masses is made easier and more direct. Given an acute economic crisis, such as now and then is not at all unlikely, can we foretell what easy and direct legislation might bring forth? Stability of constitution and law is the vital condition of social order, of continuous economic progress. What becomes of this stability when a small percentage of voters may at their caprice suspend decrees of legis-

latures, call for alterations in existing laws, propose as projects of law their whims and fancies? It is the road to social revolution. Into it we may at any moment be cast by a small minority of the people—often the precise minority which least deserves the protective hand of government. Popular rights—yes; but social order and social stability first; and popular rights sought for and exercised in due measure of reason, not at the will of the professional and self-interested agitator, not at the will of the masses, uninformed and uncontrolled by calm sane reason. American democracy was a tremendous experiment. No wonder it was derided by the nations when first put into effect; no wonder it is held by many still as an experiment. I have faith in its permanency because I confide in the abiding sense of the American people. But were the present threats of political revolution to go forward and be turned into realities, I should fear for American democracy. The elements of discord and ruin are amid us, impatient to spring forth into turbulence and war. It is for the American patriot the hour of caution not to stir them into further fury, not to make too clear before them the pathways to the citadel of the commonwealth.

The representative form of government is not perfect or impeccable; nothing human is perfect or impeccable. Now and then mistakes are made, wrongs are committed. Must we overthrow institutions because at times they are not ideal, and rush into schemes which of their very nature expose us to infinitely graver peril of mistake and wrongdoing? Rather let us be more vigilant that those we elect to office as our agents be better fitted to their task. The remedy is in our hands. After a lapse of time, sufficient for due exercise of authority, our agents come back for our approval. If fault there is, the fault lies with the people who made the original mistake of choosing as their representatives unfit, unworthy men.

And, surely, we are not to believe that a people capable of electing such representatives would be capable of that wisdom and cleanliness of motive that should avoid all error and wrongdoing were they to take more immediately into their own hands the task of enacting laws and putting them into execution.

That in a few contingencies where questions in issue are particularly within the competency of the people, the initiative and the referendum may be advisable, I do not deny. Such, for instance, are amendments to the constitution, State or National. It is the general or universal application of the referendum or of the initiative that I reprove.

Nor do I hold in mind the old-fashioned town meetings in the colonies of New England; or the quiet and conservative burghers of Alpine valleys. I hold in mind the Republic of America—its hundred million population, its turbulent industrialism, its limitless ambition for wealth and strength, the multiform elements in its citizenship, its warlike clashings of interests, ever necessary in a great and aggressive nation. Here it is that the unchecked direct rule of the people is perilous and unsafe, whether for the people themselves or for the commonwealth whose welfare or woe spells ever the welfare or the woe of the people. It will be said—we must progress, go forward, and not rest our oars in olden sea ruts. Progressives, they call themselves, who lead in the political revolutions I am now contending against. Progress is a catching word; mere words, however, must not deceive us. Progress we should desire; progress we do desire if the progress be forward toward better and safer things. But progress, leading backward to peril and disaster, we must not seek; progress backward we must avoid.

Of all the proposed reforms the most fatal is the recall, especially the recall of the judiciary. No greater peril to the institu-

tions of democracy, to the permanency of social order, could well be imagined than the legalizing of the recall of the judiciary. The courts of the land, heretofore placed on the higher plane of personal independence, maturity of knowledge, security of decision, have been the sacred palladium of constitution and law, the signal that among citizens conflicts must cease, that peace must be made, the assurance, so far as human assurance can be given, that justice holds sway, justice to all classes, to the poorest no less than the richest, to the few no less than to the many. Now the threat is that for courts the masses of the people must be substituted, that judges not in accord with the opinions of the crowd must be dethroned, that judicial decisions gainsaying fleeting whims and fancies must incontinently be reversed. Are we not journeying back to the days of Aristides in Athens; back to the revolutionary days of France at the close of the eighteenth century, when laws were interpreted in the carrefours of Paris, and property and life made the prey of unthinking and passionate masses?

If ever expert knowledge and deep prolonged reflection were in requisition, it surely is when the eternal principles of right and justice as between man and man, between man or men and the social organism, or the exact and precise meaning of constitutions and laws are under discussion. Are such matters, often so abstruse in nature, so dazing in complexity, to be judged at the bar of a mere popular majority, so many of whom have never given to them slightest study or are avowedly incapable of grasping their deep and intricate intent, so many of whom will be ready to put in first place personal interest and caprice, so many of whom, very likely, have good reasons to dread justice and law?

Judges still would be seated on the bench to make pronouncement in first instance; but should the pronouncement be contrary to the

interest and desire even of a few, those few may declare it wrong, stir up agitation to persuade others to think as they do, and finally compel the judge from whom they differ to seek justification through the ballot box. The independence of the judiciary is gone. Judges are men; they are not made of that heroic stuff that will invite martyrdom. At least the commonwealth has not the right to threaten them with martyrdom, unless their verdict suit the popular mind, however much such verdict be dictated by their exact knowledge of the law, and the imperious voice of their conscience. There can be no security that justice is administered, unless we can believe that he who administers it is pure-minded and disinterested; and seldom could judges be so estimated, if, while they speak, the rod of the recall is held over their heads. Why, however righteous, and overtly so, a decision may be, there are those who suffer by it who wish to have it reversed. Give to those the right to agitate the masses with a view to a reversal, there is no finality of appeal, no cessation of opposition.

Often right lies with the one or the few, with the minority rather than with the majority. Will the safety of the one or of the few be so well protected at the electoral urn as it is before the tribunal of men chosen because of their special knowledge of equality and law, and sworn to the Almighty God to proclaim the right at whatever cost or sacrifice? With the recall at work, the one, the few, the minority have no other protection than the will of the majority of voters. The grandeur and beauty of courts are that there the weakest and the poorest may believe that justice is allotted to them, even though the thousands and the millions murmur. With the recall at work, all this is changed; the many, by sheer force of number, however the number is recruited, give judgment.

That courts are now and then mistaken, that now and then judges

are found unworthy of their high office, we are willing to confess. We would that courts were infallible. They are not; but the masses of the voters, as in fact the masses are constituted, are infinitely less infallible, infinitely less to be relied on for knowledge and disinterested thought.

It is said—not the recall of judges, but the recall of judicial decision, and that in certain specified cases. The difference between the recall of judges and that of judicial decisions is one of words. The judge whose decision is rejected by the popular vote is himself practically and authoritatively rejected. And then, begin with the recall of decisions in certain cases, and you prepare the way to the recall of decisions in all cases and recall of the judiciary itself.

I have stated the perils confronting American democracy; deep-seated and thoughtful patriotism will alone avert those perils and safeguard democracy.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

ADDRESS BY THE VERY REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY, C.S.C., PROVINCIAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

Most Reverend Archbishop, Very Reverend Fathers and dear Friends.—To-day marks a new step forward in the advancement and development of the cause of Christian education in this chosen portion of your beauteous Southland, this great Archdiocese of New Orleans. The blessing of this new edifice, which henceforth is to be dedicated to the great cause of education, and which we hope will last for ages as a monument of the faith, the devotion, and the generosity of the people of this parish, is a living proof of the faithful co-operation of the children of the Church with their Bishops and priests in carrying out the divine commission given to them by our Lord when He said: "Go forth and teach all nations." Proud, indeed, and full of thankfulness and joy, must be the heart of your zealous pastor on this day which witnesses both the completion of the task at which he has labored so faithfully for many months, and the accomplishment of what has long been the burden of his and your dearest wishes, fondest hopes and most fervent prayers. Assured in advance that, in facing the material difficulties which yet remain to be overcome, your unflagging support and cordial co-operation will not be lacking in the future, as they have never been wanting in the past, he must indeed thank God that he has been the humble instrument selected to enrich this fair city with a new centre of Christian faith and Christian education.

In the course of long ages this material edifice, like everything that comes from man, may indeed crumble beneath the ravages of time, but we have the fullest assurance that the cause in whose honor you have raised it—like all other things of God—will subsist forever.

In my search for an appropriate text of Scripture upon which to base the few remarks that it is my privilege to make this afternoon, the words of the inspired writer in the sixty-sixth verse of the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm appealed to me as peculiarly fitting. "Teach me, O Lord, goodness and discipline and knowledge" are words that embody the principles underlying the system of education advocated by God's ministers and God's Church. Much wisdom may be contained in a few words. The men to whose judgment we are apt to attach the most importance, and whose words carry with them most weight, are as a rule not those who weary us with verbose dissertations on every side of every imaginable topic. We value rather the sayings of those who know how to condense into a few forcible words the pith of a whole argument or an entire treatise. Why is it that Lincoln's famous dictum of a "government of the people, by the people, for the people" is in the mouth of every one? Because in a few words it is as complete a commentary on the American system as is any of Webster's masterful orations. Why is Louis XIV's famous expression, "I am the state," known to every one who boasts the slightest acquaintance with history? Because it is a brief summary of the policy of a great nation and of a long period. I do not of course wish to institute any sort of comparison between the sayings of the world's great philosophers and statesmen and those of Our Divine Saviour; but the few instances which I have given will perhaps be an aid in understanding why almost any text that we may stumble on in the Old or New Testament contains for us a practical lesson of the highest importance.

Our Divine Saviour was the personification of human and divine wisdom. His mission on earth was to teach by precept as well as by example, and teach not only men of his own times, but those of all times, their whole duty to God, to the rest of mankind and to themselves. He was not the exponent or partisan of any particular nation or any particular form of government. The religion which He was to establish was to be universal—that is, formed for and suited to all men living in whatsoever clime or under whatsoever form of government. On one occasion, when called upon for a public profession of His political sentiments, He returned an answer stamped with the highest wisdom, one which, in a few words, summarizes the whole duty of the Christian citizen. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." He epitomizes His whole Sermon on the Mount by saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added to you."

The words, "Teach me, O Lord, goodness and discipline and science," embody the cravings of the human soul in its striving after the only true and lasting knowledge.

At no time in the history of our country has such attention been given to the great question of education as at the present.

Representatives of the universities and colleges and schools of our republic are frequently holding meetings and conventions, in order that they may enjoy the fullest opportunities of discussing educational methods, and of exchanging views on the many important topics that must necessarily come up in the work to which they are devoting their lives. This coming together of the educators of the country shows that the needs of the times demand that special attention be paid to the question which of all others will have a serious bearing on our country's future. If, to reach the highest degree

of excellence in work of any kind, it be necessary to take advantage of the means which the development of skill and the progress of science afford, so, to reach the highest standard in educational work, it is necessary to be familiar with those methods and means which are the result of ripe scholarship and intelligent discussion.

Gratifying signs of intellectual progress appear on all sides. We have reached the time when mediocrity in any branch of learning is not tolerated, and when there is a continually increasing demand for the best educated young men and women. Education has become a recognized force of such vast importance that it is the almost absolute criterion of success, a force without which the young man or woman of contemporary life has little hope of rounding out the prosperous career to which more carefully trained mental powers would entitle them. To those who devote themselves to the acquisition of knowledge, to those who evidence a proper development of hand and heart the future holds out limitless possibilities. To-day, as never before, we need educated men and women.

There was a time, perhaps, when conditions were such that it was impossible to have our people reach a high degree of proficiency in the intellectual order, nor did the needs of the times demand it. That age, however, has passed; new conditions have arisen; great opportunities for mental culture are afforded; and only those who rise to the responsibilities which the changed condition of things impose, and who take advantage of the manifold means afforded them for educational advancement, will be entitled to take the first places in the development of what is highest and best in the cause of civilization.

We have reached that stage in our country's growth when the most vital questions present themselves—questions that pertain to the maintenance of our past greatness and to the preservation of our

dignity as a great nation—and those questions will find proper solution only from minds that are trained to analyze, to scrutinize underlying principles, from minds accustomed to serious thought and patient research.

We stand on the threshold of a new century boundless in its possibilities, freighted with golden opportunities. To meet the demands which advancing years will bring there is need of properly and thoroughly educated men and women; and I venture to say here this afternoon that the Catholic boys and girls who devote themselves seriously to their education, who, after getting their diploma from our parochial and high schools, pass into the higher institutions of learning with which our great country is so fortunately blessed, and there devote themselves to higher intellectual work, will be those whose names will stand highest on the scroll of the eminent men and women of the future.

The century just passed has been one of progress and wonderful activity. It has been, perhaps, the most remarkable of eras for stupendous discoveries in the kingdom of nature. Soaring on high the human mind has formulated the laws of the stars and founded modern Astronomy; searching into the bowels of the earth it has classified the strata of the globe and created Geology. Steam and electricity, telegraph and telephone, the currents of the sea, the waves of light, and a thousand other marvels have provoked our curiosity and excited our admiration. Almost every day points to a new discovery and marks a more useful invention. "Seldom in all history," says Archbishop Ireland, "did such deep responsibilities lie upon the leaders of their fellows as there do to-day. Scarcely ever was humanity pregnant with such momentous possibilities; scarcely ever were similar opportunities offered to accomplish great things."

While we must then attach great importance to the acquisition

of knowledge which will enable us to meet the exigencies of the future, while we must be willing to give years and years to the cultivation of our mental powers, we must remember that there are other faculties that need cultivation as well as the intelligence. To some, education means merely instruction, the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge which may be of use to them in after life. Instruction is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Mental culture is unquestionably something of great importance. In the age in which we live, no matter what be one's vocation, it is practically an indispensable necessity. But the acquisition of knowledge ought not to monopolize our efforts and energies.

The proper education of young men and women has a broader meaning than the mere cultivation of mental powers. Not merely our intelligence but all our faculties are God-given, and hence we should constantly bear in mind that mental culture is not more worthy of our attention than is the development of other powers, than the preserving or increasing, for instance, of physical energy, or the polishing of manners, or, above all, the strengthening of our moral nature—that is, the enlightening of our minds so that we may always know what our duty is, and the fortifying of our wills so that with God's help we may be able to perform that duty. To be learned is well, but to become a Christian man in the true sense of the term is a far nobler ambition before God and the world than to desire mere scholarship.

The aim of a Catholic educational institution is to be the foster-mother, not merely of scholars, or artists, or scientists, but of men in the truest and noblest sense of the term—men whose character, influence and example will be a power for good in the world about them. These are the kind of men and women that we need, men of such strength of character that they will never allow themselves

to be made the dupes of those who would try to sow deep in their hearts false principles of right and wrong, women whose presence in society will be suggestive of the noblest thought and purest aspirations.

The cultivation of the intellect at the expense of the heart is one of the greatest dangers which society has to face in our day. Mental culture is unquestionably a potent force. To entrust it to one whose heart has not learned how to control and direct it, is to place in his power the means of working incalculable mischief. In this age of intellectual activity, of gigantic strides in the development of the human mind, it becomes more necessary than ever to instil into the hearts of those attending our institutions of learning principles of true virtue without which we cannot have true character, for as Gladstone has truly said, "A man educated intellectually, but not morally, may become more dangerous than before."

While it is the aim, therefore, of all Catholic schools and institutions to give to the children entrusted to their care as careful a mental training as will fit them for the highest places, they must not forget to remind these children that this education must be based on character, and that no one can be called truly learned who is ignorant of the things of God. While the masters of our schools and institutions aim to teach the laws that are to guide and direct their pupils in their yearnings after purely secular knowledge, they must call attention to those eternal principles upon which all education rests.

God, the duties we owe to Him, and the duties we owe to our fellowmen, must be in the curriculum of any educational establishment that aims to form the men and women who are to be the protectors of our American institutions. The education that does not, at times directly, and indirectly always, remind us of the obli-

gations we have to God, society and our fellowmen is lamentably defective. "Be there as much as there may the development of nature's forces and the harnessing of them to the chariots of science and industry. Be there searchings into the abysmal secrets of the earth, sea and sky. Be there trade and commerce. But, throughout, be the aim to build up man into a higher manhood, into a more intelligent, a better and a happier being. Be it always man who is progressing. Man not growing, nothing has been accomplished; man deteriorating, there is evil done. Perish trade and commerce, if thereby man is lessened in his sense of righteousness and the fibre of his heart is hardened. Perish the most ingenious machinery if its conscienceless wheels in their merciless rotations annihilate the purity and happiness of human souls." (Ireland.)

The uncompromising championing of the great cause—the necessity of religion in education—will forever stamp the Catholic educator as the best moulder of American citizenship. I speak on this particular phase of the subject, not because I happen to be connected with an educational institution whose success in the past has been acquired by its loyalty to Catholic principles, and whose future is secure as long as these principles are maintained, but because I am convinced that there is no way in which Catholics can better serve their country's interest than by sowing in the hearts of the young men and women entrusted to their care the seeds of true Christian virtue to which all learning must be subservient.

In the youth of to-day lies the hope of the future. "The boy is father to the man" we are told; which means that if we wish to know what the men of the future are to be we have only to examine what the youths of to-day actually are. We all know what the men of the future ought to be—at least we know what men the world needs, and what men are capable of exercising an influence for good

in the world. They are men intellectually, morally and physically sound, men of intelligence, of polished manners, of trained mental powers—men of deep-rooted moral principles.

As the influences exerted by education may be for good or for bad, there rests with our educators the awful responsibility of so directing it that it may be always for good.

The privilege of American citizenship carries with it grave responsibilities. Education must have for its end the building up of the highest type of citizenship, and no one will deny that the destinies of our country should not be placed in the hands of those whose moral character is not above reproach. The lessons of honesty, truth, justice, purity and love cannot be absent from the curriculum of any institution of learning that fully appreciates the important part it plays in moulding and framing the minds and hearts of those who are to be the defenders and upholders of the principles of our glorious republic. Catholic education and Catholic teachers stand for authority; and respect for authority is the surest guarantee of the permanency of our government. The cardinal principle of the Faith that guards the education of her children as its most priceless heritage is recognition of authority, and whether it is the voice of that grand old man who to-day sits in the chair of Peter in the Eternal City of Rome, and who speaks to us in no uncertain terms of the duties which our citizenship in God's Church imposes upon us, or the voice of him to whom is allotted the direct government of a small portion of the vast territory of Christ's heritage and who speaks to us as Father and friend, the true Catholic heart listens to that voice with respect and submission. The Catholic teacher says with St. Paul: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God and those that are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the powers resisteth the ordinance of

God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." In accordance with these words of St. Paul we insist that all lawfully constituted and rightly executed authority must be obeyed. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's" is the dominant note in the Church's voice regarding the powers that be. Her children are taught that authority must be respected, and her teachings on this point have always found a responsive echo in the hearts of the faithful. They have always shown themselves willing and ready to make any sacrifice in defence of the principles of lawfully constituted authority, and whenever they were called upon to risk even their lives in the interests of their country, of liberty and free institutions, they did not stand by with contemptible inactivity and shield themselves from the pending danger, but they rushed into the very jaws of death, and the battle-fields of America, crimsoned as they are with the blood of Catholics, show how well we have rendered to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

There is no secrecy about the religion which the Church to which we belong preaches. She invites all to come and examine her tenets, and such examination will show all impartial and unprejudiced minds that the Catholic Church and the Catholic school are what they have always claimed to be, the loyalest defenders of those principles upon which rests the fabric of our glorious republic.

Remove from the world to-day the immense moral influence exerted by the Catholic Church through her educational methods and the world will stand in danger of reverting to the moral condition in which Christianity found it. No matter what the caprice or the passions of men may desire or demand, no matter in what direction the breeze of popular favor may blow, the Catholic educator will ever stand forth as the sturdy and uncompromising champion of

the interests of God and of pure morality. He must have but one criterion of religion, one standard of moral right or wrong—the lessons of the Gospel as laid down by the Supreme Teacher of all —Jesus Christ. Whether persuasion, entreaty or force be used to induce him to deviate from that course, his answer must invariably be, "I cannot. It is not right." That answer has been heard in all ages, and it will never cease to be heard as long as in this world of ours the struggle between good and evil shall continue. The Cæsars heard it rise from the lips of a Polycarp and an Ignatius dying in the blood-stained dust of the Roman Arena; Constantius heard it from the lips of an Athanasius; Theodosius heard it from an Ambrose; Louis heard it from St. Bernard; Henry VIII heard it from a Fisher, and one of the mightiest dynasties of our own day has not only heard it but has heeded its significance.

God's truth must be fearlessly spoken before kings as well as to the sovereign people. The people may have their sycophants and flatterers whose object is to lead them astray, and before the people, as before kings, the unchanging truths that God has left us must be proclaimed, the binding force of the decalogue in its entirety must be asserted, the cause of Christ must be vindicated. In presence of the social and economic theories by which so many are carried away, the true educator must be ready to cry out: The rights of property are as sacred to-day as when amid the thunderings and lightning of Sinai the command was given, "Thou shalt not steal." The marriage tie is as sacred and inviolable and indissoluble to-day; impurity, no matter under what name it masks itself, is as grievous a crime to-day as when the command was given: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Drunkenness and debauchery are to-day, as they have always been, the infallible forerunners of personal and national dishonor and ruin. Labor is a duty as bind-

ing upon all men to-day as when the sentence went forth: "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread," and to defraud men of the just fruits of their labor is to-day, as it has always been, a sin that cries to Heaven for vengeance.

I love to look forward to the great things that the twentieth century has in store for us, and I love to think that the best efforts of our educators will be put forth in developing the mind and character of those who will be the principal factors in the making of a higher and let us hope a better civilization in the years that are to come.

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